

THE AUSTRALIAN Over 393,000 Copies Sold Every Week FREE NOVEL

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

August 20, 1938

Registered at the G.P.O., Sydney, for transmission by post as a newspaper.

Published in Every State PRICE

3d

FREE NOVEL
BY Mrs JOHN BATTEN
SISTER-IN-LAW OF
JEAN BATTEN
NOVELETTE
BY
MARY ROBERTS RINEHART



Money-Making Wrecks Many a Marriage

IF LOVE TAKES SECOND PLACE TO AMBITION

By AMANDA LOVEL

Something ought to be done about the way men look at money. They'd break a woman's heart.

To a woman, money is just money to spend; that's the only kind they know. To men, money is the means to make more money.

WHAT'S money to you? (Don't all speak at once). I'm a woman, and money to me is just so much comfort, so many clothes, carpets and curtains.

Soon I think I'm going to hate my husband, and all because of money. Already I've got around to hating money. I used to hate it because I didn't have enough. Now I hate it because my husband has some to spare.

Somewhere a voice is calling, "What does the woman want?" Well, I'll tell you. I want my husband back, back from his money-grubbing.

I want a man about the house who isn't so absorbed in money that his brain is working twenty-four hours in the day.

I want a man who isn't so worried about what might be happening to his money that he hasn't time to care much what happens to me—or the children.

I want a man who'd rather build a new house than put his surplus cash into business that will add to his worries as much as his income.

See what I mean?

I want a human being again instead of a money-making machine.

MOST people have an extraordinary notion that it's always women who hunger after money. I don't believe it.

Women want a home and nice clothes and money for their children's



"I HATE money. My husband has gone far, far away behind a wall of the beastly stuff."

education, but few of them covet money past a certain point.

Once the essentials have been provided they resent that terrible octopus BUSINESS taking a stranglehold on the men they married.

I'm just typical of thousands. When we were married we had to live on the modest salary my husband earned, but we had lots of fun.

At first he had enough energy left at the end of the day to take me out. We had enough money for an occasional party or theatre night at Easter or Guy Fawkes' day, so to speak. Now he's too busy, too tired and too interested in his work.

Our friends were all people we liked. Now they're mostly people who might be useful in the business way.

Soon after we were married he developed a passion for dull books on business efficiency and sales psychology. Frightful stuff, I thought it, but I was a bit more impressed when it landed him a bigger and better job at the office.

Then he began to talk about being a sales manager soon.

Of course, the truth is that, like most men, he must always have been ambitious and the time he took off to court me was merely an interruption. I didn't realise that.

From this temporary preoccupation he has now returned completely to a man's first aim, earning his living. I must admit it is his job to make the money, but surely he can find time for me as well.

High Finance—Perhaps

AT last he really is sales manager, and his ambitions have got the better of him. He thinks he's going to be a Power in the City any minute.

At night and the week-ends he's poring over books and papers. He brings home salesmen's reports, and goes through them with a lynx eye.

He's always tired, and he is getting fat and unhealthy through lack of exercise.

When I protest he says there's simply no time in the office to go through these papers carefully and "tighten up on everything."

You see, he gets an over-riding commission on all the salesmen's business and he's out after money—with his ears back.

At first we used to talk about using this extra money to build a perfect house with a model nursery and a super kitchen.

We'd begin just at once as we had enough for the deposit the bank wanted.

We've never built that house, and I don't believe we ever will.

The money is now ear-marked instead to be used to make more money.

My husband says that if you've a little capital behind you the city is full of chances to double it in no time. You've just got to know the

right people who'll give you a tip at the right moment and your fortune's made.

So our better income isn't much comfort to me. We're frightfully busy cultivating these mysteriously useful people, and we're saving all the money we can for the great moment and the glamorous future.

Not that my husband's mean. Oh, no! He likes me to be well dressed. He says it would make a bad business impression if I didn't have silver foxes while they're fashionable. He gave me some for my birthday with that choice remark.

So you see even his gifts to me are a business investment now.

From some of my friends, I find I'm not the only victim of the money urge. Anne tells me her life is a misery of apprehension.

Anne and her husband had a small legacy left them, and of course that started him off. He began by a miraculously lucky buy of some mining shares, and he's never been able to stop.

Stock Exchange Mania

THIS share business seems to be the most virulent form of gambling fever there is.

Anne says her husband will be a mental wreck in another year or two. He can't enjoy anything. He's always so worried about what might be happening to his money.

One night Anne and I persuaded our husbands to go out for once. We haven't bothered since. All night they talked money.

"Have you heard Blank's are shaky? What about XYZ for a quick buy? I think those mining investments are too chancy."

And so on and so on.

I hate money. My husband has gone far, far away behind a wall of the beastly stuff.

Some day, perhaps, we'll be poorer again, and I'll be glad.

It'll be lots more fun.

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



Registrar of Dental Board
MR. ERNEST JOSKE, LL.B.

Registrar of the Dental Board of Victoria since its foundation 50 years ago, was recently presented at the Australian College of Dentistry, Melbourne, with a portrait of himself, by Mr. Charles Wheeler, and a cheque in recognition of his services.

Mr. Joske has been secretary of the Australian College of Dentistry for many years, and secretary of the Dental Faculty at Melbourne University since its inception.



—Women's Weekly photo.

Home on Ship

MRS. BADDELEY, wife of the Bishop of Melanesia, is one of the few women whose married life does not entail the cares of looking after a house.

With her husband and small son Martin, Mrs. Baddeley makes her home on the mission ship *Southern Cross*, which travels in the Solomon Islands. They do not stay long enough in one place to have a permanent home on any of the islands. Mrs. Baddeley is the daughter of the Bishop of Adelaide (Dr. Nestor Thomas) and Mrs. Thomas.



Brilliant Economist

MR. COLIN CLARK, recently appointed Director of the Queensland Bureau of Industry and Financial Adviser to the Treasury, is a son of the late James Clark, a Townsville pioneer. He was previously a member of the Economic Advisory Staff of the British Cabinet and University Lecturer in Statistics at Cambridge University.

Beauty-Talk at Tennis Party

WELL, THANKS FOR THE LIFT—SEE YOU AT TENNIS THIS AFTERNOON.

CHEERIO, JENNY!

JENNY'S LOOKING AWFULLY PRETTY LATELY, ISN'T SHE?

YES—IT'S HER COMPLEXION—IMPROVED OUT OF SIGHT THE LAST FEW WEEKS.

LATER AT THE COURTS

HEAVENS! MY SHINY NOSE! IT'S NOT FAIR—YOU'RE LOOKING JUST AS BEAUTIFUL AS WHEN WE CAME ONTO THE COURTS.

A—AH! THAT'S MY PRECIOUS NEW DISCOVERY—ERASMIC FACE POWDER!

ERASMIC! SO THAT'S THE SECRET! I'LL GET SOME THIS VERY DAY.

IT'S ONLY IF—A BOX, BUT I WOULDN'T USE ANY OTHER NOW—NOT AT ANY PRICE!

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ERASMIC VANISHING CREAM—Tubes 1/-, Jar 2/-—In delicately fragrant and protective.

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1/- PER BOX

Duke of Kent Danced the Big Apple

But Duchess Preferred the
New Lambeth Walk

Latest Dance Craze

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE,
Our Special Representative in England

Social London is still talking about the dinner given recently by Lady Louis Mountbatten in her sumptuous penthouse overlooking Piccadilly.

Voted the gayest and most brilliant function of the social season, it owed something of its blithe spirit to the Duke of Kent, who danced the Big Apple, partnered by Lady Charles Cavendish, the famous Adele Astaire, sister of film-star Fred.

The Duchess of Kent preferred the Lambeth Walk, the new dance craze sweeping England.

EARLIER in the evening waltzes and foxtrots had bulked large on the dance programme, but after four professionals gave demonstrations of the Palais Glide and the Lambeth Walk everyone who could make the grade joined in.

Crinolines, picture frocks and magnificent tiaras made a brave show. It is said few of Mayfair's glittering gems reposed in their jewel-boxes that night.

But stately gowns did not deter their fair wearers from joining in the lively dances which are now the rage, with as much verve as their grand-mamas did the polka.

Removed Tiaras

THE Duchess of Kent took off her tiara and though she did not attempt even a mild version of the Big Apple, at which her husband is such an adept, she joined in the Lambeth Walk and the Palais Glide.

Following her example the majority of the younger marrieds and a few mammas divested themselves of the weighty jewelled headgear and what they lacked in glitter they made up in vigor as the party whirled on until four a.m.

Like the Kents, who stayed till the very end, nearly everyone of the five hundred guests invited partook of a monstrous bacon-and-egg breakfast, and, reluctant to admit that even the best of parties must end, started off in a follow-my-leader Lambeth Walk.

This dance is becoming increasingly popular and when I saw Australia's premier exhibition dancers, Micky Powell and Dorothy St. John, at the Astoria cabaret, in the West End, I asked Micky what he thought about it for Australians.

He said he hopes to take it back to Melbourne shortly. It is the only sequence dance he has really liked, and is quite sure it will catch on there as it has here.

Our very own High Commissioner is another ardent exponent of the

cockney's traditional dance, and was seen the other evening at the London Casino Lambeth Walking with great gusto.

How It's Done

WHAT is this dance that has intrigued the Kents, and social London?

The better to get the lowdown on it I hired me off to a West End school of dancing.

Across the parquet floor of the studio I tip-toed timorously to a teacher who, with a snap of his fingers, stood alongside me and began the lesson.

"We start by walking forward side by side swinging our arms cockney fashion for eight steps," he said.

Raising his elbows sideways he presented the palms of his hands, thumbs up, to the front, and, swinging his body from side to side in an exaggerated swagger, walked the first eight steps.

He linked his arm in mine and this time took me round in a circle, clockwise, for another eight steps, which we strutted in much the same fashion as before.

Then we walked forward again, side by side.

One, two . . . three and four (the three and four being a sort of hitch,

you walk the other way," he said.

We turned our backs to each other and walked; one, two, three, four, but between three and four we turned inwards and facing each other slapped our knees on the fourth beat, he with a hearty resonant slap, I decorously giving my knees a slight pat.

Now we walked towards each other; one, two, three, four, and on the last beat threw up our left and right arms respectively with loud cries of "Oi!"

"That's the sequence," he told me, "now we'll practise it a few times and when you can swagger like a cockney, slap your knees as though you weren't afraid of them and shout 'Oi!' with real gusto you'll begin to enjoy doing the Lambeth Walk."

It was an hour's dancing lesson, but long before it had ended I was swinging and swaggering, "oi-ing" and slapping my knees with all the swank of a born East-ender.

I left the studio humming:

Ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta

Ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta

Dee, dee de um

Doing the Lambeth Walk.

Costers Dance It

ON the stairs as I swaggered away very pleased with myself I passed the Duke of Marlborough, who, I later discovered, was going in for his first lesson.

This dance first made its appearance in London in the West End musical, "Me and My Girl," where Lupino Lane, as a little cockney, conquers Mayfair and has them all doing the Lambeth Walk.

It was taken from the stage version and adapted for the ballroom by Adele England, a noted London dancing teacher.

Since then it has swept England as no other dance since the Charleston.

In this connection it is interesting that while the Charleston was an adaptation of the negroes' dance, the Lambeth Walk is an adaptation of the folk dance of the costers.

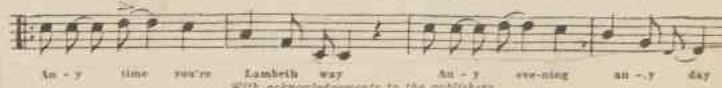


THE BIG APPLE, at which the Duke tried his feet.

ABOVE, LEFT: The Duke and Duchess of Kent in a formal dance. They tried varied styles at Lady Mountbatten's party.



LADY CAVENDISH, the Duke's partner in the Big Apple. She is Fred Astaire's sister.



An - y time you're Lambeth way An - y eve-ning an - y day

With acknowledgements to the publishers.

as though changing step!

All very simple, so far, and now that I was getting into the swing of it, very enjoyable.

We had been walking side by side, or stepping round each other, but now we were to part. "I'll walk to the centre of the room and

Indeed, it could be seen any time during the past few generations on bank holidays on Hampstead Heath or Victoria Park, which is in Lambeth, near the famous Oval cricket ground.

At all the best clubs, the embassies, the cabarets and private dances, from Lambeth almost into Buckingham Palace itself, this dance has swaggered its cheeky way on to the ballroom floor.

It is now danced with the same enthusiasm and gusto, with as much "oi-ing" and swaggering as the Ritz as by the East End cockney.

The Duke and Duchess of Kent were recently seen dancing it at the Cafe de Paris.

At Lord Beauchamp's house in Bel-

grave Square, one of the biggest parties of the season was given by Lady Mary and Lady Dorothy Lygon and owed a great deal of its success to the inclusion of the Lambeth Walk.

Australians Learn

AT Josephine Bradley's School of Dancing, teachers from Australia, America, Holland, and even Norway are learning the steps to take the dance back with them.

Though very English in character, American music publisher W. H. Stein reckons that the Lambeth Walk will walk the Big Apple off its stalk.

Dee, dee de um

Doing the Lambeth Walk . . . Oi!

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57/13

A Birthday Cake for Princess Margaret Rose

By Air Mail from London

PRINCESS MARGARET ROSE will celebrate her eighteenth birthday next Sunday.

The last few weeks have been exciting ones for her. First her parents' visit to Paris, then the long family holiday, the Queen's birthday early this month, and now her own . . . with its festive cakes, candles and presents.

Like most small children, she dislikes being left out of anything in which her sister takes part—whether it be games, or social and official functions.

This is proving a particular problem, because Elizabeth's rank as heir to the throne entitles her to privileges that sometimes cannot be extended to her younger sister. Matters of seniority of rank, dress and procedure must be complied with—and some heartburnings result.

On such occasions exceptional parental tact has been necessary to comfort the younger Princess and remove any feeling that she was being left out.



ACTING AND MECHANICS run in Mrs. Miles' family. This is her sister, Jean Forbes-Robertson, famous actress, who was in Australia some years ago. She is seen working the intricate railway set installed in her London flat.

Stage Belle Now Leader of England's Air Guard

Romantic Story of Actress who became Aircraft Designer



MR. and MRS. MILES, with Colonel Lindbergh, when he took delivery of his new "Mohawk" plane, designed by the Miles.

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England.

From footlights to successful aircraft designing and a supervising job over England's new civil air guard is the achievement of lovely Mrs. F. G. (Maxine) Miles.

She is the only woman member of five commissioners who will supervise the swarming of Britain's new hive of defence.

SHE has had a colorful career. Actress, society belle, a titled husband, a divorce . . . so run the early chapters of her life story.

Marriage with a penniless aircraft mechanic, motherhood, then fame and success for both husband and wife when their aircraft inventions proved themselves . . . so run the later chapters.

Mrs. Miles' success in aircraft designing has brought her the new appointment from the Air Ministry.

Now England looks to her to assist in the organising of its great air guard.

The commission of which she is a member will direct the activities of over 30,000 men and women.

Caravan Honeymoon

MRS. MILES was co-designer and builder of the famous Miles Hawk plane. She is a daughter of the late Sir Johnstone Forbes-Robertson, handsome, world-famous Shakespearean actor, and Gertrude Elliott, famous actress, who, with another daughter, Jean Forbes-Robertson, toured Australia in 1922-24.

The lovely Maxine was also on the stage, and was known as "Blossom" before she left the footlights in 1924 to marry Viscount Ratendone, son of the former Viceroy of India, Lord Willingdon, and President of the Southern Flying Club at Shoreham.

Lady Ratendone often went to Shoreham for flying lessons, and there met rugged, tinsel-haired mechanic-pilot-instructor, Frederick George Miles.

After her divorce she married penniless Miles in 1932.

At the first wedding there had been a thousand interesting guests—half the Peerage being represented. The second wedding was secret. The only guest of interest was an aviator capitalist, who promised to finance their ambition to build planes.

Immediately after a caravan honeymoon, the former Viscountess donned overalls, and began helping her husband designing and building a specimen plane to procure finance for their factory.

They were still building the plane when their baby, Jeremy, was born on New Year's Day, 1933.

Mrs. Miles was so enthusiastic about her aircraft that she had the designs brought to the nursing home and worked on them before she was allowed to leave with the baby and return to the tiny factory at the Reading Aerodrome.

The same year the plane was completed and was taken up by fifty-

30/- Flying Lessons For Women—It's a Bargain!

By Air Mail from Mary St. Claire

"LEARN to fly for 30/-!" It sounds like some Welshian "Shape of Things to Come" or a catch-penny for the unwary.

But it is none of these things. It is the Government's great new scheme to bring flying within the reach of every man and woman in Great Britain. And, incidentally, thus build up the greatest force of reserve pilots in the world.

For the price of a new season's hat, or a half-dozen pairs of stockings, any girl—from 18 to 50—may learn to fly and gain an "A" licence.

Pilots will then be members of the new Civil Air Guard, will be issued with a brown flying-suit and badge, and, in case of emergency, will be called on by the Royal Air Force to offer their services during a four-years' period.

three test pilots. It became an instantaneous success.

But success, both financial and technical, did not change her. She continues working side by side with her husband.

When she first started, "Blossom" who'd been to use her own words, "a terrible duffer at figures at school," was taught by her husband how to use a slide rule. Thereafter mathematical calculations became her speciality, while natural aptitude for drawing and creative ability soon gave her mastery of the job.

Ideal Couple

THE Miles' are regarded as the ideal married couple, and will move soon to a beautiful, modern, flat-roofed home, which she designed, near the aerodrome.

"The only quarrels we've had are over the design," "Blossom" said. "This is natural enough, as you can never combine all the ideal points of an aeroplane."

"Blossom" designed the Sparrowhawk racing plane alone. She and her husband designed the Miles Kestrel, which they will make under a Government contract of £2,000,000. When completed this will form a fleet of the world's fastest trainer planes.

Chic, vivacious Mrs. Miles, who once was a leading light in gay Mayfair society, now says: "There is no greater happiness for any woman than to work beside your man—it's grand."

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hydraulic shock absorbers to smooth the roughest road; inches of extra room, wherever you sit; deep-cushioned seats and every appointment for luxurious motoring. Ford gives you all-steel bodies; safety glass all round.

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DAUGHTER Of STAR

A mischievous puppy plays the role of arbitrator

THE phone rang. Derek was staring at three blots on his desk blotter; he didn't lift his head. One blot spread to the sleek mahogany. The phone rang. There were three pens in the onyx stand. Quite a number, three. The phone rang again. The private phone, the number that was not in the directory. Probably the news had got about already, then. He took hold of the phone, said, "Derek speak—"

"So sorry to disturb you. This is Alix."

Alix? He wet his lips. "You—Alix—"

"It seems that I bought a dog yesterday." The voice was hurried, deliberately light. "I—rather forgot it."

Now was the time to speak; tell her she couldn't do it; let her do as she pleased, if only—He struggled for speech. His voice thinned over the wire.

"Oh, you forgot it?"

"Listen, dear—Derek, it's time for my train. You'll just have to arrange for her somehow. You see, I didn't think—"

"Alix, Alix," he said desperately.

She had rung off, with a curious little sound. It was real, then?

He grabbed his hat and walked out, head up, a stiff smile on his mouth. "Good morning, Mr. Wilkins; good morning, Miss Phillips"—and their eyes slid away from him. They knew. People always knew.

By.. Gladys
TABER

He stared at himself in the mirror of the lift, tall, easy figure, clear blue eyes in a brown, square face, dark unruly hair.

"Rather nice day, sir," said the liftman.

"I—oh, yes, yes, very fine day."

He looked at his watch. Only eleven. Watch must have stopped. Day should be nearly over. A day couldn't be any longer. What could he do? It came to him he hadn't eaten for—was it a year? No, it was yesterday afternoon that Alix

He swung into a restaurant. None of the crowd would be there.

"Would you like our special breakfast, sir? It's very good."

"What? Oh, yes." Funny, he couldn't seem to hear very well.

That is, he could hear too well. He could hear her voice—cool, quiet. The golden thread of laughter gone from it and that soft way of catching a breath in the middle of a phrase. Cool, smooth. "I'll leave the key with the commissionaire. You'll find plenty to drink; there's a fresh jar of anchovies in the refrigerator. No doubt Julia will be able to find her way about."

"But, Alix—you're acting like a child. I've told you there's absolutely nothing—"

She looked away, head bent. "I think we've said all we need to." But he'd gone on. Telling her she didn't understand about Julia. Julia was a very important citizen. Julia was simply a good, a good—

"I don't need to hear about Julia," said Alix. "I have heard enough." She gave him a bright smile. "God's gift to bored husbands," she said softly.

"Is there anything wrong with the eggs, sir?"

He jumped at the waitress' voice. "No. Fine, thank you." He pushed the plate away, choked on coffee.

"Perhaps you'd rather have your eggs fried." She moved round the



Illustrated by
**WYNNE
W. DAVIES**

"Derek! Whatever are you doing with that umbrella?" she asked

take my feet out of your bird-cage. Otherwise I should have led up to it gradually. Might not even have proposed until next Tuesday."

Derek pushed the plate away again. He left the coffee. Forgot the tip, hastily ran back, collided with the waitress, flung himself out again.

Afterwards the day merged into a kaleidoscope. He walked, he rode in taxis, he sat on park benches, he tried to get drunk; he was at Julia's, mysteriously, and she was lifting a very scarlet mouth and saying, "I understand, Derek; it's just the shock. Of course, Alix is—impulsive." Her words of sympathy flowed round him. She seemed to think this would turn out to be a paradise.

He had lost Alix.

Running for a taxi in the rain, his head cleared. He was going

home—well, not home; to the flat—to dress, to take Julia for dinner and dancing. Not that he'd ever care for Julia, for any woman but Alix. But he couldn't stand this silence in his head.

The liftman talked to him all the way up but Derek didn't hear a word. There was a roaring in his ears.

It was dark; steam shrieked in the radiators in the way Alix hated. The smell of last night's violent cigarettes lingered in the closed air. Water—he'd get a drink of water.

He stumbled to the kitchen—and found Alix's glove on the table. He went to the window, stared down the well of darkness. Flung up the window. He couldn't stand it. He leaned out. Why not?

Please turn to Page 20

ILLUSTRATED
By
BRUCE COUSINS

Complete Short Story

By LYN
ARNOLD



When at last it was all over and he had Laura beside him in the car, it was all right; he was himself again.

The Happy Captive

An unusual story of a young husband who refused to be "managed."

"I shan't happen to me; at least I'm warned." That was what Alan Abbot was saying to himself as he walked home after meeting Laura Creswick for the first time.

How he had ever managed to get as far as proposing marriage to Laura without so much as setting eyes on them he had no idea; the fact remained that his first warning came in a letter from Mrs. Creswick the morning after Laura had promised to marry him.

Perhaps a more characteristic letter had never been written. With admirable brevity and no offence it said, "Come along, young man, and we'll look you over. If we like you, all right; if we don't, out you go. Or so Alan had translated it. "I bet the old girl's a tartar!" he said irreverently to himself. But he went with a meek expression, determined not to lose his head.

The house was at the fashionable end of the town, pleasantly and unimaginatively furnished in sound, unenterprising taste, and Alan, amusedly noted, "It cost money; and you're supposed to realise how much!" as he sat waiting for Laura's mother.

She was a fine, well-preserved woman of going on fifty, a triumph of massage and corsetry. There

was something rather disconcerting in the absence of wrinkles from her clear, well-painted skin, and the compression of that mountain of flesh into a fashionable mould was positively formidable.

In the ten minutes before Laura came down, Mrs. Creswick, without seeming to cross-question him, had got the whole of his life story—social position, business situation, financial prospects, future plans—as clearly in her mind as if they were written down. Alan had not realised how neatly he was being put through his paces until Laura's entry gave him breathing space; then he said to himself, grimly, "Look out for yourself!"

He smiled his reassurance to Laura; the smile she gave him in return was starchy but fleeting. Her eyes were immediately on Mrs. Creswick as she crossed the room and sat on the sofa beside her. Alan knew then, quite certainly, that he'd been wrong; he was not the most important person in Laura's world. The one she loved best, wanted most, meant to live with, share home and children with, yes; but not the most important. That honor undoubtedly went to Mrs. Creswick.

"Where's your father? He's late!" Mrs. Creswick said to Laura. "I don't know, Mummy!"

The two women had turned together for their little private con-

versation. Suddenly Alan saw it; their unmistakable likeness to each other. Mrs. Creswick was all substance and Laura all shadow; Laura was all freshness and youth and sweetness, loving and full of warmth; yet there was indefinitely, at bottom, that undeniable similarity.

Before, when he noticed the strength beneath Laura's gentleness, her determination, her obstinacy, her little moods of worldliness, he had found them rather charming; now he was very sober. "But we love each other; that makes it all right," he told himself swiftly.

Mr. Creswick, who came in at that moment, Alan liked immediately. He was a thin, grey little man with a stoop and a far-away but far-seeing blue eye; he evidently lived in some amusing and pleasant place in his own mind where Mrs. Creswick never penetrated; and he did exactly what she told him, without comment or speculation, like a well-trained dog.

THAT was the second warning. Alan went to dinner feeling a little hot under the collar. The mild obedience of the little man, whose mental powers were probably worth half-a-dozen Mrs. Creswicks, horrified him.

Neither Alan nor Mr. Creswick mooted the coming interview; it was Mrs. Creswick who said, "Take Alan to your study for a cigar, Frank; he wants to talk to you."

Made safe by the closing of his study door, Frank Creswick fed Alan a cigar and a glass of port, promptly abandoned his role as host, and began to play with a radio of his own invention. With a new light in his eyes, as he fiddled dials and disconnected plugs, he began to talk of

the old excitements of pioneering days. "I was one of the first in this part of the country . . . that's Rome!" he said as the radio screeched.

Alan squared his shoulders. "Mr. Creswick; I've something to say to you."

Frank Creswick successfully cut out a thrumming buzz, cried "War-saw!" triumphantly, and did not look at Alan.

How did one begin to tell one's future father-in-law what one earned, delicately? When all one might get in reply seemed to be "Kalundberg . . . Lahti . . ."

"Mr. Creswick, I want to marry your daughter," he said at last, loudly.

"Do you, my boy? . . . Moscow! . . . Well, that's very nice."

"Yes, but . . . is it all right? I mean, do you . . ."

"Well, have you spoken to her mother?"

It was a winding blow, but Alan recovered himself, and said drily, "Not exactly. Mrs. Creswick has . . . spoken to me."

"Oh, then I expect it's all right, isn't it? Congratulations, my boy."

Alan saw, quite coolly and clearly, his own possible future as a Mr. Creswick. "But it's different with me; I'm warned!" was his defence.

They were to be married in October. A short engagement. But not too short, said Mrs. Creswick, for there were so many things to do, house to buy and furnish, trousseau to collect, and so many people to meet.

So many people to meet! Alan thought his mouth must crack from smiling, and saying no, he had not known Laura very long, yes, he dared say you might call it love at first sight, yes, she was a darling. Yes. Yes. Yes.

Some of the people were merely silly; but others would be useful to him. He was offered a new and lucrative job that he was pretty certain had been Mrs. Creswick's doing. She knew somebody who knew somebody who knew old Sir Humphrey Beckett, who was the chairman of Beckett and Pettifer, architects, and soon Sir Humphrey was manoeuvred to a dinner party, and Alan was saying yes to a better job.

HE had meant to work really hard now he had Laura to consider, set himself new advancements to win by next year and the year after that, and it took a lot of the fun away to find it all done for you. But it was obviously silly to look a gift horse in the mouth because it smiled like Mrs. Creswick.

One day he found a house. At least, an old stables at the bottom of a Vicarage garden that was for sale. Three archways in front gave on to a clear sight of the cathedral green, and five tiny windows above watched the same incomparable view. The one story at the back faced a high-walled garden of cherry trees, and rooks nested in an elm in the next garden and flew up into the sky with the great cacophonous cries of melancholy that Alan especially loved.

He phoned Laura up at once and told her their search was over, the house was found. Laura sounded troubled. "Mother and I were at the agents this morning; there's a house vacant in Rochester Square, in Birtley," she said.

Birtley was the one fashionable suburb of the town; Rochester Square its hall-mark. Alan smiled grimly. "You haven't done anything?" he asked.

"Not exactly. Mother—"

"Well, don't; come up here straight away and meet me."

Mrs. Creswick came, too. She walked gingerly over muddy places and sniffed the must of the air and said it was quaint, but it wasn't a house, was it? But a shambles!

Please turn to Page 36

WILD RASPBERRY JAM

A further
adventure of "The
Little Black Bag"

By.. A. J.
CRONIN

(Author of "The Citadel")

Illustrated by
WYNNE W.
DAVIES

EVERY year, when the fruit ripens and the good earth yields its bounty, bringing housewives to their jam-making, Finlay receives unfailingly a fine big pot of raspberry jam from Tannochohrae, the snug little village on the lochsides beyond Markie.

Many presents came to Finlay from the lochsides folk, for they loved him and he them; indeed, he always maintained this part of his practice to be by far the dearest to him. Yes, many a thing he had, from a goose, or a cheese, maybe, or a salmon, or, in season, a brace of grouse. And in particular many a thing he had from Tannochohrae. But they were gifts solely of kindness and affection. They had not the spiritual significance, nor, for that matter, the strangely human story which lay behind that simple pot of jam.

And here, if you like, is the story itself.

Nessie Sutherland was the belle of Tannochohrae, a young, spirited lass, who, though poor, and often poorly dressed, was so bonny and blithe that her lovely hazel eyes played havoc among the young men of the lochsides.

She was a sweet lass right enough, maybe a trifle wilful in her ways, too sure of her power to fascinate, her head a little turned by the attention she received, but at heart as unspoilt and innocent as the meadow queen that grew so freshly in the glens of Tannochohrae.

Nessie, though not yet turned twenty, had suitors galore, but among the crowd of them in the race for her favor and affection one seemed to stand far ahead of all the rest. He was Hugh Blach, dashing, black-haired Hughie, six-foot in his stocking soles, and broad in proportion, with a fine handsome head, a roving eye, and always the ready word, both glib and hearty, with which to greet the world.

Oh, he was a grand lad, everyone agreed, a man who could take his dram and hold it fine company, a roguish lad with many conquests, it was widely rumored, to his credit.

And there was more to Hughie than that. Besides the looks and his loud-voiced gallantry, he was heir to Tannochohrae Farm, which gave him a real advantage, especially in the eyes of Nessie's mother, who kept dining in her daughter's ears the benefits of gear and siller to a tocher-lass like her.

That made little difference, however, though 'twas helpful in its way, for Nessie was swept off her feet by the dashing Hughie, and Hughie for once was equally swept away by her.

Out fishing in the loch that July day with his great friend, Peter Donald, he boasted openly of his high intentions.

"I'm mad about her, Peter," he declared in his ranting style, "I'll not be happy till I have her. She's fair bewitched me. Man, ye'd hardly credit it, but I've got to be that set on Nessie, even the thought of the show and winning the cup with Heather Pride means nothing at all beside it. I tell ye, Peter, I'll never rest till Nessie's mine."

Peter Donald was silent, reflecting, maybe, how great Hughie's love must be to divert his attention from the basking ambition which had consumed him for the last twelve months, namely, to win the challenge cup at the county show with his prize bull, Heather Pride. At length he muttered—

"Maybe I do understand, Hughie, I've always thought well of Nessie myself."

Peter was like that, always moderate in his speech, a silent and rather uncommunicative chap who was studying for the ministry, with hopes ultimately of getting the degree at Tannochohrae. He had some of Hughie's good looks; his face was long and serious, and his brown

eyes were not dashing, but sympathetic and kindly. Yet, though he was shy and afraid of women and immersed in his books, he was far from being a bookworm.

Peter knew the woods and the birds and the beasts therein. He was the best fisher out of Tannochohrae, and for all his back was bowed by study his biceps were big, and he could toss a caber further than any man in the village.

At this moment Peter seemed to struggle with himself, as though he wanted to pursue the conversation further, but something, perhaps his shyness, restrained him. And then, all at once, he hooked a salmon, and the opportunity was lost in the air of playing and gaffing the fish. But though the matter was dropped between Hughie and Peter, Hughie continued loudly to proclaim his passion that night in the Tannochohrae Arms.

Thumping the table with his fists, with a few drinks to give him pith, he roared:

"There's two things I'm going to do in the next few weeks. I'm

going to win the cup with Heather Pride, and I'm going to have Nessie Sutherland for my bonnie bride!"

A silence of appreciation.

"That's poetry," continued Hughie, leaning round half drunk, "the best lines of poetry that was ever wrote."

Hughie's poetry, or at least the sentiment, was not long in going the round of the village and reached the humble home where lived Mrs. Sutherland and Nessie.

THE old woman was in high good humor, and Nessie herself not displeased at such evident admiration on the part of her handsome suitor.

They sat outside the cottage in the warm dusk, discussing Hughie, enumerating his fine points, when Peter Donald strode along with the salmon he had caught that day.

"I thought maybe you'd care to have this, Mrs. Sutherland," he remarked unobtrusively. "We have another at home, and we're not minding so much for it."

Pushing her violently to one side,
while he leapt to the other, he saved
them both.



nochbrae woods, and there, quite suddenly, he came on Hughie and Nessie idling close together on the grassy pathway which lay between the lane and the woods.

In one hand Nessie carried a basket filled with wild raspberries which she had been gathering, and Hughie's arm was tight around her waist.

Something in the sight of those two wandering so close together in this unfrequented spot made Finlay frown, though it ought to have been an idyllic vision.

On a sudden impulse he drew up his horse, and declared, with a pretence of jocularity:

"Why aren't you at your work, Hughie, man, instead of hanging about in the woods at this time of the day?"

Hughie's face clouded, and he said sullenly—

"That's my business."

Unperturbed, Finlay went on, in the same light tone:

"And you Nessie. You ought to be home at your jam-making. You know as well as I do that the berries ought to be sugared the minute they're picked, or the jam isn't near so good."

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Illustrated by FISCHER

He leaned towards her. "Dear child, am proposing to you!"—

THE ROAD to RENO

She married for money, without conscious sacrifice, but soon found that her husband regarded her merely as another evidence of his success...

Beginning Our Great
New Serial

By...

I. A. R.
WYLIE

AWAITER'S business," Charles Crawshaw said gently, "is to wait. So far, I have conspicuously done the waiting—"

He looked up at the man's impassive face with a bright curiosity and then turned smiling to the girl beside him. He was like a small boy eagerly watching the result of a practical joke. But Gillian Meredith was looking down at the antique emeralds on her bangle as though she had never seen them before. "I'm afraid," he said, "that my little witticism has missed fire all round."

She smiled faintly. "You like poking fun at people," she said. "I suppose if you're not in a position to poke back it isn't so funny."

Her eyes passed over his face quickly. She never knew why she

found it difficult to look at him. When they had come into the restaurant people had watched him pass with interest. They had watched her, too. But she was used to that.

Gillian let her attention drift to the crowd. It was one of the Savoy's gala nights and in spite of the earliness of the season very gay, very brilliant. At the moment when the dance floor was rising gently for the second show a herd of cattle belonging to a certain Jon Fortness went over the brink of a precipice in Nevada taking with it everything that mattered to him.

But if she had known it that very minor Western catastrophe would have affected her as little as a flood or a tornado at the other side of the world. It had obviously no bearing on her life. She had her own pressing concerns. For in-

stance, she was going to marry Charles Crawshaw. He hadn't asked her, but he would, probably within the next few minutes, and she and Peter had made up their minds as to the answer.

So that this sort of thing—music, good food, good clothes, amusing if not necessarily good people, would continue to be her background for the remainder of her life. What bothered her was that this was her twenty-second birthday, and that she didn't seem to care much. Perhaps not even enough to hold out through the grisly old age that afflicted most of her race.

PERHAPS she was a symptom of the disease that was supposed to blight families that had enjoyed life too long. Her people had had good times for generations, and it was possible that she had inherited their accumulated satiety.

Peter enjoyed life passionately. He loved parties and political committee meetings and dancing and messing

round the garden and flying his rickety aeroplane and sweet Dorothy, who hadn't a bean, with equal zest. That was why she loved him. And why marrying Charles Crawshaw became not merely a practical measure of necessity but a positive satisfaction.

"They are playing the 'Blue Danube,'" Charles was saying. "I think this must be the correct emotional moment—" He leaned towards her. "Dear child, I am proposing to you—"

She brought her attention directly to bear on him.

"I won't pretend to be surprised—"

"How nice and modern of you. But let us keep the picture within its old-fashioned frame. Here am I, a vulgar American business man, proposing to a beautiful aristocratic English girl who is proposing to sell herself to maintain the moated grange, heavily mortgaged, for the benefit of the last of her noble race. We accuse the movies of unreality. In effect, their portrayal of life is almost ludicrously exact—"

She kept herself smiling and amused.

"But the picture isn't accurate," she replied. "We haven't got a moated grange. Long Royal is just a rather shabby Queen Anne residence insufficiently supplied with bathrooms that we can't raise money on to save our necks. Your family is just as old and I dare say as disreputable as ours. You aren't a business man. And you're not even vulgar—"

"I try not to be, of course. I don't wear diamond shirt studs except in the bosom of the family—" They both laughed. "Well—" he asked.

"I've been waiting to say 'yes' all the evening. I'd thought it all over—" As a matter of fact she and Peter had argued for hours it was a question of whether she should marry someone she didn't love, or whether he should marry someone he did love.

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● CAMBRIDGE-BLUE blouse, cherry-red cummerbund. Full black sweeping skirt. (Jacquet).

● BLUE-GREEN coat. Soft blue and burgundy for the striped frock. This is a Lelong model.

● ABOVE: Alix's black organza gown, the skirt adorned with colored bows. Right: Lelong's daring faille Joseph's coat.

Color Sophistication

THANKS to the research work of industrial chemists an extraordinary range of new color tones is placed at the disposal of fashion to-day. Famous dress creators are constantly trying out daring and unusual color combinations, often with the most pleasing results.

It's very fascinating, this new color game. Great fun, and, often, extremely valuable. Psychologists and doctors agree that color can have very far-reaching effects either for good or ill on the individual.

Women scarcely need the support of science to prove how a new color scheme in frocking creates a new mental outlook. A gay frock, daringly vivid lipstick and nail lacquer help to evoke a sparkling mood. A regal gown in deep rich color, soft plum make-up, hair piled high—don't they simply impel you to a dignified bearing, a gracious manner?

So experiment with all the shades fashion offers you, but always carry out your plan in the tiniest details. Dress your hair, your face, your hands to suit the mood of your gown . . .

Beniz.

DAUGHTER'S DAY



● **MORNING:** She selects a snappy light blue blouse of crepe and a simple skirt. The waistband, with its two useful pockets, is in the new deep Turkish-blue shade.



● **EVENING:** She dons a lovely Lilian Lawler gown of white organza. It is delicately hand-embroidered in white daisies with vivid green leaves.

+ + +

● **SPORTS SPECTATOR:** She chooses a versatile Tintling ensemble (top left). The jacket is of pastel-pink and white striped flannel, and the divided black skirt falls into a simple straight line to give a pleated effect. Black accessories. Pastel-pink summer felt hat banded with black grosgrain.

+ + +

● **BRIDESMAID:** Reville designed the love-in-the-mist blue bridesmaid's frock of Nottingham lace. Garland of hand-made roses and love-in-the-mist. Picture bonnet of lace and taffeta.



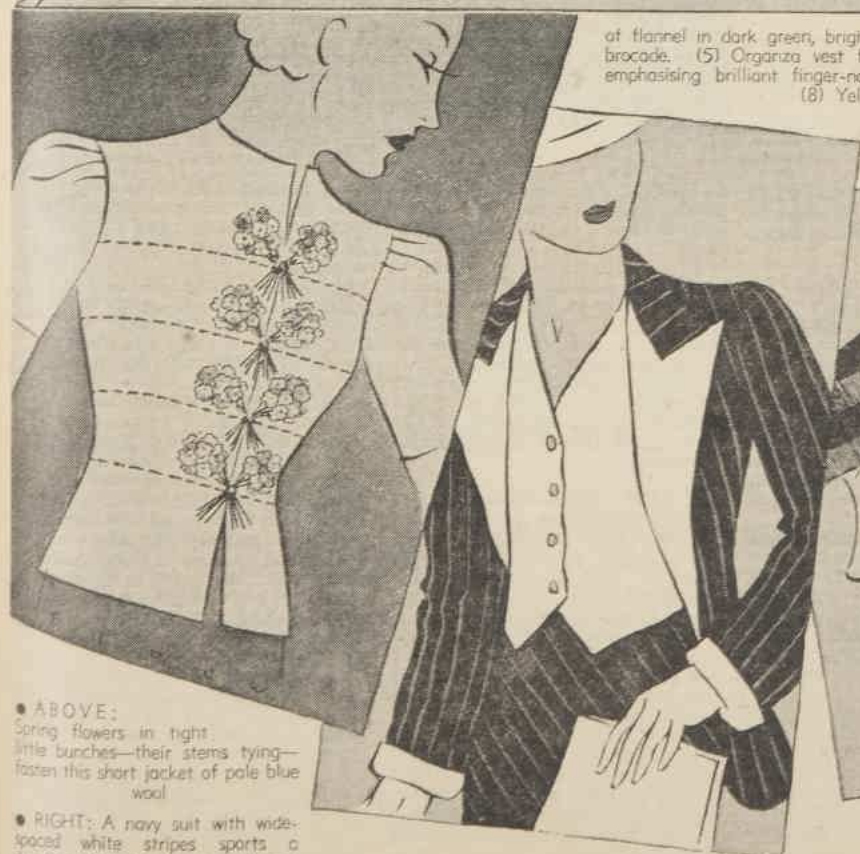
● **AFTERNOON:** She goes forth neatly tailored in a white silk suit which has a trimly-pleated skirt.

—Photographs reproduced on this page were selected in London by Mary Bl. Claire and sent by air mail.

SPRIGHTLY NOTIONS



• (1) Quaint little evening bag of lame trimmed with violets, which bunch together when it is closed. (2) Fine blue veil over a diadem of multi-colored flowers. (3) Jacket of flannel in dark green, bright green, rose, and yellow. (4) Elaborately-cut evening sandal of gold brocade. (5) Orgarza vest for evening belted at neck and waist. (6) Mitten of embroidered net emphasising brilliant finger-nails. (7) Lace gloves for evening finished with fan-shaped inserts. (8) Yellow canvas shoe with double sole in red and green.



• ABOVE: Spring flowers in tight little bunches—their stems tying—fasten this short jacket of pale blue wool.

• RIGHT: A navy suit with wide-spaced white stripes sports a dazzling white pique vest, with coat lapels, gloves and bag matching.



• BLACK, white, and yellow daisies spill from under the brim of a satin and grosgrain hat worn well over the forehead.

• THIS black crepe track, tucked at waist, has a band of white-spotted black satin inserted across the chest. Collar and sleeves are also of the satin.

An Editorial

AUGUST 20, 1938

ARE WE EATING TO LIVE?



A SUMMER health school, the first of its kind in the world, will be held at Canberra, announces Dr. Cumpston, the Commonwealth Director of Health.

Experts will be instructed on national health objectives, mainly dietary.

The word "diet" is one of the most-abused words in the world to-day.

It has become so generally associated with slimming that its application to health has been largely lost sight of.

The researches of the Commonwealth Advisory Council of Nutrition have stressed more and more the importance of diet in national health.

Not necessarily the amount of food eaten, but the balance or proportions of the foodstuffs.

In 1936, the year the Council began its researches, the number of children medically examined in schools and notified for diet defects was about one in three.

In every State it was found that from 13 to 22 per cent. of the population were without adequate nourishment.

In groups of both city and country children, 14 to 23 per cent. were suffering from unsatisfactory nutrition.

One educational authority said, this year: "The children's condition is not due to lack of money, but to the ignorance of parents on the matter of diet."

That point has been reiterated by every health authority who has studied the question.

The advisory committee last month summed up its investigations: "Lack of fresh fruit, milk, and vegetables in country districts and the use of wrong types of food in thickly-populated areas are leading to widespread malnutrition."

It is alarming that in many cases people, especially children, for whom correct diet is most necessary, should be living in a condition of chronic starvation only because they do not know the proper food to eat.

Dr. Cumpston's health-school should be the starting point of an intensive campaign to educate the people on food values. The present shocking ignorance of diet calls loudly for such a campaign.

—THE EDITOR.

LYRIC OF LIFE

TWILIGHT

Twilight is settling down on the land—
This is the end of the day,
This is the time when your dreams
seem real
And your labors cast away.

There's buoyancy in your step again,
And your heart is free and light,
For Romance is in the blue soft dusk
And adventure in the night.

—P. Duncan-Brown.

Heroines of the Goldfields

Will be toasted and feted on the Golden Mile

● In a month of over one hundred festivities, commencing August 20, the three world-famous Australian towns of Kalgoorlie, Boulder, and Coolgardie will commemorate the forty-five dramatic years of their existence.

THE Golden Mile, that wonder of the world, will be en fete. It should be able to afford a good party. It has yielded 100 million pounds worth of gold—half of the whole splendid gold won from West Australia.

From all over Australia, men and women will go to enjoy the big race meetings, the processions, the balls, the musical festivities, the glamorous "Miss Goldfields" competition—all the fun and fellowship of this historic reunion.

Time has thinned the ranks of the old pioneers. Many of them fell in the Great War. But many will still be able to recall from personal experience the roaring days of the "Old Camp" (Coolgardie) and Hannans (Kalgoorlie). Days of the packhorse and the camel, of water at half-a-crown a gallon, of tinned food at famine prices, of the ravages of fever—and of gold, gold, gold.

And whether they struck it lucky and became mining magnates, or eked out a bare existence chasing the color, there was always the gold of mateship—that marvellous mateship which still permeates life on these goldfields, giving it a unique savor.

You have to experience this

was neither time nor means to make conditions easier for anyone.

They had to drink condensed water, and often it was so imperfectly treated in crude appliances that it remained impregnated with salt and minerals.

As the rushes drew men in their thousands, epidemics of typhoid broke out, taking appalling toll of lives.

It was in nursing that early women arrivals in Coolgardie earned for themselves lasting respect and gratitude.

In the midst of a dreadful typhoid epidemic, Nurse Gregory started the first hospital in Coolgardie. It consisted of a couple of tents. As she could, she herself put up more tents.

This "hospital" was so rushed that often when a patient died another

She lived in Fly Flat then. She is dead now and buried in a Perth cemetery.

But it was Mrs. Kathleen Colreavy who was known as "The Mother of Coolgardie."

She was in West Australia before the gold strike. Her husband was one of the finders of Southern Cross, and she went there.

She was early in Coolgardie, and became known as the latter-day "Florence Nightingale." She would take pillows and sheets from her own tent to place them under sick and dying men to ease their pain.

She died in 1911.

Another early-day arrival in Coolgardie was Mrs. Bill Bennett, one of the very few real old-timers still living on the goldfields.

For years afterwards, women went in slow-moving teams over the dusty, bumpy, busy track from Southern Cross, the then railhead to the "Old Camp," as Coolgardie was known.

Life was necessarily rough, but men were always gentlemen, as far as women were concerned.

Historic Oysters

ONE goldfields resident said last week with tears in her eyes: "They might have been the good old days, but the chief thing I remember of them was seeing strapping young fellows each wrapped up in a blanket lying side by side on a team being taken to the cemetery. They died of typhoid, and no wood was to be got to make coffins for them."

That is a grim picture of early goldfields life.

There are plenty of humorous stories about women, too. For instance, there's the story of Mrs. Dennis O'Callaghan. She was pin-



HANNAN STREET, KALGOORLIE, as it was in 1895, and as it is to-day.

warm, human friendliness to appreciate it. After you leave the Golden Mile you always remain a little homesick for it.

Kalgoorlie and Boulder are splendid twin cities now, and Coolgardie a fine progressive town. They can boast modern hotels, green racecourses, beautiful parks, gracious homes with lovely gardens. Their celebration guests can be assured of every comfort.

But it is their dramatic past which stirs the imagination. No 45-year-old towns in the world hold a richer store of human drama.

IN those stirring early days women played their part. In the great talk fests which will be held in the next month, many heroines of the goldfields will be recalled with loving gratitude.

When Coolgardie was discovered in 1892, a handful of women made the journey of several weeks from Perth. They travelled on top of the 30-foot loads carried in those days by the teams which were their only means of transport.

They were women such as one meets in their thousands in every city street and remote settlement of Australia—typical Australian women. It happened that their men were "up on the goldfields." They were determined to stay by them, even if it meant undreamed-of hardships.

When they arrived on the goldfields they had to live in tents. Food was tinned or dried. They suffered intensely from heat, dust, and flies.

Life was often a bitter struggle against terrible odds. Men were dying with Nature and death in their grimmest moods, and there

on the danger list had to be put instantly into the vacant bed—there was no time even for a change of sheets.

They called her "Mercy" Gregory, and she earned her name. Goldfields people still recall with sorrow her tragic death. She was murdered in Sydney by a half-demented youth who coveted her jewellery.

Practically all the women became voluntary nurses. They went into tents where stricken miners lay in delirium and tended them with selfless heroism.

First in Coolgardie

THE first women in Coolgardie were Mrs. Felix Murphy and her daughter, Edith, who went up there in 1892, soon after Arthur Bayley announced the finding of Bayley's, as it was then known.

Mrs. Murphy went to join her husband, but on arrival he saw little of her as he was too busy nursing the sick, making soup for them, and tending them as best she might unaided.

Later grateful prospectors got together, invited her to party, and handed her £200 worth of jewellery, made from Coolgardie gold, in token of their thanks for having saved their lives.

ing, but could not face the four days' coach journey, and she said if she could have one good meal of oysters she would either get better or die contented.

So Denny telegraphed Perth and got oysters sent up by coach in the middle of ten hundredweight of ice. Only 50lb. of ice was left when it got to Kalgoorlie with the oysters intact in the middle.

Mrs. Denny ate them and recovered!

There is one thing that will never die in the hearts of old goldfielders, and that is the memory of wonderful friendships made there.

They will talk of the well-known goldfields heroines during this celebration month. And of many more whose names will never be recorded in history, but who helped, as truly as their battling menfolk, to make Kalgoorlie and its sister towns what they are to-day.

These women had the great gift of putting the glow of home into a bare tent. If you are one of the lucky listeners at the back-to-the-goldfields talks of the month, you'll notice that goldfields men take it for granted that such women are the salt of the earth.

And you will feel constrained to agree with them.

Why Not Make a Hobby of Your Hobby?



L. W. Lower believes in spare time being filled in profitably

People who have reached the retiring age should have some hobby to occupy their leisure, says a psychologist.

But, after all, that depends on what can be regarded as the retiring age. And whether you make a hobby of your hobby.

As a matter of fact, I wanted to retire from active business life at the age of fifteen. Circumstances conspired against me, and now that I have to keep a wife and four bookmakers life stretches before me as a vista of unending toil.

Many people can find time for a hobby, however. Wood-carving is a pleasant occupation. All you want is a piece of wood and something to

carve it with. Then all you have to do is carve.

The results come in very handy for presents.

After presenting a piece of mutilated wood to a friend, he may mutter to himself, "What the devil am I supposed to do with this?" But you don't have to worry.

Stamp-collecting is another bug-house occupation. If you come across a stamp with one perforation too many your fortune is made.

By L. W. LOWER

Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated by WEP

Taxidermy is nice work if you can get it. What's more pleasant than sitting in one's little workshop and making dead birds look lifelike?

Of course, you have to catch the birds first. Running down an emu is no easy job, but this only makes it more interesting.

Collecting books is a less strenuous hobby. All my friends collect books. Trying to recover books which have been loaned to friends is rather too strenuous to be called a hobby. One must have tact, guile, an eye like a hawk, and a ruthless will. It is not an occupation for weaklings.

One thing I am determined to do is to buy a camera, if ever I get the money. I shall then take hundreds of snapshots and paste them in an album. When we have visitors I will drag out my album and lean over their shoulders.

"That," I will say, "is my aunt Kate. I don't think you've met her. That's Uncle Jack's dog. No! Just a minute! That's my young niece Annie—taken in a very poor light. The dog must be on the next page."

Ten minutes of this I find is about as much as any visitor can stand.

Rare Documents

ONE diversion which is within the reach of all is the collection of old manuscripts. Many a pleasant hour can be spent poring over documents which start off:

"Sir: This is the fourth time we have requested you to make some payment towards the settlement of your account"—etcetera.

It brings back to mind the times when you moved in the middle of the night and disappeared without a trace. And this one bound in vellum, what is that?

That is a bill that has been paid. I am very proud of it. See! The garnishee order and summons are attached. It is the jewel of my collection.

Now this bill here, and the threatening letter accompanying it. It's from my tailor. Gone out of business now, poor chap. He nearly caught me once, but I was very quick on my feet in those days.

All these are only bookmakers' accounts. I really don't know why I keep them. This one here is from a bookmaker I pushed under a tram. As you see, it's marked PAID.

Old love letters, I have found, are best destroyed. They bring up such gruesome memories that one becomes mentally upset.

"Darling, I waited on the corner for you for three hours on Tuesday night, and you never came. You are breaking my heart."

Phooey! I saw her in town the other day and she had eight kids with her and weighed over seventeen stone.

You women are much better situated as regards hobbies. Washing-up never seems to pall on women.

At practically any time of the day you can see them mucking around washing plates and cups with a happy smile on the face and chuckling to themselves at the thought that there will soon be another meal and lots and lots more dishes to wash.

I've often envied my wife. Some-

times, when we've been going to the pictures (1932, I think, was the last time) she has said to me, "Will you give me a hand with the washing-up?"

I reply, "No, dear, I won't spoil your pleasure. You go on and enjoy yourself."

Critics might say that I spoil her, but if they could only see the beaming smile on her happy face when confronted with a load of dirty dishes

and saucepans they would realise that by reluctantly refraining from sharing in the frolic I am contributing to her happiness.

My wife is a quaint woman. Not content with washing-up and scrubbing and all her other amusements, she has taken up ice-skating.

You ought to see her bruises! Or perhaps—No. Better not. Forget it. Invitation withdrawn.

Since when have YOU been using GIBBS!



GIBBS-CLEANED teeth are shining white, clean, gleaming—for Gibbs Dentifrice is the scientifically perfect tooth cleanser. Fragrant, fresh-flavoured, Gibbs Dentifrice penetrates to every corner of the mouth, cleansing every tooth surface perfectly, yet so gently that there is not the slightest risk to delicate enamel. Gibbs is so economical, too—a tin of Gibbs lasts twice as long as ordinary tooth-cleaning preparations. For teeth really clean, mouth thoroughly refreshed—

CHANGE TO GIBBS TO-DAY

YOUR TEETH ARE IVORY CASTLES... DEFEND THEM WITH

Gibbs Dentifrice

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES
Small Tins 1/4 Large Tins 1/6
Large Refills 1/3



Write your name on your own tin!

37/52.35

How can you SLIM safely in Winter

HOW to keep slim during the Winter, with very little outdoor exercise and with rich, fat-forming Winter foods, is a problem most of us have to face. Solve it surely and safely by taking Bile Beans nightly.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable; they tone up the system, ensure internal health, and remove all fat-forming residue daily.

So start taking Bile Beans to-night and make sure of having a lovely, slender figure when Spring comes.



"Bile Beans have reduced my bust and hips measurement by four inches, and so greatly improved my figure that now standard dresses and coats fit perfectly. Bile Beans have also given me a clear skin, more energy, and made me ever so fit."
Miss A. Dove.

"I owe my slim figure, clear complexion and youthful appearance to taking Bile Beans regularly. I now enjoy such splendid health that I am able to get full pleasure out of life."
Miss M. C. Windrim.

BILE BEANS

BANISH WINTER OVERWEIGHT

TRUST YOUR DENTIST -he says KOLYNOS

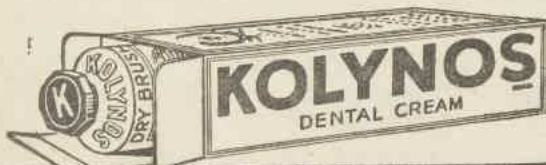


**MAKE
DULL TEETH
BRIGHT
and
SPARKLING**

If you want a perfectly healthy mouth, firm gums and attractive teeth, buy a tube of KOLYNOS and start using it today. KOLYNOS quickly removes the cause of discoloration, and washes away the unsightly, germ-laden bacteria covering from the teeth, restoring natural colour—with an attractive sparkle and lustre. Because of its proved antiseptic, germicidal and cleansing tooth paste, KOLYNOS effectively protects your teeth against the

harmful germs which cause decay, and keeps teeth and mouth thoroughly clean and healthy. Cultivate the twice-a-day use of KOLYNOS, the world's most efficient and economical tooth paste. Only half-an-inch—used preferably on a DRY brush—cleans your teeth perfectly—right down to the natural enamel without harmful bleaching action or unnecessary abrasion. Get a tube of KOLYNOS today. Of all Chemists and Stores.

**DENTISTS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD
RECOMMEND KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM**



REDUCED PRICES NEW DOUBLE SIZE
1/9 NOW 1/3 2/- PER TUBE



BOVRIL

PREVENTS THAT SINKING FEELING

The Wild Rasp Jam

Continued from Page 7

Nessie looked up, her face flushed, her hair disarranged, too startled and confused to speak. It was Hughie who got ready another rude reply, but before it came Finlay made a gesture of invitation with the reins.

"Step up, Nessie," he nodded. "I'm driving past your mother's house. I'll drop you there. Come along now; you can't refuse a lift!"

Abashed and unable to refuse the invitation from such an august source, Nessie complied, and climbed up into the gig beside Finlay, who, with a curt nod to Hughie, drove off.

Finlay drove Nessie back to Tannochbrae slowly. At first he kept silence, surprised at his own action. But there was that in Nessie's eyes and in her shamed submission which told him how timely had been his interference.

Gradually the strain eased, and Finlay casually drew the conversation round to Peter Donald, remarking to Nessie what a fine fellow he was, how quiet and unassuming and kindly, and, above all, how fond of her. But Nessie, now a little angered at having been coerced into leaving Hughie, tossed her head petulantly.

"Peter's just a feared thing," said she. "If he's fond of me, why hasn't he got the courage to say so? I like a man that's got some spirit in him."

Finlay sighed and dropped the conversation completely, thinking, as many a man had done before him, that no words of his could alter the case, that a wilful woman must have her way.

TIME passed, and the day of the County Show drew near. The show, which took place at Levenford, was, of course, a great and eagerly-awaited event, and this year more than ever the folks at Tannochbrae were keyed up to a high pitch of expectancy. They wanted Hughie's Heather Pride to win the Challenge Cup. Hughie himself seemed to have no question in his mind but that he would lift the prize. His boasting left no room for doubt.

Two days before the show, in a lordly fashion, he invited Nessie and his friend, Peter, to see his prize animal. It was sheer vanity on his part—the desire to impress Nessie with a sense of his possessions, for the humiliation he had received through Finlay still rankled; and, besides, he had perhaps some inkling of Peter's feeling for Nessie, and, in his high-handed fashion, was determined to check such presumption once and for all.

It was a fine, warm afternoon when Nessie and Peter arrived at the farm, and Hughie led them straight away to the yard, where, in his arrogant fashion, he nodded to Dougal, the farm lad, to bring out the bull.

"There," he remarked loudly to Peter, though his remarks were plainly for Nessie. "Take a look at that, if you please, and tell me if it suits you."

Peter and Nessie looked at the bull which Dougal had brought out from the darkness of the stall. It was a superb animal, jet black in color, young, virile, indomitably alive. In the sunshine its black hide glistened, while the muscles of its neck bunched in a powerful hump, and its eye, shot with strange lights, rolled towards Hughie, sullen, unfathomable. Something latent in that eye seemed to fan the blustering bravado of Hughie's mood.

"Hup, man, hup!" he cried irritably. "Don't look at me so dour. Ye'll never win the Cup with that red eye. Hup, hup!"

And he twitched the steel chain attached to the beast's nose-ring until the beautiful animal arched its back angrily.

"Ye see," Hughie remarked with a grin, "it knows its master, the brute. And a noble brute it is. Hup, hup!"

Domineeringly he laid his big hand on the bull's pale pink nostrils, as though to show his power, his mastery. But at that moment the bull violently twitched its head and tore the chain out of Hughie's hands.

It broke loose into the yard and drew up, with its back arched and its forelegs together, stiff. Its hide, tense and living, glistened black against the whitewashed walls that enclosed the yard. The white glare of these walls hurt its eyes. This hot, yellow sand strewn upon the square was strangely irritating after the soothing darkness of its stall. Its eyes were fixed on Hughie with a kind of latent animosity.

Hughie started, nonplussed that the bull should have broken loose, forgetful of Nessie and Peter beside

him, as they stood cornered in the angle between the byre and the bull's stall. He took a step forward, surprised, cautious.

"Here," he cried to the bull, "here, man, here!"

But the bull made no response; it stood quite still, impassive, as if carved in ebony.

Hughie took another step forward, half-blustering, half-cajoling.

"What are ye doin' man? Here, man, here!"

By way of answer the bull made a run at Hughie, not a furious run, but a slow, rather considering run. Hughie jumped aside and swore as the best barged heavily past him.

Springing forward he tried to grip the bull's neck, with both arms, bearing all his weight on its side, trying to steer it towards the open door of its stall. But the bull dragged him a few paces, shook him off easily, impatiently. Then, as he fell, it butted and nosed him about the back.

Hughie felt the horns rake the soft gravel beneath him as he rolled over on his side. He sprang to his feet again, bruised and shaken.

"Darn ye!" he cried. "Darn ye."

At which the bull, turning on its forefeet, very sharp and sudden, ripped its right horn through Hughie's shirt.

Swearing loudly, with his face suddenly alarmed, Hughie backed towards the shelter of the farm buildings, directly opposite the corner where Peter and Nessie stood. His torn shirt billowed off his shoulders like a cloak. He kept muttering, "Ye would, would ye? Ye'd horn me, you brute! I'll learn ye—I'll learn ye something."

But, alas! as the bull rushed towards him again, Hughie's pretence of courage left him. He wavered, turned, and, seeing the kitchen door open behind him, he bolted as hard as his heels would carry him into the house.

At the sight of Hughie running away Nessie's heart constricted.

Stunned, she could not credit it—Hughie showing such arrant cowardice. But she had little time to reflect, for at the same moment the bull swung round, and, baulked in its rush at Hughie, lowered its head, then launched itself straight at the spot where she and Peter stood.

It was a savage, tearing rush, which, half-stupefied as she was, might well have proved the end of Nessie. But Peter acted quicker than a flash.

Pushing her violently to one side while he leapt to the other, he saved them both. Nessie could feel the swish of the horn as it went past her side, and she saw Peter fall with the quickness of his own leap.

Peter jumped up again. His face was pale; not pale with terror, but pale with a hard, cold determination. He realised that Nessie and he, trapped by the angle of the walls, were in a desperate position.

LOOKING around swiftly he caught hold of a rusty sickle which lay beside the water-butt. It was a feeble weapon, but he gripped the handle of the old hook till the white cords stood out on his hand. His jaw was set like a rock, his eyes were wide, staringly alert.

The bull, now thoroughly infuriated, came at him again, head down, back muscles humped. Peter held his ground to the last fraction of a second, knowing that the bull would strike to the right. Then, before he jumped he smashed the back of the hook on the beast's neck.

It was a felling stroke, but it had little effect upon the bull, which turned short on its own momentum, and then, stopping, tore into Peter. Again and again Peter struck it with the heavy hook before he flung himself away to safety.

The bull paused at a distance of twenty feet, breathing heavily, eyeing the man sideways with one small, wicked eye.

Nessie, in an agony of terror, could see its nostrils widening. Then slowly, dangerously, it moved. No rush, but a slow slide towards Peter, edging him back into the wall at the corner of the yard where Nessie stood penned in.

Peter backed a few yards, saw his mistake, saw that Nessie was in danger. At that instant the bull charged again. As the bull came in Peter did not move, but, crouching directly in front of Nessie, he took the full impact of the animal's rush. The bull's horn buried itself in Peter's side.



Anita Louise

It's her real name . . . she's of mixed German-French-English ancestry. Is an accomplished musician, excelling on piano and harp. Has a lovely singing voice and is a clever dancer. Speaks several languages. Has one of the most beautiful faces on the screen.

Charmosan face powder from France is distinguished in the world of beauty. It has the power to subdue and conceal faults and signs of age in your skin so that they seem no longer there and thus brings immediate charm to your skin.

It stays on for hours, so that you forget you own a powder pad. Its perfume is divine and it is reserved specially for it in Paris.

Charmosan face powder

All shades and suntan. Big double size box 2/6. Sold everywhere by chemists, drapers and stores.

Skin massage

There's nothing to equal Charmosan cold cream for face, skin or any other kind of massage. Tones up the skin and muscles and helps greatly in removing and preventing wrinkles, crowfeet and lines. For removing "make-up" it's simply gorgeous.

Charmosan cold cream

Boudier jars 2/6. Tubes 1/- . Sold everywhere by chemists, drapers and stores.

Bad Breath Flabby Fat

CONSTIPATED FOOD TRACT

Retained fermenting food wastes poison the system and are a positive menace to fitness and good looks. Sufferers from constipation usually experience flatulence, a bloated feeling, have sick headaches, biliousness, pimples, bad breath, and put on excessive, unhealthy fat. Depressant hangs around and everything seems wearisome and gloomy.

It is surprising the welcome relief and fitness that are obtained by dispersing constipation with Pinkettes. These gentle little laxative and liver pills are perfectly harmless, for they are compounded of safe vegetable ingredients. Pinkettes exercise and strengthen lazy bowels, help the liver in its bile producing function, keep the digestive system regular and efficient. Unload your liver, dispel constipation and unhealthy fat without delay, by taking Pinkettes to-day. At chemists and stores. 1/3 bottle.

FLUSH ACID POISON OUT OF KIDNEYS

Flush Out Your 15 MILES of Kidney Tubes

If kidneys don't pass 5 pints a day and get rid of more than 5 pounds of waste matter, the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters become clogged with poisonous waste and the danger of acid poisoning is greatly increased.

This acid condition, brought about by poor kidney function, is a danger signal and may be the beginning of nagging backache, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up at night, headache, swollen feet and ankles, puffiness under the eyes, rheumatic pains and dizziness.

Most people watch their backs, which contain only 22 feet of intestines, but neglect the kidneys, which contain 15 miles of tubes and filters. If these tubes or filters become clogged with poisons, it may lay you out for many months. Don't run any risk. Make sure your kidneys empty 5 pints a day.

Ask your chemist for DEAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS. . . used successfully all world over by millions of people. They give quick relief and will help to flush out 15 MILES of kidney tubes. Get DEAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS at your chemist.

Please turn to Page 16

Two Last Close-ups of Crawford-Tone Break-up



• THESE TWO candid camera shots of Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone were taken two days before they separated last month. In them is reflected all the strain preceding a marital break-up. The pictures were taken at the last official functions the couple attended as man and wife. In the group above Joan and Franchot are seen with Robert Montgomery and Jack Benny at the Motion Picture Polo Game and Horse Show. Joan, reserved and distant, has the "I wish I wasn't here look"; Franchot looks like a man in an awkward domestic situation determined to be at ease.



• A "NICE" LITTLE PARTY showing the contrasts of Hollywood's married life and single blessedness. Joan and Franchot, after three years of marriage, have nothing to say to each other; their dinner partners, Cesar Romero and Sonja Henie, have plenty. —Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly.

You Can End Colds Quicker!



WITH THE 3-Minute VapoRub Massage

FIRST—rub Vicks VapoRub briskly on the throat and chest.

NEXT—rub VapoRub briskly on the back, between and below the shoulder-blades.

THEN—to strengthen and lengthen its famous double-action—spread VapoRub thick on the chest, and cover with warm flannel.

It takes so little time, and does so much, so quickly—this 3-Minute VapoRub Massage. It is so safe, too, for there is nothing to swallow, and so nothing to upset a child's delicate digestion just when all his strength is needed to fight off the cold.

No Waiting—Acts Instantly

The brisk massage starts VapoRub working through the skin like an old-fashioned poultice. Even before you finish rubbing, the chest and back feel warm and comfortable.

At the same time, warmed by the body, VapoRub releases its powerful medicated vapours. These are breathed in for hours, 18 times a minute, direct to the irritated air-passages of nose, throat, and chest.

Working in these two direct ways at once, VapoRub soothes irritation,

loosens phlegm, relieves coughing, breaks up congestion. And, with the air-passages clear, breathing becomes easy again.

Long-Lasting Double Action

Relaxed and comfortable, the patient soon drops off to restful sleep. Meanwhile, VapoRub keeps on working for hours—breaks up most colds by morning.

For Grown-Ups, Too

You never grow too big to welcome the warm comfort of a VapoRub Massage, and the quick relief of its powerful, head-clearing vapours. No wonder, then, that VapoRub has become the preferred treatment, in 71 different countries, for all the colds in the family. More than 26 million jars are used every year.

Ideal for Children's Colds

VICKS VAPORUB

... Just as Good for Grown-Ups

Kill Kidney Poisons Restore Your Health

There is nothing that can make you feel older and more rundown than Kidney and Bladder trouble caused by Poisons developed in your body. Ordinary medicines can't help you much because they do not fight the true cause of your trouble and get rid of the health-destroying Poisons. Poisons in the Kidneys and Urinary System may cause you to suffer from one or more of the following dangerous and vitality-destroying symptoms: Girdling up Night, Urin Acid, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Dizziness, frequent Headaches, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Swollen Ankles, Dark Urine under the Eyes, Dry, Muddy Skin, Loss of Energy, and Burning, Itching passages.

Help Nature 3 Ways

Fortunately for sufferers most chemists now have the new twin-tablet treatment called Cystex, which is a doctor's prescription. Cystex helps and removes the underlying cause of your trouble in three ways: 1. It kills and removes germs from the Kidneys and Urinary System. 2. It soothes and heals irritated membranes and stops pain. 3. It removes Uric Acid and other poisonous wastes from the Kidneys and Bladder.



Millions Praise Cystex
More than 3 million men and women in all parts of the world have used Cystex. Many of them cannot praise it highly enough. For instance, Mrs. W. Coffman, 51 Colma St., Concord, West, N.S.W., recently wrote: "I suffered from nervousness, leg pains, dizziness, headache and

had no life at all. I got Cystex and now I am completely better thanks to your wonderful Cystex." And Mrs. M. L. Smith, 23 Juliette Street, Thompson Estate, Brisbane, wrote: "I have been taking Cystex for Kidney and Bladder trouble and it has made a different woman of me. I am feeling splendid, can do all my work, run about and walk miles although I am 63 years of age. Cystex does all you claim for it." And Mrs. M. J. Smart, 15 Brougham Street, Maryborough, Vic., wrote: "I suffered from pain in my legs, arms and joints for some time. Cystex did me so much good I am telling my friends about it."



Urinary System

8-Day Guaranteed Test

You do not need to risk any money in putting Cystex to the test. Simply get Cystex from your chemist under this written guarantee. It must stop your pain, make you feel younger and stronger and full of life and vitality and satisfy you in every way, or you simply return the empty package and your money is refunded in full. You are the sole judge as to your satisfaction. Within 48 hours you will begin to notice a tremendous improvement, but under the guarantee we want you to take the full 8-day supply and see for yourself the amazing things that the complete twin-tablet treatment can do for you. Get Cystex from your chemist today. The guarantee protects you.

The Wild Rasp Jam

Continued from Page 14

NESSE screamed as, clasping the beast's free horn with both hands, his face distorted, anguished, Peter wrenched himself away from the horn which impaled him, then slid down the bull's shoulders to his knees, while the blood came in quick spurts from his torn side.

Tossing its head in triumph, the bull again made to rush at Nessie, but Peter, swaying on his legs, his hands empty of any weapon, got up again to face the bull.

Full of fight and confidence, the bull bored in. Peter never moved. His head hung down, but his jaw was still grimly clenched.

As the bull charged he shut his fist and smashed it with all his force full in the brute's soft muzzle. The blow nearly broke his wrist, but the shock of it stopped the bull, which paused as though surprised. And in the same moment intervention

muscle that's been torn. He'll be right again in three or four weeks."

"Thank Heaven!" cried Hughie again, and he tried to put his arm round Nessie, but Nessie broke away from him with a cold, pale look.

Hughie's lip began to quiver again. He glanced round the assembled company in a kind of desperate entreaty. But every eye avoided his. Then Hughie groaned again and stumbled into a seat, cowering and twitching like a man who has been in cold water too long.

A moment later he broke down completely. Huddling, he whispered, "Oh, Heaven, I dinna ken what came over me."

A week later, when Peter was well on the way to recovery, Nessie ventured round to see him.

"Is there anything I can do," she said, her eyes steadily on his, "to



PURPLE ANTELOPE fashions the hat worn by Gail Patrick, Paramount player. The novel half-brim presents height. A matching purple veil, dotted in chenille, looks bewitching.

came from the other end of the yard.

Dougal and Matt, the ploughman, attracted by Nessie's screams, raced into the yard, waving their arms to take the bull's attention. Matt was brandishing a heavy sledge, and as the bull came in on its next rush he planted his feet wide apart, whirled the sledge high in the air, and smashed it fair in the centre of the beast's brow.

The crack of the impact came, clear and hard as a gunshot. The bull halted suddenly. All its venom seemed to wither into the air. Then, stunned, first one knee and then another buckled under it; it sloped over on its side, and finally collapsed.

Swaying on his feet, Peter looked stupidly at the fallen bull. Then he glanced at Nessie.

His face, streaked with blood and dust, was filled with a great tenderness. He tried to lift his hand to wipe his lips, but he could not. Then he fell heavily across the body of the bull.

An hour later Finlay drove like a madman up to Tannochbrae. Ignoring the stir that his arrival caused, he made straight into the kitchen, where, on the horsehair sofa, Peter lay stretched. Bending down amidst a dead silence, Finlay began to minister to the injured man. Beside him, holding some whisky in a tumbler, spilling half of it with a shaky hand, Hughie groaned—

"He's all right, isn't he?"

Finlay rose slowly, his face dark and unfriendly.

"Yes, he's all right. It's only the

make it up to ye, Peter? I've always treated ye shameful. And now ye've saved my life. It was a brave, brave thing ye did, Peter."

"Oh, I don't know," he answered simply, coloring under her praise. "It wasn't that much, after all."

This time Nessie did not smile at Peter's shyness, for she knew it as the mark of the man's great heart.

In the following year Peter and Nessie were married, and now they live in the square sandstone manse on the outskirts of Tannochbrae. But, though they are beloved and highly esteemed in the village, they are not so staid as Peter's learned profession might lead one to expect. They go boating on the loch in their little lugger, and love to tramp on the moors above the village. There is nothing to mar their happiness.

Hughie, broken and disgraced, sold the farm and went off to Canada in a vain attempt to make a man of himself.

And now, when Nessie takes her children to the woods to gather raspberries, she does not think of him, such is her present happiness, except with pity. But she does not forget the doctor and his love of raspberry jam.

And that is why every year, when the earth yields its bounty, Finlay receives from Tannochbrae the big sweet pot of wild rasp jam.

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ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

Perfect Eyesight Without Glasses

If your eyes are troubling you from:

EYE STRAIN
EYE HEADACHES
LONG SIGHT
SQUINT
ASTIGMATISM
SHORT SIGHT
OLD AGE SIGHT
GLARE

or any other affection, don't jump to the conclusion that you MUST have glasses.

I can tell you here and now that glasses do NOT help you to have or regain perfect eyesight. BUT EYE CULTURE DOES. Haven't you noticed glasses have to be changed regularly, getting stronger lenses. EYE CULTURE, by the way, is just a natural easy means of bringing the eyes back to normal, without glasses. It is a scientific system of eye health and training (not only eye exercises) which has proved completely successful in so many thousands of cases.

AGE DOES NOT MATTER

It doesn't matter, either, what your age is or the condition of your eyes. EYE CULTURE CAN IMPROVE YOUR EYES. People of all ages from 5 to 80 have successfully adopted EYE CULTURE and are now enjoying the best of eyesight, not wearing glasses either—so don't think YOU must wear glasses.

If you wear glasses, or are worried about your eyes, come in and see me—or write, describing the condition of your eyes, enclosing 2d. stamped addressed envelope for reply to "EYE CULTURE," No. 1 St. James Building, 107 Elizabeth Street, SYDNEY, N.S.W. for my free booklet, and learn how your sight can be restored to normal without glasses.

EYE CULTURE



WOMEN!

Do you dread certain days for the pain and misery they bring? It is your own fault if you go on suffering. It has been discovered that the cause is a lack of vital minerals in the blood. And to remedy mineral-deficiency is a very easy matter if you take Kalzana. Kalzana gives your system all the vital minerals it needs in an easy-to-take way. Once it has strengthened your blood, your body begins to function normally and pain does not return. Lose no time in becoming the healthy, happy woman nature intended you to be—start taking Kalzana right away.

KALZANA

The MINERAL FOOD for BETTER HEALTH. Of all Chemists in time containing 45 and 90 tablets.

Piles Go Quick

Without Salves or Cutting.

Thousands who have piles have not learned that quick and permanent relief can only be accomplished with internal medicine. Neither cutting nor any amount of treatment with ointments and suppositories will remove the cause.

Bad circulation causes piles. There is a complete stagnation of blood in the lower bowel and a weakening of the parts. Dr. J. S. Leonard found the remedy and called his prescription Vacuoid. He tried it in 1,000 cases with the marvellous record of success in 96 per cent., and then decided it should be sold by chemists everywhere under a rigid money-back guarantee.

Don't waste any more time with outside applications. Get a package of Vacuoid to-day. It has given safe and lasting relief to thousands, and will do the same for you, or costs you nothing.

Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen.
When we are old and mellow they'll still be evergreen."



**TRAFFIC CON-
STABLE:** Now, what
gear were you in at
the time of the acci-
dent?

MODERN MISS: Oh, I
had on a black beret,
tan shoes, and a tweed
costume.



"Oh, dear, now, was I going out or coming in?"



"Yvette, put on Tootle's muzzle—I wish to sing."



DOCTOR: You say you swallowed a two shilling piece. Where do you feel it most?

PATIENT: In my pocket.

GOOD-BYE TO FOOT TROUBLE

Comfort Regained By
The Nightly Use Of

Zam-Buk

WHY is she so happy? Simply because she knows that her foot troubles are now ended. No more aching, pain, or soreness, for Zam-Buk keeps her feet easy and comfortable all day long. And there's no reason why you, too, should not enjoy the benefits of happy, care-free feet.

Every night just bathe your feet in warm water. Then, after drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk into the soles, insteps, soles and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are readily absorbed into the skin. Thus

Pain, Swelling & Inflammation

are quickly relieved. Troublesome hard skin and corns are softened and easily removed, blisters and chafing are healed, and ankles, joints, toes and feet are strengthened and made comfortable again. Start now with Zam-Buk—there is nothing like it for the feet.

1/6 or 3/6 tin. All chemists and stores.

Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night



"Laziness standing and stair climbing necessary to housework made my ankles swell and my feet ache and burn. Massage with Zam-Buk had the desired lubricating effect and proved most comforting and refreshing for the feet."—Miss E. K. Corbridge.

"I can keep going all day now and walk miles without feeling any foot aches or soreness, thanks to Zam-Buk, which has rid my feet of the aching, swelling and tiredness. Zam-Buk is wonderful."—Miss E. G. Donnell.

Brainwaves

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each
joke used.

"**REALLY**, Herbert," said Mrs. Newlywed, "I'll put up with your untidiness, I'll tolerate the ash on the carpet, I'll endure your irregular hours; but it's going really too far when you try to play my pancakes on the gramophone."

MacLAUGHLIN had just proposed to a widow.

"But I have nine children," she informed him.

"You deceiving wretch," he stormed.

"They're all working," she continued.

"Dearest!"

GOLFER'S WIFE (serving at club house bar, to astonished husband): I knew you wouldn't object to my getting a job here, Harold. It's so nice to see you sometimes.

"**YOUR** hair is coming out in handfuls, sir, but I guarantee a bottle of this would soon remove the cause of it."

"Oh! And how could I get my wife to take it?"

MOTORIST: Madam, I am dreadfully sorry that I ran over your dog. You must let me replace the animal.

Owner (sarcastically): Humph! Let me hear you bark.

HUSBAND: Why must you feed every tramp who comes to the door?

Wife: For the joy of seeing a man eat a meal without finding fault with the cooking.

I thought Dorrie's party was just marvellous! What a lot of friends she has now!



LIFEBUOY SOAP...A LEVER PRODUCT

2.400.27

ROLEX



Obtainable in various models in Stainless Steel from £16. Best Gold from £19/10/-

The World's Most Precise Watch.

Waterproof Tropic and Climate Proof.

ROLEX OYSTER

31 World Records

ROLEX WATCH CO. LTD
LONDON - GENEVA - PARIS

Available from leading jewellers in Australia



GLAMOUR

lives in clear eyes—dull, tired eyes ruin the most perfect make-up. "I.L.O." makes tired eyes brilliant and clear, with whites free of veins or redness, in thirty seconds.

"I.L.O." is the formula of a famous Eye Specialist—it soothes, cleans, strengthens, and is prescribed for eye strain.

Age signs begin at the eyes—"I.L.O." arrests them and maintains youthful clarity and charm at a cost of a few pence per week.

I.L.O.

EYE LOTION

ALL CHEMISTS



Dizziness and Palpitation

early symptoms of

INDIGESTION

A few doses of De Witt's Antacid Powder will relieve you of dangerous excess acid

When flatulence is the cause of those spells of dizziness or frightening bouts of palpitation, you must realise that your stomach needs urgent attention if you are to save yourself from dyspepsia or gastritis—the result of continued stomach irritation.

Flatulence is caused by the food fermenting in the stomach instead of digesting. Too hastily-eaten or unsuitable food will do this, and the gas given off will cause the stomach to swell, pressing against the heart. The heart flutters in a most alarming way and often causes spells of dizziness.

De Witt's Antacid Powder not only gives immediate relief, but has been compounded to remove the cause of continued flatulence—the too copious output of acid. A short course with De Witt's Antacid Powder will soon rectify this trouble, and once again you can enjoy and digest your food as a healthy person should.

Even though you are so unfortunate as to suffer from the severer forms of stomach trouble, you can still hope. De Witt's Antacid Powder neutralises the excess acid immediately it enters the stomach, thus stopping the pain almost at once. The inflamed stomach is protected from further attack. A portion of your food is digested by this remarkable powder. Finally, your stomach is toned up and nursed back to health, so that you can eat what you like without any unpleasant after-effects.

DE WITT'S

ANTACID POWDER

Of chemists and storekeepers everywhere, in handsome sky-blue canister

Price 2/6

I

IN the end they had tossed for it, and she had cheated, flagrantly but justifiably. He cared so much. And she didn't care at all. And suspected that she was incapable of caring.

"You see," she said, helping herself from the gold case that he held out to her. "Peter and I are both frustrated geniuses in the art of spending money. A right-minded Government would subsidise us as shining examples of how it should be done. But we can't make it. Even Peter can't. And he's a really useful sort of person. He'd make an Elder Statesman if only someone would stake him to a career."

"His brother-in-law, for instance—"

"That's what I thought. A career instead of an emerald necklace. It would be an opportunity for me to do my bit. Besides, Peter wants to marry a nice girl without a bean—"

"And what do you want?"

"I want him to have what he wants—"

"You have a lovely nature. Shall we consider it settled? I'm in a hurry to get home."

"If you're really sure you want me. I don't see why you should—"

"Oh, yes, you do. I love beautiful things. And you, my dear, are exquisite."

"I don't love you—" she told him. "You know that—"

"Of course. And very honorable. In your fashion, as I am in mine. You were bound to remind me of the fact. On the other hand, there is always the chance that the movies have the right of it. You may come to love the heart of gold under the rough exterior—"

"And you don't love me," she persisted stubbornly.

"Oh, but I do. I tell you—I love all beautiful things. And I am greedily possessive. I want to own them. I'm afraid to lose them. My only horror of death is that someone else will become possessed of my possessions—"

She seemed to be watching the dancers with an undesired intent-

ness, and he touched her hand lightly, drawing her back to him. "I'm rather glad you don't love me. If you did I might lose you. Love is an ephemeral, unstable factor. But business is business. Many a man might be unfaithful to his wife who would not cheat his partner."

"You are so horribly right," she said, "that you frighten me—"

"That wasn't my intention. Merely to draw attention to the fact that you and I are dealing in permanent realities. I think that execrable performance is almost over. Let's dance—"

He danced well as he did everything that he did at all.

"I'd love to. Do you mind if I telephone first?"

"Of course not. Peter will be glad to hear the news—"

She knew where he was dining. A quiet, nice place where an impecunious young man could take a nice impecunious girl to dinner. He came at once. His eager, pleasant voice made her feel warm again as though she had come in from a bleak winter's day to a friendly fire—

"Hullo, Peter."

"Hullo, Gilly darling—"

"It's all settled. You're going to have a rich sister living in something they call a penthouse (sounds a bit prison-like, doesn't it?), with retinues of dark-faced, soft-footed servants and a place on Long Island and a famous brother in Parliament who becomes Prime Minister at the incredible age of thirty and pays

I CONTEND—

*I contend a home should be
Walls of calm tranquillity,
Blest retreat, the one sweet
place
I may dream a little space.*

*There to rest, and there to take
Dreams that other walls for-
sake.*

*I contend a home should give
Peace and comfort while I live.*

—Yvonne Webb.

back all his indebtedness so that she can get a divorce and marry the man of her dreams—"

"Oh, shut up, darling."

"In a minute. Go and tell Dorothy you love her and order Queen Ann a couple of bathrooms. Charles approves of bathrooms—"

"We haven't a moral between us, have we?"

"Oh, yes. Dozens. Poor things. But our own. Don't worry, darling. It's all right. I'm really happy—"

"Sure?"

"Dead, dead sure—"

JON FORTNESS

rode into the Bad Lands. The two men who rode with him had had, for months past, no use for each other. But after a few days they discovered a friendship. At least they had thirst in common and the knowledge that their small chance of escaping from the trap into which Fortness had led them was becoming smaller.

Salt Peter, who was toprider to whatever remained of the outfit, knew by experience. Cockeye, who was in theory the cook's flunkie, and in practice no great shakes in any capacity, knew by instinct.

He had an instinct for death. It was like an antennae that sensed when a horse was going to balk at a jump or peck on the further side so that he would be ready to roll off like a ball with his head tucked between his shoulders, safe from the hall of flying hoots. This death in the wilderness might be different in detail. But in all essentials it was the same. He recognised it, as did Salt Peter, without undue concern. Both men liked life, but on the same condition that they held it casually. To fuss about it would be to destroy its value. So they did not resent Fortness' form of craziness.

In their different ways they even understood what had driven him. You couldn't go on slapping a healthy young man in the face without his lashing out, even if you were armed with a machine-gun, and the lashing out obviously fatal. And luck had slapped Fortness hard and often, so that you couldn't blame him, Salt said, if he went loco. Maybe

The Road to Reno

Continued from Page 8

he hadn't been so loco as he seemed now when he was falling. If he had succeeded in bringing this bunch back to winter quarters, he might have pulled through to spring and a fresh start.

But that pipe-dream was over. The loose-herded cattle, staggering in their tracks, their swollen tonguesolling, their inflamed nostrils sunk to the slowly-rising clouds of alkali dust that to the two thirst-harassed men look on a tormenting mirage-like resemblance to eddying water, foreshadowed the bleached skeletons that had become their only landmarks.

For weeks past the herd had been on the drift, moving relentlessly like creatures under a spell from the drought devastated but familiar ranges into this evil trackless country. (Just like humans, Salt thought, who were always fancying they'd be better off anywhere than where they were.) Now they were being driven back and Salt, who took cattle bogged to the horns or floundering to slow death in a snow drift as part of the day's work, didn't care to look at them.

STILL, he wasn't resentful, either on his account or theirs. It was just life. And he had no quarrel with it.

Cockeye was different. He was fighting mad. Not against Fortness. But against the land. Salt loved the land, grimly, sardonically, as a man loves a cursed woman whom he has to placate or bully into serving his purpose. But Cockeye hated it. Scowling at the un-named featureless canyons that opened out before them, one after another, like a succession of shifting hollows in a wild uncharted sea, his aquiline became more marked.

They rode due west into a sunset that stretched like a raw, inflamed wound along the crest of the furthest hills. You'd have thought, Cockeye said, that the way they were going they'd hit California in the morning. Salt made a dry, rasping sound. They'd be lucky if they struck the desert. Fortness was lost. He hadn't said so. But Salt knew.

Every time he'd pitched down alone into some black-mouthed canyon after a bunch of strays he'd given himself up. Every time he'd scrambled back and seen Jon wave to him he'd felt like a lost kid in sight of home. (And he had been born to this land, too, and was old enough to have fathered Jon Fort-

ness.) But Jon's people had pushed their way into country where even the Indians didn't care to go, and their knowledge had been in his bones. Now the knowledge was falling him. He still pointed his wretched herd as though he knew. In the whole bearing of the man was his unbendable stubbornness.

Salt started back to full consciousness. Cockeye had slipped out of sight. His voice, thin and brittle as a ghost's, came from the off-side of his wearily-plodding pony.

"Guess I'll walk a bit. The poor old plug can't take no more—"

"That ain't no plug," Salt retorted sharply. If he picked a quarrel he might feel better. More like himself. "She's got bottom. I'd like to see that fine high-steppin' dame of yours take such punishment—"

"You wait," Cockeye told him. "A lady's a lady. If you knew a lady or a horse when you see one—which you don't—"

"First sight we get of the bunk-house," Salt said gently, "I'll punch you so that for once you'll see straight—"

Cockeye squinted at him over the cantle of his saddle.

"It's a date, Big Boy. Mind you keep it—"

Salt made no answer. The quarrel had no real heat. Cockeye clinging to his leather panted up-hill. His short bow legs weren't made for walking. But he fancied the poor brute was grateful and moved more easily. A good little brute though with no breeding. He patted her surreptitiously. Anyway he was glad to be out of what they called a saddle. More like an old lady's rocking chair. You couldn't fall out of it if you tried. Called themselves horsemen. He'd like to see Salt on a racing saddle taking Beechers Brook.

He wouldn't see him long. One day when he got Otasell back into form he'd show these goldarn Westerners . . . Gosh, how nearly he'd brought her home that time at Almtree. A great horse, a great jockey—though he thought so as shouldn't—and a scoundrel of an owner! But there was that last water jump and the far-side beaten to a mummy pulp. He could see that white sarcastic face peering into his. He could feel the pain in his cracked skull.

"A jockey's business, my dear Fletcher, is to stay with his horse. You should try some sedentary occupation—"

Please turn to Page 38

Don't let unpleasant laxatives cause tears and tantrums.



Use this Child's Laxative—PLEASANT, MILD IN ACTION

When your youngster is out-of-sorts—obviously in need of a thorough intestinal cleansing—and still "fights" taking a laxative, don't set it down as stubbornness. Maybe you are guilty—of thoughtlessness. For when a child objects to such medicine, there's often good cause. The taste may be offensive, or the action harsh and unpleasant.

So is it ever fair, or even kind, to force such remedies on your youngster, thus taxing an upset condition still further?

Fortunately, there's no need to resort to such measures. You can get a real "child's" laxative—"California Syrup of Figs"—"Calfig"—thoroughly pleasant both in taste and

action. Youngsters really like it. In flavour, "California Syrup of Figs" is as delicious as pure fruit syrup. And, because of its gentle vegetable ingredients, is mild and agreeable in effect. Doctors recommend it. And in thousands of homes where it is used, "California Syrup of Figs" has proved an equally suitable laxative for others in the family—young or old, especially for women—with whom it is important to avoid the shock of stronger, harsher drugs.

"California Syrup of Figs" is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/8 or 2/4 times the quantity for 2/10. Be sure to say "California" and look for "Calfig" on the package.

'CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS'

'NATURE'S OWN' LAXATIVE

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Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published here. Pen names are not permitted. This is in accordance with the decision of readers in a poll taken on this page.



WRITE NOW

All readers are welcome to try their hand at writing to this page on any topic that interests them. Letters should be short and concise. Address will be found at top of page 3 of this issue.

AMBITIOUS CHILDREN

WHY are older people so hasty in repressing ambition in young people who desire to venture into something different?

Instead of encouraging their children to rely on their own initiative and self-confidence in their bid for independence, too many parents strive to map out their lives for them.

Everyone has the right to make of his life what he will, and it is by our own experiences that we benefit rather than by those of other people.

£1 for this letter to Miss N. Seer, 24 Anglo Street, Chatswood, N.S.W.

TAKING PRAISE

A SMILE, a gracious inclination of the head, even a little mocking bow—these are the most becoming ways in which a young woman, or an older one, can acknowledge compliments spoken in company.

I always regret the reaction which voiced praise produces in most of our young girls; a gauche giggle, accompanied by some feeble repartee, does detract from their charm.

Praise is women's due from men, but they must acquire poise enough to receive it.

Miss P. M. Baker, 14 Cairns Street, Red Hill, W.I., Brisbane.

EARLY ENGAGEMENT

WHEN they see other unhappy cases around them, why do so many young people become engaged to be married in their early teens?

When it is time to wed they often discover that marriage seems no longer attractive, and that, apart from anything else, they are then not even sure of their affections.

How can a girl bind herself to marry a man when he is the only one she has tried?

I wish youth would vary its company as much as possible, have its fun, and make that important choice last, and not first.

Mrs. Nancy Meadows, 36 Belmont Avenue, Kew E4, Vic.



DO YOU WANT A LOVELY HEALTHY SKIN? OF COURSE YOU DO. THEN I RECOMMEND REXONA SOAP

A healthy skin means a lovely skin, and this is the priceless gift that Rexona Soap bestows. Rexona's special medication cleans up pimples, blackheads and other skin faults and keeps the skin clear, smooth and healthy.

More stubborn skin complaints quickly yield when Rexona Ointment is used in conjunction with Rexona Soap.



30½p—6d. per Tablet (City and Suburban). GUY'S BENTLEY—1/6 per Tin. NOW also extra large tin, three times the quantity, 3/-.

H.195.27

Foolish Mothers Create Selfish Husbands

AS Mrs. Mann says (30/7/38), it is foolish mothers who create selfish men.

When married themselves, these men have no thought of helping their wives, but expect to be waited on hand and foot.

If adoring mothers only taught them to look after themselves and to be courteous to women they would grow into ideal husbands instead of selfish egotists.

Mrs. R. Jukes, 1 Pearl Ave., Mildura, Vic.

Your Reward

I DO not regard it as being foolish to wait on your menfolk.

If they appreciate it and realise you are doing it to help them, and because you love them, that is ample reward, and will not make them selfish.

Mrs. E. M. Leeson, Goodwood, Qld.

Continual Pride

THE answer to Mrs. Mann's question, "Why do women make such slaves of themselves for their menfolk?" is very simple. It is because they love to.

It is the continual pride and joy of the real wife and mother to wait hand and foot on her son, husband, and any others of her family who need her assistance.

Miss D. Olsen, 284 Canterbury Rd., Campsie, N.S.W.

Men's Independence

THERE are not too many mothers to-day who wait on their sons as Mrs. Mann says they do.

Men are far more independent to-day, and do not require any "fussing."

Mrs. Smith, Ellena Street, Paddington, Brisbane.

Marriages Fail

MANY a mother is indirectly responsible for the failure of her son's marriage.

Idolising her son, she spoils him from childhood on. When the boy marries he demands the same attention from his wife. She does as he wishes rather than have trouble.

If mothers would only make their children do more for themselves they would be much happier, and would certainly respect their mothers more.

There would also be fewer unhappy marriages.

Mrs. C. P. Asche, 27 Henley Beach Rd., Mile End, S.A.

Pity the Girls

I AGREE with Mrs. Mann that women who wait on their sons hand and foot are making trouble for the wives of the future.

It seems unfair to me, too, that, in mixed families, the girls are always expected to help in the home both before and after their daily work, while it is taken for granted that the boys should be waited on.

Naturally, this makes the boys selfish and is very bad training for married life.

Mrs. W. S. Arthur, 4 Maitland Ave., Kew E4, Vic.



Spoiling the boy

Bad Habit Formed

MRS. MANN is right in criticising women who wait on their menfolk.

This habit has a bad reaction on sons and daughters, who later expect similar gestures in marriage and become disgruntled because their partner refuses them.

Mrs. W. Parsons, 22 Tyre St., Gilberton, Adelaide.

Do Girls To-day Lack Faith in Men?

MISS HEY (30/7/38) suggests that young women of to-day are very distrustful of their menfolk.

Maybe it is because so much is said about "office wives." One is being continually told to look after one's appearance or one will lose one's husband.

The women who have learned to trust their menfolk, however, are far happier than those who are always fancying themselves slighted.

Mrs. A. White, 33 McMahon St., Willoughby, N.S.W.

His Fault

IF a woman loves a man enough to accept his proposal of marriage she must trust him also—and I suppose she must continue doing so till he abuses that trust.

But if he loves her enough to propose marriage, should he not make a point of being on time for his appointments with her?

Mrs. P. M. Peak, Riverview St., Sherwood SW2, Brisbane.

Distrust a Myth

I DISAGREE with Miss P. Hey's comments on distrustful wives and fiancés.

The only women I know who stage these tirades when their menfolk turn up late are those caricatured in books, plays, and pictures.

I have noticed that the man invariably explains, and his explanation is accepted.

Women are as understanding in this respect as men are when we err.

Miss Joan Gravestock, 6 Woodville Ave., Wahroonga, N.S.W.

Men Should Help

FEW women really distrust a fiancé or husband unless they have first discovered him in some deception. Once a woman's faith has been

Controlled Parents

IT is amazing to a modern girl to hear the stories that the average woman over forty has to tell of the bullying that went on under the name of parental control in her young days.

If dinner was not punctual father's fist was banged on the table until scurrying women brought it in sight. In the end his tone of voice shattered feminine nerves.

Now, 1938 sees controlled men—the younger ones at any rate. We have much to be thankful for.

Miss I. Curtis, 12 Foch Ave., Moreland N13, Vic.

abused it is difficult for her to accept suspicious circumstances without question.

The fault lies with the men who are such moral cowards that they will rather than face a mild scene occasioned by their misdemeanors.

If they would only admit whatever guilt is theirs they would, at least, keep the faith of their womenfolk—and such faith is indeed a precious thing.

M. Taylor, 18 Swete St., Lidcombe, N.S.W.

Girls Easy-Going

MISS P. HEY is being unduly hard on the girls of to-day when she says that they seem to think it correct to distrust their husbands and fiancés if they arrive late for an appointment.

I honestly believe the majority of young women these days are very easy-going, and in many cases are too lenient with their husbands and future husbands, who, though they profess to love the girls they have chosen, often think more of their mates and their own comfort.

There are some suspicious, self-centred girls who deem it quite unnecessary to give their menfolk a few minutes' grace, but there are just as many men who, unless they are kept up to the mark, would never arrive on time.

Miss M. Mackay, c/o Box 165D, G.P.O., Sydney.

Are Women Ignorant of Current Affairs?

I'M afraid I am one of those who do not read the newspapers, Miss Wallace.

I read through the advertisements and scan the headlines, but haven't time to read any more.

And as far as important world events



Prefer to knit

are concerned, they all seem to be concerned with war these days, and that is a topic I dislike intensely.

H. E. Caswell, Box 12, Murgon, Qld.

Modern Girls Well Read

I DO not agree with Miss Wallace. The majority of girls nowadays read a great deal and can talk fluently on current and world affairs.

And often with far more knowledge of the subject under discussion than men.

Miss B. le Faire, c/o G.P.O., Melbourne.

Blame Husbands

WOMEN would read newspapers if they had the chance. But the only way to solve the trouble would be for the household to have two copies of their morning paper delivered.

The man of the house regards the paper as his in the morning, and walks off to business with it, and a woman never gets a chance to see it.

Mrs. W. McLeod, 50 Victoria Rd., Bellevue Hill, N.S.W.

Put By Knitting

BOTH girls and boys should be taught from early schooldays the importance of reading the daily paper.

This is one of the few sources from which we may learn what is happening in the world outside our own small circle.

Women would do well to put by their knitting and needlework, and understand fully what is going on about them.

Mrs. Myers, Torrens Rd., Cheltenham, S.A.

Women's Papers

I AGREE that women should read newspapers in order to keep up with important matters outside their own small world.

Particularly useful are modern women's newspapers, the growth of which in the last few years has been amazing.

Papers like The Australian Women's Weekly give the highlights of the week's news in interesting fashion—very readable for the busy housewife who has not always time to read a paper every day.

Myrtle Twogood, Mt. Hawthorn, Leederville, W.A.

Duty As Citizens

I, TOO, am amazed at the number of women who do not read a daily newspaper, Miss Wallace.

Big things are happening everywhere to-day, and it is every woman's obligation to know about them so that she can help intelligently in the governing of her country.

Miss Vera Sallaway, 180 Gipps St., East Melbourne.

It Is Laziness

IT is only laziness that makes women neglect reading the daily paper.

A novel or short story is so much easier to read than the news, which requires concentration for proper understanding.

But once you acquire the habit of reading the paper thoroughly, you will never miss.

To know what is happening in the world about you is invaluable for social and business activities.

Miss Melrose, Campbell Street, Hobart.

LAZY AUDIENCES

I HAVE read Press reports about the apathy of audiences who are not demonstrative towards visiting artists at concerts.

My conclusion is that attending talks frequently has made us lazy so far as applause is concerned, but the silence might readily be taken personally by artists.

We clamor for the opportunity of hearing international artists, but have yet to learn that it is not in bad taste to express one's emotions by clapping.

Are we getting lazy?

M. Skinner, Room 3, Stock Exchange Buildings, Collins St., Hobart.

APING ELDERS

AT a social function recently I was attracted by a pretty girl who could not have been more than eighteen.

It was not only her prettiness, it was her femininity that pleased me, and her innocent enjoyment.

So many girls to-day try to ape their elders and cinema stars that they are spoiling their naturalness and individuality.

Is this not a great pity?

Mrs. M. F. Green, Mabereen, Young, N.S.W.

LOVE DOMINATES

A GREAT deal is written about the equality of the sexes, but women will never achieve this while they let their hearts run away with their heads.

While women continue to believe "the world will lost for love," they will be always dominated by men.

Only when marriage is undertaken as a partnership and business proposition, and women get their fair share of the income, will the sexes be equal.

Mrs. T. A. Hall, Taleban, N.S.W.

BUSINESS NEEDS

EVERY woman should acquaint herself with facts concerning banking and business transactions.

Often this is left to the male members of the family.

If there comes a time when women are left to carry on, they are all at sea when confronted with business problems.

Constance L. Downton, 8 Roslyn St., Brighton Beach S5, Vic.



"DIRTY TONGUE!" you need a FIGSEN TABLET

THE prompt gentle relief of constipation is truly child's play with NYAL FIGSEN! The coated tablet, the pale or blotchy skin, the headaches and irritability which (in child or adult) are the symptoms of insufficient or irregular bowel action disappear quickly with the pleasant, natural assistance of NYAL FIGSEN.

NYAL FIGSEN does not purge or gripe; it causes no unpleasant after-effects and does not create "laxative habit." It quickly clears away the "waste-matter" that clogs and poisons the system; it removes impurities and helps the stomach and intestines to function as nature intended. NYAL FIGSEN is a sure but gentle laxative now accepted all over the world. It keeps you internally clean and so removes the cause of more sickness and disease than any other factor.

NYAL FIGSEN is sold by all chemists. 1/3 tin.

NYAL FIGSEN

Daughter of Star

Continued from Page 5



GERMS are Everywhere! IN A FLASH YOU Have Caught a COLD

WITHOUT the slightest warning you contract a Sore Throat, Cold, 'Flu, Headache, or temperature. Contagion is possible anywhere—in trams, trains, offices, workrooms, crowded stores, or theatres. How to prevent development of sudden attacks is the problem. 'ASPRO' is the answer. 'ASPRO' stops Colds 'Flu, Sore Throats, and Feverish Attacks at inception, because, after ingestion in the system, 'ASPRO' is a powerful germicide, is anti-pyretic (fever reducing), anti-periodic, anti-fermentative, and an anti-septic. 'ASPRO' also relieves pain and headaches in a few minutes, brings sweet sleep to the sleepless, and for over 21 years it has been proved that 'ASPRO' does not harm the heart or digestive system and there are no harmful after-effects. For safety sake insist on 'ASPRO'.

'ASPRO'

Smashes COLDS & 'FLU in ONE NIGHT

COMPLETELY ENDED
'FLU WITH A FEW
'ASPRO' TABLETS

31 Ocean Street,
Penhurst, Sydney,
N.S.W.

Dear Sirs,
I feel I must write my appreciation of 'ASPRO'. Just a few 'ASPRO' tablets completely relieved me of the 'Flu' last week. I took them with a hot lemon drink before going to bed. I also gave my son one tablet at night; he felt the 'Flu' coming on, but woke next morning feeling quite fit.
Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) Mrs. L. H. McDONALD.

'ASPRO' CHECKS 'FLU
AND COLDS QUICKER
Than ANYTHING ELSE

Walker Street,
Townsville, Q'ld.

Dear Sirs,
I have used your 'ASPRO' tablets for many years, and am writing this to show my appreciation of their extraordinary value for Headache relief. During the hot and humid months of the northern summer 'ASPRO' is invaluable. I have found also that 'ASPRO' tablets will check Colds and Influenza more quickly than anything else I know of.
Yours sincerely,
(Sgd.) Mrs. V. SWANN



'ASPRO' Protects Every Member of YOUR Family

15 Proved Uses for 'ASPRO':

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| 1—It relieves Headaches in 5 to 10 minutes. | 7—It brings relief without harming the heart. | 11—It can be taken at any time in Train, Tram, at Home, at Business, anywhere, everywhere. |
| 2—It brings Sweet Sleep to the Sleepless. | 8—It soothes away Irritability. | 12—It gives great relief to women when depressed. |
| 3—It relieves Rheumatism in one night. | 9—It speedily reduces Temperature. | 13—It relieves ill after effects of alcohol. |
| 4—It will ease the Nagging Pains of Neuritis and Neuralgia. | 10—The stabbing pains of Sciatica and Lumbago can be hunted out with 'ASPRO'. | 14—It relieves Dengue and Malaria by reducing the fever. |
| 5—Take 'ASPRO' to relieve Toothache. | | 15—As a gargle 'ASPRO' is wonderful for Sore Throats and Tonsillitis. |

Obtainable at all Chemists and Storekeepers
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NICHOLAS LTD.

THE WORLD'S
MASTER MEDICINE

SUDDENLY something flung against his legs. He jerked back, switched on the light. "Wumphum," said the small black puppy.

"Where in—oh, hello," said Derek staring.

Then he remembered. This was the dog he was to do something with. Let's see—the pet shop would be closed; and what pet shop did it—There must be something—A soft red tongue moved over his hand. Terrible anxiety regarded him from onyx eyes. A long cocker-spaniel ear swung over his cuff. "Please," said the worried nose.

"Oh, hungry?" Derek went to the refrigerator. "Look, you like anchovy?" He rummaged. "Or sardines? Wait, I'll get something."

He ran to the door. When he got to the lift, he felt his trouser cuff rip. The puppy was there, hanging on.

"I say, what do I feed this animal on?" asked Derek.

"Why, meat and things, I suppose." The lift slid down. "Didn't the lady leave a list?"

"What lady?"

"The lady who brought it. They had a car full of 'em. I never seen so many puppies. Her name—the door swung open—"It was a short name—now what was it?" He added thoughtfully. "She said tell Miss Alix that she was Star's daughter."

"She was Star's daughter?" Then Derek hoisted the puppy to his shoulder and ran to the hall phone.

The exchange was terribly slow. The puppy gnawed at his tie, a cold marble nose worked round his ear. Derek fairly shouted into the phone.

"But I've got to speak to him personally—at once. I can't help it if it is late. Tell him he has to answer." Then he struggled for composure. "George, did you and Jinny give or sell a cocker-spaniel puppy to Alix?"

"What's the matter, is she ill? Give her a tablespoonful of milk of magnesia and—"

"She's not ill; she's left me."

"What? What? Derek, Alix will explain. She has complete directions and a chart and—"

"I tell you she's left me." Derek's collar ripped. "Woof," said the puppy in amazement.

"Alix or the puppy?"

Derek groaned. "I'm trying to tell you."

"Listen, old thing, Jinny and I are going away to-night. I simply can't stand here another minute. You'll find the directions on the desk. She's Star's daughter. Star is the one who ate your football tickets—you remember. She's just like Star. You'll both be mad about her. Here's Jinny wants to say something."

Derek moved the puppy to the other shoulder.

"She's a perfect angel," said Jinny. "Just let her have her own way and she won't be a bit of bother. I've got to go now—where did you say Alix was? If the chart isn't on your desk, it's in her handbag. I'll phone her next week."

Derek put the phone down with a dazed look. "So you're Star's daughter, are you?" he said. "Well, I can't get rid of you till morning, I suppose. . . . Let go my fountain pen, you little devil." He reached for his handkerchief to mop his forehead. The puppy seized it, swallowed a mouthful of initial and linen, choked.

"There's a phone call for you," said the boy. "Will you take it before you go?"

Derek spoke rapidly. "No, I find I can't manage it, Julia. Go on without me, if you're ready. . . . No, I can't. I've got to go to the butcher's shop and get her some steak before it closes. . . . No, I'm not dressed. . . . No, I've only got half my shirt on. . . . Listen, Julia, I'm speaking from the hall and I can't go into that now. . . . Very well, if you feel like that. She might starve; I've got to feed her. You can feed yourself. . . . No, I mean you are able to—oh!" He slammed the phone down and rushed out.

HE bought two pounds of steak. At home again, he cut off a piece and gave it to her. "There you are, Stargirl."

She sat, whimpered, cocked her head, barked. Tried to bury it, scrubbing her nose along the linoleum. She kept at it until Derek caught the idea. Evidently she wanted him to cook it, by the way she kept sniffing at the stove. So he began again, dumping the rest in browned butter. It sizzled in the pan, turned brown; juice and butter oozed from it.

He hadn't eaten a mouthful since—when was it? He divided the steak on two plates; they ate, licking their chops. Star's daughter found a light plug and blew the fuse by chewing. There were candles on Alix's dresser; Derek went in and lit them. The room was golden and glowing like Alix, and scattered with things she hadn't packed. It smelled of wood violets, cool, dark violets.

But Alix was gone. With a great sob, Derek flung himself on her bed. What a fool he'd been.

A small persistent sound roused him finally. He lifted his head. Stargirl was puffing and panting towards him. She was dragging the white fur rug, falling over it, staggering on, growling fiercely between clenched jaws, shaking her head sharply, bracing a fat black body. In the end a handful of white fur came off, and she fell back, bouncing on her fat rear.

"Here, girl," said Derek gruffly. Her fat, warm stomach pressed against his hand as he lifted her. She pressed her muzzle against his ear, breathed a butterfly sigh, ran her tongue round his collar and rolled over asleep. Derek lay with his hand on her soft fur.

"I wasn't much of a chap," he said. "Wish I could tell her I love her—too late. Cock-eyed business, old girl."

Stargirl snored, twitched, moved closer. With his free hand, Derek pulled Alix's satin quilt over them both.

IN the morning he shaved while the puppy finished the steak. This was the same face he'd been shaving for years. But since he shaved it last time he had lost the only woman he ever loved, had almost committed suicide, had mortally insulted a woman who really did care about him and had acquired this dog. All between shaves, he muttered, wrestling with his tie.

He hunted about in the desk for the diet list.

There wasn't a sign of a list. Improvising a leash from part of his best fishing line, Derek loped to the post-office. He knew where Alix was. She had gone to tell Aunt Emily what a brute she was leaving. He wired:

"Cannot find diet list or chart. Please return at once—Derek."

She could simply drop them in an envelope and send them back. That wasn't much to ask, especially when she waited out and left him with the responsibility. If she sent them at once—He got a porterhouse steak, dashed back. The office rang him, demanding frantically what had happened to him. He could hear Stargirl yelling all the time the lift shot him down. She wanted him to stay with her.

He dashed into a bookshop to inquire about a dog book. In the taxi he feverishly turned to the instructions about care and feeding. The amount of food depended on the body weight of the dog. The most satisfactory ratio was—

"Hey, wait a minute!" He jerked at the door. "I'm getting out here."

"This ain't where you asked for," said the driver.

Derek was saying, "Scales—baby scales, bathroom scales."

HE reached the office two hours late. Work piled on his desk. As he began to dictate the first letter, he had another insistent phone call. Perhaps it was Alix, perhaps—

"Mister Lane," said an unfamiliar voice, "I've come to do the cleaning."

"Well, get the key and go ahead."

"I'm trying to go ahead. I can't. Little black dog won't let me in. Little black dog won't."

"Nonsense, she's just a puppy. Pay no attention to her."

"Well, I've tried not to, sir. Wish I hadn't. I ain't got only one good pair of stockings, sir. They're all tore up. The little black dog—"

Derek said, "Sit in the hall. I'm coming." He'd settle it once and for all. Get the daughter of Star away, board her at a vet's, advertise, sell her. Take her to a kennel.

Please turn to Page 22

WARNING

The public is to be warned against the use of ordinary bicarb or cooking soda for medicinal purposes. The safe and simple remedy for Indigestion, Acidity, Wind, Heartburn and Stomach Ailments is **PURE TWIN SODA**. It gives instant relief. Obtainable from all chemists at 1/6 or 2/9 per extra large packet.

Learned Part in Five Days . . .



ONLY five days to learn her "Rose Marie" part, so telephone callers got little of Violet Carlson's attention.



VIOLET'S first thought on waking one morning was "Where's that script?" She even ate her breakfast with one eye on it.



SHE PLAYS a saxophone nearly as long as herself. Back in America she used to put on a comedy saxophone stunt called "I'm the Life of Every Party."



A VISIT to the hairdresser was a priceless opportunity for peace and quiet to study.

VIOLET CARLSON, 4 feet 10 inches high, weight 6st 12lbs., the little American comedienne who handles the leading comedy role in "Rose Marie" so competently, learned her part in five days.

She reached Sydney on Monday last week; took train for Melbourne; came back to Sydney on Friday; opened on Saturday. The script was scarcely out of her hands all the time.



VIOLET READS her Bible for two hours every day. She has always been interested in everything Biblical, and some day wants to visit Palestine.



FLUTE PLAYING is another of her accomplishments. In New York, she played her flute and led a girls' band.

Woman's 27 Years Roaming the Seven Seas

A life of adventure and ever-changing color has been the lot of Matron Jean Miller, who has roamed the seven seas for 27 years.

HER home has been a boat; its style has varied when she willed, and its setting has been the ports of the world. "After 27 years spent roaming the seven seas, I can only be happy away from it for a wee while," Matron Miller told The Australian Women's Weekly.

"But then the sea is in my blood. All my father's people were seafaring

men. My father was commodore-captain in the Allan Line, now the Canadian-Pacific Line.

"He died at sea and was buried at sea."

"I was born and brought up in Glasgow, and married Eben Miller, who had timber mills there. It was not till I was left a widow with two young children that I went to sea."

"Actually, I was ordered on a sea trip for health, so signed on in the

Hesperian for a trip across the Northern Ocean to Quebec, Montreal.

"If it had been possible to choke me off the sea that trip would have done it."

"That was 1911. It took four weeks to reach Canada in those days. The ship carried twelve hundred immigrants. They were really very badly treated. Many were very sick, and we met one of the worst storms in the ship's history."

"The poor old Hesperian was torpedoed during the war."

"I have travelled far since then. If only I had seen New York I could truly say I have been round the world."

"I have visited and revisited Rangoon, Burma, Calcutta, Bombay, all the British East Indies, the Mediterranean ports, have sailed round the Cape, made trips between Australia and England."

"Now for eight years I have been going back and forth between Australia and the East."

"I met my second husband at sea. He was captain of the Mandalay on the run to Calcutta."

"He was courting me when war broke out, but had been transferred to the Ava."

"The Ava was torpedoed, but I was not with her. Influenza had kept me in Liverpool . . . It was fortunate for me."

"The woman who took my place was drowned, but all I lost were my uniforms."

"By strange coincidence, both my husbands were named Miller."

"I married Captain Andrew Miller in Liverpool during the war."

"He had 48 hours' leave, then I didn't see him for nine months. I saw him for two weeks before he went away for another two years in the war zone."

"By the time the war was over he was white-haired, his health broken."

"I brought him to Australia in 1921 to try to regain his health, but he died in 1925."

"So I went back to sea. I was a trained nurse, but years passed before I became matron."

"Now I have been eight years in the Nieuw Holland."

"I have sailed with six different captains."

"They call me 'Mother of the Ship.' Everybody calls me mother."

WEDGE HEELS revolutionise Sports Shoes



Dashing sports "Zephyrs" with the revolutionary wedge heels—the startling new heels of balanced beauty and buoyant support . . . and now we have these "Zephyrs" in blue, wheat, Paris tan with white, linen with calf, or in all blue or all brown suede. Sizes 19'11 2 to 7a **19'11**

FIRST FLOOR MAIN STORE—OR MAIL YOUR ORDER. WE PAY THE FREIGHT.

AT DAVID JONES'
BOX 503AA, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

FRANK and ARCHIE in HOLLYWOOD

Two Favourites crash the SCREEN

Frank and Archie have become as famous as Laurel and Hardy, Wheeler and Woolsey, Burns and Allen, and other teams whose laugh-provoking shadows have passed across the screens of every country on the globe. As stars of radio, Frank and Archie have passed over the air-waves of the world, bringing their adventures and inimitable comedy right into the homes of millions of listeners. Their adventures in Hollywood, as can be imagined, are screamingly funny, and give them material for comedy that is probably the most genuinely amusing they have been called upon to handle. Don't miss their Hollywood escapades.

EVERY
Monday, Wednesday
and Friday at
8.15 p.m.

2GB
THE NATION'S STATION

3 MONTHS ON BISCUITS AND MILK

Woman's Remarkable Recovery

Everyone who is subject to any form of indigestion should know of this woman's experiences. Advice from one who has had such severe attacks is advice worth having. She writes:—

"I suffered from indigestion, gastritis and constipation, and was so very ill, I had (on medical advice) to live on soda biscuits and milk for three months. Well, a friend advised me to take Kruschen, and now I am pleased to say my troubles are ended. I can eat and enjoy a good meal without any painful after-effects, and there is no sign of constipation. I would advise any one suffering the same to take Kruschen."—(Mrs.) M.R.L.

The immediate effect of the six salts in Kruschen is to promote a natural flow of the digestive and other vital juices of the body. You will find to your satisfaction that you are able to enjoy your food without any distressing after-effects. And as you persevere with the "little daily dose", you will see that the relief which Kruschen brings is lasting relief.

Your Problems Solved **ASTROLOGY**

By the World's Greatest Professor. Practical and useful knowledge given re your future.

When and Which Letters to Invest in. Lucky periods. Future prospects in Money, Love, Marriage, Travel, Health, Business, and other information of untold value. Write in confidence.

Send P.N. 2/6. Full Birthdate and stamped addressed envelope.

OMAR KYOME, Dept. M., BOX 2117, G.P.O., MELBOURNE.



Say Good-bye to Sleepless Nights

Those dreadful nights when you lie awake far into the small hours. How they wreck your nerves, undermine your health and ruin your good looks.

And it is all so needless, since there is a sure, pleasant way to get sound, peaceful sleep every night. Just drink a delicious cup of "Ovaltine" at bedtime. It is remarkable the way "Ovaltine" soothes your nerves and quickly induces deep, health-giving sleep.

Furthermore, "Ovaltine" builds you up while you sleep—re-creates strength and energy, and restores the whole physical and nervous systems to glowing health and fitness. Try the "Ovaltine" way to-night.

TRIAL SAMPLE: A generous trial sample of "Ovaltine," sufficient to make four cupsful, will be sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps to cover cost of packing and postage. See address below.

PRICES: 1/9, 2/10, 5/-. At all Chemists and Stores.

'OVALTINE'

The World's Best Night-Cap

A. WANDER LIMITED, 1 YORK STREET NORTH, SYDNEY.

HE

flung the door open. A round, fat, black body hurtled at him; there were wiggles, chop licking, deep whistling sounds of joy. Her brief fall went like the second hand on a watch. Finally she subsided with a satisfied "Wumph-um."

Derek took her out to the park while Mrs. Green cleaned.

There was no answer to his telegram. How could Alix hate him so much? Or perhaps she had left Emily's. He hurried to the post-office again and wired the Cecilia Hotel in Leeds. Uncle George lived there. He said tersely, and without reproach:

"Unable to find diet please return—Derek."

He and Stargirl had porterhouse for supper. He decided he might as well stay in for dinner; the poor little thing seemed to miss him. He got a bag of potato crisps. She liked those, too.

While he washed the dishes, she vanished. She was in Alix's room, unravelling the flowers in the satin quilt. When he smacked her she uttered one heartbroken cry and hid under the bed.

"Now it's all over, old girl," said Derek, swallowing hard. "Discipline, you know. Come out and play. Come on." He crawled under to bring her out. "Listen, is this the way to behave? Come, you can have the steak fat."

The next day he wired Alix's cousin.

"Desperate without diet implore you return—Derek."

He and Star's daughter couldn't live on steak for ever. The idea of steak nauseated him. He wished he could say something personal to Alix. He wanted her so terribly. He loved her, always had and always would. But she hated him; his pride was his only remaining prop.

At noon that day Julia came into the office. After he'd apologised ten minutes for letting her down for

dinner, for not phoning, and for wearing a red tie with a brown suit, she forgave him. She had decided, she said, to buy that place up the river, but he would have to run out with her and look over it again, before she changed her mind.

"You know how my mind is," she said.

"Yes, I know," Derek said wearily, "but don't let's go into it." He was tired, and sick of everything.

Julia looked warm and smooth as a tawny cat; she had gold-brown eyes and a mouth like a promise. "If you'll take me to dinner to-night," she said in her lazy voice, "and if you'll drive me out—in the moonlight—" and the gold-brown eyes said, "Don't be a fool over Alix. I'm crazy about you. Why not?"

Derek roused himself. He kissed her. He had never kissed her before. Her mouth was willing. He said, "I'll call for you at six-thirty."

She said lightly, "Perhaps it's because you're so dull I love you. Couldn't you ever have murmured 'Darling,' or 'Your lips are something or other'?" She touched her mouth with vermillion. She said, "This is your last chance."

"Six-thirty," he promised.

He left the office early, staring down at his secretary. So she didn't approve. Well, he'd show her, show 'em all. He stopped to send a spray of brown-gold orchids. "This," he said grimly, "will be an orchid evening! Moon, woman, glamor. Nothing wrong with it."

A street accident delayed him—two taxis rammed furiously. He had, he saw, barely time to dress. As he snapped the hall light on, he was already half out of his coat. Then he stopped. Something was wrong—something had changed. There wasn't a sound.

"Stargirl!" he called.

There was a faint movement, a whimper. Then he saw her. She was crawling feebly towards him, eyes half closed, belly flat. Halfway to him, her body stiffened, jerked, a terrible convulsion shook her body.

Derek was on the floor, gathering her up. Her dry, burning nose lay against his face. She went suddenly limp. Derek rushed to the bathroom, rushed to the kitchen, ran to Alix's bedroom, rushed back. He was shaking, he couldn't think. Water, milk of magnesia; heat, cold; how did he know—what was it? Another convulsion, while he held her in his arms, and the sweat poured down his face.

"Don't die, don't die, don't die!" He heard the words from a long way off. "You're all I've got. Just wait, old girl—there." He was frantically leafing the phone directory. "Classified—classified; veterinary surgeons . . . Don't die, Stargirl—there, everything's all right." He choked out a number. "Tell the surgeon," he was shouting hoarsely, "it's a case of life and death—right over—"

SHE was going to die before he got there. She lay in his coat, now and then she shivered. Her eyes were closed. Derek, hatless, tie askew, plunged into the lift. He took a taxi, sat rigid, started the interminable.

"I'll go over her," said the surgeon. "Probably a case of distemper. Had her inoculated?"

Derek shook his head dumbly.

"Will you wait out here?"

They took her away, ears limp, curly black tail motionless, legs rigid. Derek sat, numb. He'd spanked her only yesterday with a folded newspaper. He lit a cigarette with unsteady hands, broke the match, got up, walked the length of the room. His mouth was dry, his throat was full of gravel.

Suddenly there was a wild sound, a crescendo of anguish from the inner room. Derek pushed the assistant aside and ran towards the yelping.

The surgeon looked up. "Oh, hello," he said cheerfully. "It's all over."

Derek sat down, his legs gave way. He put his head in his hands.

"Do you want to see her?" The man was washing his hands casually.

See her? Limp, stiffening, the small, fat body quiet, the wiggling tail forever still, the warm, eager tongue never to lick him again, the onyx eyes that looked after him so anxiously whenever he shut the door on her—Derek groaned.

Something charged against his legs. Something warm and fat was bouncing wildly at him. His hands closed on soft black fur, a frantic tongue kissed him.

"Wool—huff," said Stargirl.

"Told you it was all over," grinned

Daughter of Star

Continued from Page 20

the surgeon. "Doesn't take 'em a minute to get over it."

"But she's—alive!"

"Certainly is." The surgeon came over.

"Then what was it?"

"Buttons," said the surgeon. "She was full of buttons. I never saw so many buttons in my life. But she's all right now—lucky you got her here when you did. Better feed her lightly for a day or so. Put her back on her regular diet, say, Saturday. Until then, raw beef."

Derek swallowed. Stargirl bit his nose, blew in his ear. He paid the surgeon a guinea.

A cold rain was falling. He darted in next door, bought the only umbrella left, a ladies' scarlet silk umbrella. Holding it over the puppy, he letered on the kerb until a taxi came. He saw his face in a shop-window, streaked wet, hair standing on end. His collar was a wreck, his tie torn. Stargirl snuggled down happily, began to nibble at his coat button.

"Can't you learn anything by experience?" Derek questioned. He threw the button out the window.

He gave the taximan his last note, put up the red umbrella over the puppy, strode across the pavement. A slim, hurrying figure was just in front of him. Derek saw the little hat, red-gold hair under it, the line of sweet, wilful mouth, a proud young chin. Then she turned.

"Derek! Whatever are you doing with that umbrella?" she asked.

"Alix!" He caught her in his arms, umbrella, dog and all. "Oh, Alix!"

Her little gloved hands pulled his face to hers impetuously. "Oh, dar-

ling," said the softest, sweetest voice in the world, "I was a beast to leave you! It was my silly, ridiculous pride—and to think of you being ill. And all those telegrams! . . . Why, look at the cunning little thing; she's got the button off my coat!"

The umbrella blew merrily down the street. Derek and Alix and Stargirl ran in. The hall clock said eight-fifteen.

HE

remembered Julia. If it hadn't been for the puppy he would be out with her this minute. And Alix—well, the puppy had saved him. Sacrificing herself nobly with those buttons. A collar studded with turquoises was what she'd get. Absolutely. It had been out with Julia when Alix came—He wiped his forehead.

"I was so worried," Alix snuggled the puppy as they shot upward in the lift. "And when you wired you couldn't eat—and I realised you had to be on a diet, and I thought you must really need me—"

Derek gulped.

"But when you kept sending those frantic telegrams—the golden thread of laughter ran in her voice—"why, there was nothing for me to do but do it!"

"Do what?" Derek spoke in a dazed tone.

"Why, return immediately," said Alix; "just what you kept wiring. Return immediately."

The three of them stepped over the threshold. And Derek was murmuring to the fat black puppy, "Studded with diamonds."

But the puppy bounced away with another of the buttons from Alix's coat.

(Copyright)

HERE'S ONE JOB THAT DIDN'T LEAD TO LOVE . . .



No girl who offends with underarm odour succeeds in her job—or with men . . .

A new job—new friends—new chances for romance! How Ann did want her new boss to like her! Bachelors as nice as Bill S—were very hard to find!

Ann was pretty—Ann was smart! "Someone I'd be proud of," Bill thought. So he asked Ann out to his club.

The night was glamorous and the music was good—but Bill's interest died with the very first dance. Ann had thought a bath alone could keep her sweet—and one hint of underarm odour was enough for Bill. Others

in the office noticed, too. Ann lost the job she wanted—the job that might have led to love. It's foolish for a girl in business—a girl in love—ever to risk offending! It's so easy to stay fresh with Mum! A bath only takes care of odour that's past—but Mum prevents odour to come!

MUM IS QUICK! In just half a minute, Mum gives you all-day-long protection.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum can't harm any kind of fabric. And Mum won't irritate your skin, even after underarm shaving.

MUM IS SURE! Mum does not stop healthful perspiration, but it does stop every trace of odour. Remember, no girl who offends with underarm odour can ever win out with men.

—NO BATH PROTECTS YOU LIKE A BATH PLUS MUM—



At all chemists and better-class stores. Price, 1/6; double size, 2/6.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOUR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Intimate Jottings

by Caroline.

I LIKE—

The ensemble of dove-grey angora worn by Mollie Brearley with a matching Breton hat. She fastens identical diamante clips to the corsage of the frock and the upturned brim of the hat.

Valda Aveling Sails

VALDA AVELING, Sydney's brilliant young pianist, sailed for England by the Orama on Saturday, and was given a rousing farewell by her many friends.

Lady Jordan and Lady Gordon went down to the ship to wave good-bye. They were the leading workers on the committee which arranged Valda's testimonial concert at the Town Hall to raise the money to send her abroad. Subscriptions are still being received for this fund, as the amount made by the concert did not quite reach the required sum.

Valda first came to fame when she won an Australian Women's Weekly musical scholarship, and she will continue her studies abroad.

Whispers at Concert

SYDNEY'S Tauber fans crowded the Town Hall again last Tuesday to listen to and applaud the German tenor. And, of course, film star wife Diana Napier came in for her share of admiration.

As Mrs. Carlos Zalapa (one of Sydney's best-looking women) arrived I heard her whispering: "I'm dying for a peep at the glamorous Mrs. Tauber."

A woman nearby whispered, not so quietly, after a group of ladies sung in German: "He sings German well, doesn't he?"

Those who chose the southern gallery in which to smoke their cigarettes or converse with friends during interval were entertained by Mrs. Warwick Fairfax, looking lovely in pale blue chiffon, trying to work the water fountain. Her husband, Nedra Ryrie, and Gerald Lassen were standing by and offering helpful suggestions—but it wouldn't work!

On her way to England to join her husband is Mrs. Gibson Rednall. She is accompanied by her mother, Mrs. G. F. Farp, of Edgecliff. Commander Rednall left for England recently in H.M.A.S. Albatross.

Diana's Short Speech

THE committee of the Paris Fashion Tea at the Australia Hotel on Wednesday felt very proud of having Diana Tauber there as guest of honor. Richard was giving a matinee concert that afternoon, and it was the first time since their marriage his wife was not in the audience to hear him.

Lady Davidson (president of the committee) persuaded Diana to make a speech, so the two of them mounted the platform and Diana got as far as "Ladies and gentlemen, I think it's wonderful of you all to come and help the blind..." Then turning to Lady Davidson, "Seef I can't make a speech," and she joined in the laughter of the audience.

At the word "gentlemen," I gazed round the room, but for all my looking could see only one man, and that was Mr. T. H. Kelly, Germaine Rocher was there, of course, but he was busy supervising arrangements behind scenes.

Fashionable Audience

THE audience were not entirely outdone by the mannequins, as the majority arrived wearing the new styles in spring bonnets—new fashions always go to a woman's head!

Mrs. Gavin Cobcroft had a natty little black straw boater swathed with net veiling and finished with a flat pink bow under the front of the crown. Mrs. Reg Moses chose a white boater with a matching veil, and Mrs. Rex Mowry a black one enveloped in a veil of coarse black mesh.

Air-minded Brothers

IT seems only a few weeks ago that I heard Johnny Pye was off again on one of his famous flying jaunts, but I suppose it must be longer as Johnny returned last week by one of the Dutch planes.

He thinks nothing of hopping into a plane in Sydney and flying over to spend a long week-end in London, so to speak.

Brother Walter is in England now. He left a couple of weeks ago, travelling in the approved Pye manner.

From Brisbane

TWO Brisbane visitors to Sydney who think the round of gaieties they are enjoying here more than make up for missing Exhibition Week in their home town are Dene Hozatmann and Margaret Wilson.

They are just back from a cruise to Noumea and are spending a further holiday here before returning home.

Diamond Ring

ALMA DOLAN, one of Melbourne's most attractive lasses, is wearing a lovely solitaire diamond given to her by fiance Noel Reynolds, of Sydney.

Alma flew to Sydney for the week-end, when the engagement was announced, and has now returned to Melbourne. She is a daughter of the Edward Dolans, of St. Kilda Road, and Noel is the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Reynolds. They plan to be married early in the New Year, and will make their future home here.

Since her return home Alma has launched the latest overseas hair fashion. With her perfectly-groomed brunette locks she has arranged three blonde curls across her brow—a daring but successful coiffure.

Box of Tricks

VIOLET CARLSON, the American comedienne who is appearing in "Rose Marie" at the Theatre Royal, has been "concentrating" ever since she left America.

"When I left the States I had no idea what I was playing in Sydney," Violet told me when she arrived by the Mariposa. "Then I got a cable saying, 'Concentrate on Balalaika.' I'd got about two-thirds of that part learnt when another cable arrived saying, 'Concentrate on Rose Marie'—and, believe it or not, those are about the only two plays I've never done before! Now I have the script for 'Rose Marie,' and I sure am concentrating," she said feelingly.

Stanley Crick, who saw Violet on the stage in New York on his last visit, describes her as "a whole box of tricks." Now that Sydney theatregoers have seen Violet themselves they are adding, "and then some" to his remark.



Country Engagement

A VERY excited young lass is Mildred Hawker, of Klori Station, Manilla, whose engagement to Alec Chalmers, popular young Goondiwindi doctor, was announced at the Goondiwindi races. Mildred, who is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Hawker, is wearing a glorious ring of three diamonds in the most charming setting.

During the races Mildred stayed with her brother, Lionel, but is now home preparing for her wedding, which will take place towards the end of the year.

House Guests

EXHIBITION WEEK is now in full swing in Brisbane, and the Governor, Sir Leslie Wilson, and Lady Wilson are having a busy time attending the numerous parties.

Their house party includes Lady Wilson's niece, Amy Smith, Marjorie Clarke, of Melbourne, Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Bell and Phyllis from Ek, and Peter Wilson, from Surat.

Marjorie Wilson, I hear, is appearing in some very smart frocks she brought from England, and she and her tall brother, Peter, make a charming couple on the dance floor.

On Continent

WRITING from abroad Mrs. K. Beresford, of Parramatta Plains, tells of the wonderful trip she is having. Her last letters came from Budapest, and from there Mrs. Beresford planned to go to Vienna, having already visited Belgium, France and Germany.

When travelling from New York to England on the Queen Mary, Mrs. Beresford was a fellow-passenger with the glamorous film star, Marlene Dietrich.

Sailed on Saturday

AFTER a long holiday in Australia Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Stokes sailed by the Nankin on Saturday to return to their home at Hongkong.

Another passenger was Mrs. J. F. Scriven, an English visitor to Sydney who is travelling home through the East. Two Shanghai residents, Mrs. E. M. Fanthorpe and Mrs. Blanche Cook, who have both been visiting Melbourne, are also on board.

Champagne Studio Party

QUITE a number of the audience and some of the mannequins at the Paris Fashion Tea on Wednesday went on from the Australia to the champagne party at Agnes Duncan's studio.

A reminder of the reason for the party was on the paper serviettes, which had a quaint little domino mask in one corner and printed beneath it the words, "Don't forget the Mask Ball at Romano's on September 30." Proceeds are for the Institute for Deaf, Dumb and Blind Children, Darlinghurst.

The temptation of a gramophone and a polished floor was too great to be resisted, so the youthful guests started dancing. When Nettle Mackellar, who has just won a gold medal for ballroom dancing, took the floor with her partner everyone stood back to watch. The same thing happened when Tony Stuart started, but that was because Tony was trying to "awing a rhumba" in a pair of rubber-soled golf shoes.

An auction sale of the empty champagne bottles caused rapid bidding, and Mrs. Charles Munro and Mrs. Stanley Crick became the owners of one each, for 7/6 a bottle.

Sylvia and Christine, the twin daughters of Dr. and Mrs. Craufurde Dickey, of Darling Point, sailed for England by the Orama on Saturday. This is the second trip to England for the twins, who have been home for only 12 months or so.

Floral Microphones

THE majority of the dancers at the Australian Broadcasting Commission's dance at David Jones' last Wednesday would have felt quite lost without their microphones, so it was not surprising to see "mikes" used as decorations on the tables.

On the official table was an outside model of a "mike" composed entirely of flowers, and from it issued gaily-colored ribbons attached to baby floral "mikes" placed in front of each of the women guests.

Richard and Diana Tauber were guests of honor, and appeared to be enjoying every minute of the party. Richard showed his versatility by helping his wife to judge the dancing competition, and later conducting the dance orchestra.

If Richard were not a famous singer he might easily be a most popular dance orchestra conductor, as under his baton the band played some of the snappiest jazz music ever heard in Sydney!

After a short holiday in Sydney Mrs. Jack Fraser has returned to her home at Gundagai. She motored home with Jean Kennedy, of Bellevue Hill, who is staying with her for a few days.

Back from Brisbane

MRS. GORDON BRADY and Mrs. Frank Thornthwaite are back from their motor tour to Queensland and have had a wonderful holiday.

On their return they broke their journey to spend a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Julian Mackay.

DID YOU KNOW—

That Connie Mort has gone to Mudgee to stay with her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. F. Ebsworth?

That Mrs. Harry Maxwell has taken a new flat at Edgecliff and will move in very soon?

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By WEP



Careers For Good-Lookers



NOVEL EXAMINATIONS, to test the qualifications of girls who want to be mannequins, are now being held in Sydney. Girls are here shown performing one of the tests in deportment.



THE instructor, Miss Macleod (centre), shows pupils how to do the exercises correctly. Only graceful, supple figures can display chic frocks.



"NOW" what's the answer to this question?" wonders a pupil. Set questions and physical exercises are included in the examination.



APART from knowing technique for make-up, a mannequin must know how to pose for pictures like this, if called upon.



A BEGINNER—the right mannequin type, but the wrong dress... Something elegant and glamorous will suit her.



THE finished model, all ready to get her diploma of efficiency.

Charming

ISN'T SHE?

She knows the pleasant way to keep well—a daily glass of Sheaf!

**TOOTH'S
SHEAF
STOUT**
IN BOTTLES—HALF BOTTLES
AND BABY BOTTLES

63/10/27

Must Pass Exam. to Become Mannequin

This is exam. time at the mannequin school.

Puzzled heads and frowning brows are concentrating on the answers to important questions on beauty.

PHYSICAL culture and deportment tests are being imposed on graceful figures on which at some later stage you'll be admiring the latest chic gowns and Parisian models.

For pupils who pass the test will join that glamorous band of mannequins and models on whom the fashion world relies for displaying its rich and lovely wares.

The examination has been initiated by the Annabella Mannequin School. Girls have to answer questions such as:—

What are the essentials of a graceful walk? What exercises do you practise to acquire this?

How do you enter a room, sit down, and rise again? What do you practise to ensure that your posture and movement is always graceful when seated?

How would you display: (a) bathing costumes; (b) underwear; (c) corsets; (d) day wear (1) sports, (2) afternoon; (e) evening wear (1) sophisticated, (2) fluffy; (f) coats or capes; (g) furs?

Scores of ambitious girls, their ages ranging from the teens to the thirties, are being tutored in social and business etiquette, deportment, dress sense, voice culture, diet, and beauty culture, and photographic posing, mannequin, film and stage presence.

"So many girls are ambitious to become mannequins that a standard of training and ability is absolutely necessary," said Miss Macleod, the

principal. "The examination idea solves this. The field of employment is growing so rapidly, also, that such a test will be an invaluable guide to employers."



HALF-SICK?

Sure Sign of

CONSTIPATION

Dull, heavy, half-sick, is that you? Then the cause is constipation! What's the use of trying to fix yourself up by drinking, or taking "something"? You've got to get right at the cause of your trouble—and that cause is lack of bulk in your system. Bulk will soon make your movements natural, easy and regular.

Give your system this bulk by adding two tablespoonfuls of Kellogg's All-Bran every morning. This nut-sweet breakfast cereal will pass gently through your system, sponging the walls of your alimentary tract, and relieving all waste matter. Within a week you should be regular—and ready to go. Order a packet of Kellogg's All-Bran from your grocer to-day.

KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN

Relieves Constipation the Natural Way.

The Movie World

August 20, 1938

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page One

1. STARVING INDIANS delay Scott and cowboys, driving cattle north, and ask for food.

2. RANDOLPH SCOTT and Joan Bennett plan their future together.

3. DINNER ON THE RANCH, with Joan discussing plans with grandmother May Robson, and foreman Walter Brennan.



4. SCOTT and his party of southerners defend their cattle against an Indian attack.

5. TYPICAL of the pioneer women of the day is May Robson, straight-talking, straight-shooting, but kindly.

6. RANDOLPH AND JOAN face an oncoming corps of Northern cavalry.

Moviedom Gossip

By BARBARA BOURCHIER and JUDY BAILEY,
from Hollywood and London

Sonja's Costly Holiday

SONJA HENIE'S forthcoming holiday in Norway will mean a loss of sixteen thousand pounds to her. She was offered this sum and travelling expenses for a series of skating exhibitions in Europe.

Sonja turned the offer down, saying that she wants to spend two months at her hunting lodge near Oslo, so that she can have a complete rest.

Bette as Nun

BETTE DAVIS as the nun in the famed pageant, "The Miracle," will have the greatest acting opportunity of her career.

Max Reinhardt, who produced "The Miracle" on the stage, is working at the Warner studio and will be able to supervise the screen production. Preparations are in full swing, and shooting will start as soon as Bette finishes work on "The Sisters."

Barthelmess, B.A.

TWENTY-ONE years after leaving Trinity College, Richard Barthelmess is returning to be awarded his Bachelor of Arts degree there.

Barthelmess did not complete his course at the college, but the college has an old ruling which provides that students who do not graduate with their classes may be awarded their degrees if, twenty years after leaving the college, they are judged successful by the college officials.

Trust Fund for Freddie

FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEWS studio, M.-G.-M., is taking steps to prevent further court battles over the distribution of the thirteen-year-old actor's large weekly pay-check.

In his new contract a clause provides that a major portion of Freddie's salary shall be paid directly into a trust fund and held for five years.

Next Movie Epic

DON AMECHE has been given the title role in "Alexander Graham Bell," a forthcoming Fox epic telling the life story of the inventor of the telephone.

It was Don's splendid performance in "Alexander's Ragtime Band" that made producer Darryl Zanuck decide to give him the coveted role.

BERGNER AND FREUD

ELISABETH BERGNER is an intimate friend of Sigmund Freud; in fact, she is one of the few who are allowed to disturb him when he is busy.

She is keenly interested in psychology and psycho-analysis, and this is probably the reason why she is so skilful in foiling interviewers.

She interviews them.

Tension in Texas

"The Texans," Paramount film, is stirring action drama built round the harsh treatment meted out to civilians in the southern State of Texas, after the triumph of the north in the American Civil War. Joan Bennett and Randolph Scott play southerners who attempt to outwit the victors.

Budding Starlet

MARIE WILSON has proved that she isn't as dumb as she acts. Not only has she got herself a fine starring role in "Broadway Musketiers," but she has a fiancé as well—director Nick Grande.

Not so many months ago Marie was living on a dwindling supply of tinned foods.

When she arrived in Hollywood it was with several thousand dollars which she spent on clothes, an automobile, high rent, and a good supply of tinned food.

She was nearly down to her last tin of beans when Warners gave her her first job.

Gracie, Philanthropist

GRACIE FIELDS has earned more money in a year than the highest-paid film star of the day—Mae West.

She has made over a million-and-a-half gramophone records. She receives £40,000 for each film.

And yet she has had to dispose of some of her property in order to meet the demands of the income-tax authorities. Much of her money is spent on her private orphanage at Peachaven, which she has endowed so generously that for many years there will be fifty orphans in Britain assured of a place to live and be educated.

"I'm a ONE Brand woman now —"



★ There's sheer beauty and luxurious styling in every inch of a Kayser Nightdress. I adore the way they fit my figure and their sweet coolness wafts me into refreshing slumber. From 7/11

Style illustrated No. 747—29/11

"I insist on KAYSER"

LINGERIE • PURE SILK HOSIERY • GLOVES



• A new study of Madeleine Carroll, loveliest of all English stars, now working hard in Hollywood. Her latest film is "Blockade" (United Artists).

• English Ronald Colman (below) continues to receive some of Hollywood's most important assignments. "If I Were King" is his next film.

The British Are Booming In Hollywood

HAVE you ever wondered what would happen to Hollywood if all the British players now working there were suddenly to pack their bags and catch the first boat home?

Many of Hollywood's most romantic and versatile stars are British—Madeleine Carroll, Merle Oberon, Ronald Colman, Errol Flynn, Cary Grant, David Niven are some who have dug their way deep into popular favor, and whom it would be difficult to replace.

What would producers do without those comic players, Roland Young, Beryl Mercer, Una O'Connor, Herbert Mundin?

Those character players, Charles Laughton, Claude Rains, Edmund Gwenn, Raymond Massey, C. Aubrey Smith, the perfect English colonel?

Those suave butlers, Arthur Treacher, Eric Blore, Halliwell Hobbes?

How could they replace that handsome villain and brilliant exponent of the cloak-and-dagger role, Basil Rathbone?

At the moment, Britain is booming in Hollywood.

British themes, in the form of epics from history, cameos of English life of the present and favorite classics, are becoming increasingly popular in Hollywood.

And producers, seeking the authentic atmosphere for their films, are making the most of players with the correct British accent.

A GENUINE ENGLISH ACCENT IS A MOST IMPORTANT ASSET TO PLAYERS IN THE AMERICAN MOVIE COLONY.

"Cavalcade," that monumental production, set a precedent.

American-made saga of the English nation, it had practically every English actor living in Southern California in the cast, the chief parts being played by Diana Wynyard, Clive Brook, Herbert Mundin, Una O'Connor, Frank Lawton, Ursula Jeans, Beryl Mercer, Irene Browne, Merle Tottenham, Billy Bevan—all British.

Since then producers have gone

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York

to England many times for the themes of some of their most important productions.

In casting them, they have usually selected at least several British actors.

"Lloyd's of London," with Freddie Bartholomew and Madeleine Carroll, told the story of the Lloyd insurance organization during the eighteenth century.

"The Mutiny on the Bounty" starred English character actor Charles Laughton and featured other players from the same country.

Errol Flynn has starred in various

important films of English classics and historical episodes—"Captain Blood," "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

English actors have been a feature of such productions as "A Tale of Two Cities," "Captains Courageous," "David Copperfield."

In "Call It a Day," comedy of modern English family life, Frieda Inescourt, Ian Hunter, and Roland Young had major roles.

More recently, in "Four Men and a Prayer," the story of an English officer in the Indian army falsely accused of treason, and his four sons who set out to clear his name, three of the sons were English. These were Richard Greene, David Niven, and George Sanders, while the father was played by C. Aubrey Smith, Hollywood's most popular "English colonel."

In Hollywood's most recent production on an English theme, "The Adventures of Robin Hood," eight of the eleven chief members of the cast were British.

Thus, for as long as producers interest themselves in English history and backgrounds, British-born players will be at a premium in Hollywood.



Why Fair Olivia Prospers

ONE OF HOLLYWOOD'S MOST TALENTED PLAYERS, OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND IS ALSO ITS BEST BEHAVED.

From
Barbara Bouchier
Hollywood

LIMPID-EYED Olivia de Havilland, loveliest of the young actresses on the Warner Brothers lot, is one star you never hear very much about.

Passing from one lavish production to another, mostly costume drama with spells of modern comedy, she quietly pursues a steady course.

In private and in public life she is a model of decorum.

No one knows her latest romance—she never goes to night clubs or Hollywood frolics for gossipers to find out.

She never has a burst of temperament or a quarrel over casting. She willingly poses for publicity stills to which many of Hollywood's major stars object.

You will see her in innumerable studies depicting latest hair and hat styles, chic new sports clothes.

She is, in fact, Hollywood's best-behaved young lady.

For Olivia, while no commonplace person, believes her career is just a job of work, to be done well, but not to be allowed to interfere with private affairs.

And as a reward for her good behaviour—and for the amazingly graceful way she wears costumes of any epoch—Warners have given her their best possible roles.

In her two years in Hollywood she has played in some of their biggest productions, opposite the cream of Hollywood male stars: with Errol Flynn in "Captain Blood" and "Charge of the Light Brigade" and "Robin Hood," with Leslie Howard in "It's Love I'm After," with Fredric March in "Anthony Adverse."

Played "Puck"

YET before coming to Hollywood she had never been on the professional stage.

Born in Tokio, Japan, nearly twenty-two years ago, of British parents, she came to California when she was three.

She was educated at various colleges, including Saratoga Grammar School, the Convent of Notre Dame, and Los Gatos Union High School, from which she won a scholarship to the famous Mills College, Berkeley, just over the water from San Francisco.

Here she played hockey, took part in school debates, won a cup for public speaking, and edited the annual school magazine.

She also played the leading roles in school theatricals.

Her mother attended Sir Herbert Tree's acting academy in London, became a dramatic coach, and gave her valuable assistance.

Olivia was playing Puck in a school production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream"—and in America you can hardly hold a Band of Hope concert without some talent scout snooping round.

They snooped at Olivia, and soon she was assisting in the rehearsals for Professor Max Reinhardt's stage presentation of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at the Hollywood Bowl.

She became understudy for the role of Hermia, which had been given to Gloria Stuart, who already possessed a motion-picture reputation; and Jean Rouverol, also well known, had been cast as Miss Stuart's regular understudy.

In effect, Olivia was to be the understudy's understudy, and was quite happy about even as lowly an assignment as that.

But two weeks before the opening Gloria Stuart had to leave the cast because of a prior contract.

So that made Jean the first Hermia, and she the first understudy, Olivia says. "Then about ten days before the opening Jean caught a bad cold and Professor Reinhardt came to me and asked me to try it."

She made an excellent job of it, although she had never been on the professional stage before.

The result was that, when, not long after, Warner Bros. decided to film "A Midsummer Night's Dream," with Reinhardt directing, they sent for Olivia, tested her for the role of Hermia, and signed her up.

You will remember how delightfully she and Jean Muir played as Hermia and Helena, opposite Dick Powell and Ross Alexander, hopelessly miscast as Lysander and Demetrius.

Her next two films, "Alibi Ike" and "The Irish



Olivia de Havilland

in modern ski-ing attire. This promising young player is more familiar to fans in romantic period costume. Her latest film for Warners is modern comedy, "Four's a Crowd."



in us," were more or less tests for her and provided very little worth watching. It wasn't until "Captain Blood" that we had another glimpse of her true quality.

That film, which set the great seal of Hollywood on Errol Flynn's reputation, sealed hers also.

Her next film was "Anthony Adverse," in which she played Angela to Fredric March.

Since then she has forged ahead in a series of box-office successes, "Charge of the Light Brigade," "Call It a Day," "It's Love I'm After," and "The Adventures of Robin Hood"—a lovely foil to some of Hollywood's handsomest actors.

Her most recent film is "Four's a Crowd," just completed, a light comedy with a modern American background. She has with her Errol Flynn, Rosalind Russell, and Patric Knowles.

Olivia herself is extremely modest about her achievements.

"I sometimes feel like pinching myself to see if it is really I."

"I never dreamed of being a motion-picture star, and the events which brought me from obscurity seem to loom merely shadow-like in the dim past rather than as real happenings only within the last two or three years."

Army Goes Cold On Movie Antics

WHEN Hollywood producers first asked the United States Army and Navy to co-operate in the making of screen dramas, the authorities welcomed the opportunity for good propaganda.

Willingly they lent their ships, their imposing structures, their massive guns, their marines and army officers.

But now, after several long-suffering years watching the army and navy as backgrounds to comic musicals such as "The Singing Marine" and "Rosalie," they are beginning to chill on the idea.

They feel that the antics of crooners and dancers are definitely harmful to the services' prestige and destroy any patriotic ardor that the spectacle of the great army and navy at work might arouse.

Added to this they don't like the

disrespectful way the services are treated on the screen.

An example of this is the way the studios capitalise on the slight rivalry that exists between army and navy officers.

When making an army feature, they tend to play up the worst features of the navy, and vice versa. But it is the officers themselves who have become active against Hollywood.

They don't like the superiority complex Hollywood has towards those assigned to such pictures to give technical advice.

One officer tells of being patronised by everybody from the director down on a recent picture. Officers to a man believe that the government would do well to clamp down on letting Hollywood borrow the service arms.

By **Joan McLeod**
from Hollywood.

Seamy Side of Hollywood Town

ANOTHER CABLE FROM PAUL HOLT, WHO IS VISITING HOLLYWOOD AND WRITING ARTICLES SPECIALLY FOR THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY. HE THROWS THE SPOT-LIGHT ON THE LIVES OF MOVIE EXTRAS.

IN the poorer part of Hollywood snug reality has left shabby little houses and shops between Gower Street, where the first Christie comedies were made—when all around was desert—and Sunset Boulevard.

There are rows on rows of tiny, sham Mexican-style buildings.

Some have neon signs advertising 7/6 permanent waves, others have blackboards in the front gardens announcing in chalk that they have bed without board for £6/17/6 a month.

This is where Hollywood's extras live, although live is the wrong word—they exist. The standard of living is worse, and overcrowding far worse, than in London slums.

What these poor movie-struck children, wanderers and old folk do is to club together, live four or five in a room and form little gangs.

One rents the apartment and all contribute five shillings a week.

An extra shilling earns a lifetime, the one link between them and starvation—the wall telephone.

It is an unwritten law with these strugglers that the telephone shall never be left unguarded in case a call comes through meaning work for one or all.

These lost children, thrown up in this city from all over the world, live lives of clockwork routine.

One takes an eight-hour phone shift, another forages cheap all-night markets where fruit is the main diet.

The sleeping accommodation is ingenious and primitive. Men and women occupy the same room by force of necessity.

The women take the double wall bed and the men sleep on the sofa or floor.

As Gable and Colbert did in "It Happened One Night," they hang a blanket on a clothes-line between them.

Nobody bothers how they live, nobody cares.

The other end of that wall telephone is a prim set of offices which look like London solicitors' chambers.

In one room is a switchboard where four girls work all day.

In other rooms are filing cabinets and a great wall indicator which looks like price charts in the Chicago Wheat Pit.

This Central Casting Bureau is famous the world over. It handles all calls for extras from the studios.

No extra ever sets foot inside the building; they are slung out if they try. All casting is done by telephone.

The bureau boss is elderly, benign Campbell McCullough.

He is immensely proud of his filing system, and greatly sorry about the human derelicts, his daily merchandise.

McCullough looks like the kindly governor who saves the hero from the electric chair at the eleventh hour.

Says he: "We know we've told them time and again that it is impossible for extras to earn a living



• A QUARTET of chorus girls rest and repair make-up between shots on the Warner Bros. set. These girls rarely make a living wage, earning on the average £46 a year.

wage. Last year 15,000 earned an average of £46 a year.

The wealthiest extra is a man called Dan Hall. He has seventeen suits of clothes all his own. Drew 1962.

"Top girl, Eileen Sullivan, has her wardrobe insured for over £1000. Made £930 last year.

"Booby prize to another man called Hall, who drew the magnificent sum of 15/- during 1937."

McCullough shakes his head and goes on to show the phone system.

An extra calls and speaks his name. It is relayed through a loud-speaker to the desk of the key casters.

If the name is wanted the caster presses a button and holds the call and gives instructions.

If not wanted the phone girl says quietly, "Nothing now, call later," and disconnects.

The effect of hearing that quiet, impersonal repetition a hundred times a minute—"Nothing now, call later. Nothing now, call later"—is weird, and chilly like the voice of doom.

The Central Casting Bureau is a mechanized modern slave market, and knows there's nothing it can do about it.

McCullough estimates that 12,000 at most can get a living wage.

So extras hang blankets up, shop at midnight markets, dream of days they'll be stars, sit in the front porch with this pleasant sunshine dream—nothing else to do.

Another cable from Paul Holt next week.



WAYNE MORRIS. Warner Bros. player, now being groomed for stardom, was once an extra, and lived and worked under starvation conditions, such as Paul Holt describes.

Checking Up On Old-Timers

CALLING the roll of old-timers in Hollywood is a peculiarly difficult task.

Of the popular comedians in the Mack Sennett comedies now defunct, many are now working as extras, some, such as Laurel and Hardy, Slim Summerville, Henry Armetta, are still in demand in featured supporting roles.

Many are making headway in other branches of the film industry.

Raymond Griffith is a producer at Twentieth Century-Fox, Buster Keaton, whose immobile features graced the screen for years, is directing shorts at M-G-M.

Bobby Vernon is a successful writer, as is Charlie Chase.

Say it Today—
"IPANA TOOTH PASTE
FOR ME!"



IF you're unhappy about your smile, if your teeth haven't the sparkle and lustre that makes for attractiveness—make up your mind to do something about it. Remember, in this day and age your gums as well as your teeth need special care.

"Pink tooth brush" is usually the first signal of tender, ailing gums. When you see it—see your dentist. You may not be in for serious trouble—but let him decide. Usually, however, his verdict will be "gums robbed of work by our modern soft-food menus"—"gums that need more work for health"—and very often, "gums that will respond to the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

So get Ipana—to-day! Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you clean your teeth. Do this regularly—try it for a month—and help wake your gums to a new firmness—your teeth to a new cleanness and brightness. Help your dentist help your smile to a new and sparkling loveliness.

Choice of a dentifrice calls for professional assistance, therefore Ipana is sold by CHEMISTS ONLY.



See what Ipana and Massage will do to improve your smile!



CHANGE TO

Ipana

AND GUM MASSAGE

PRIVATE VIEWS

★ GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST

Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy.
(M-G-M.)

(Week's Best Release.)

THERE could scarcely be a better setting for a typical Jeanette MacDonald film than early California, in the days when the pioneering Americans were building their western empire on the ruins of the Spanish civilization.

Rough miners and "smooth caballeros" scurries in shawls and blouses in grimy saloons, Mexicans, Indians, gamblers and gunfighters, American soldiers and Spanish desperadoes... these are the colorful figures that fill the crowded, ever-changing scenes. And music—the music of the fiestas, the chant of the church, the roaring chorus of camp and drinking-hall—with Jeanette and Nelson Eddy leading them all.

The story is a familiar one—the romance of the bandit chief and the law-abiding lady. Ramerrez—Nelson Eddy—is only a bandit because he was brought up that way, but Mary—Jeanette MacDonald—is a lady, despite her lack of polish, and her youth occupation—that of saloon-keeper.

The bandits are kind-hearted under their cartridge belts, and the miners have souls as golden as their pay-stacks.

Everything goes nicely, with just the right number of hairbreadth escapes, and the right number of tiffs between the hot-blooded lovers.

Jeanette is herself in most of it, and Mary Pickford in the winsome scenes. Eddy is, as ever, rather stiff and stilted, but he sings well.

Leo Carrillo gives his perennial representation of a whimsical bad

Shows Still Running

*** Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. Feature-length fairy-tale, drawn by Walt Disney. Plaza, 12th week.

** The Divers of Lady X. Merle Hueron. Laurence Olivier; modern comedy. Century, 6th week.

** I See Lee. George Formby; farce. Lyceum, 5th week.

** Cocomat Grave. Harriett Hillard, Fred MacMurray; musical. Prince Edward, 2nd week.

** There's Always a Woman. Joan Blondell, Melvyn Douglas; farce with mystery. Embassy, 2nd week.

man, Buddy Ebsen is a droll, slow-spoken frontier blacksmith, and H. B. Warner a gentle Spanish priest.

If you like the MacDonald-Eddy team, you'll love this one. Even if you don't, it's full of color, music, and action, though no sort of picture for rabid realists.—St. James; showing.

★ YELLOW JACK

Virginia Bruce, Robert Montgomery. (M-G-M.)

"YELLOW JACK" is a simple but immensely stirring story of a fight against pestilence in Cuba after that tropic island had been taken over by the victorious Americans following the war with Spain in the nineties.

An expedition led by Major Reed (played by Lewis Stone) is sent from America to Cuba, which is still in a state of chaos, in an endeavor to stamp out yellow fever—known as Yellow Jack.

Montgomery plays the part of a gallant sergeant in Major Reed's detachment, and his portrayal of de-

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

No stars—below average.

★ One star—average entertainment

★★ Two stars—above average

★★★ Three stars—excellent

voted service in the face of dangers not wholly pestilential is a remarkable piece of acting.

Comedy and an appealing character study are given to the drama by Buddy Ebsen.

Virginia Bruce goes along as a nurse, and also, of course, to aid the romantic appeal of the story. Her performance is extremely good.

"Yellow Jack" is a sincere and successful drama of soldiers serving in a campaign of peace. Its heroism is not theatrical, but real, and its entertainment, though hardly gay, is of a high grade.—State; showing.

★ WE'RE GOING TO BE RICH

Gracie Fields, Victor McLaglen. (20th Century-Fox.)

BROAD comedy with song, and with a simple but effective dramatic story underlying it, is the substance of this picture.

Gracie Fields has never been better exploited. Her jarring qualities are toned down, and her genuine appeal gets full opportunity.

Gracie Fields is given the character of a light-hearted but large-hearted theatrical who loves and forgives her scapegrace husband, played by Victor McLaglen.

Brian Donlevy is a cabaret owner who gives Gracie a job and falls in love with her—in a most respectful way.

The struggle between these two men for the love of the music-hall queen is punctuated by fights, funny scenes, and a lavish outpouring of song and sex-appeal by Gracie.

"We're Going to Be Rich" is in some respects Gracie Fields' best picture.—Mayfair; showing.

★ GOLD DIGGERS IN PARIS

Rosemary Lane, Rudy Vallee. (Warner Bros.)

"GOLD-DIGGERS IN PARIS" is a thoroughly entertaining though completely frothy musical in which Rudy Vallee supplies good music and just tolerable acting, while Hugh Herbert, Rosemary Lane, and Allen Jenkins carry the real dramatic burden—such as it is.

Hugh Herbert plays the part of an international diplomat—an unusual character for him, but one which he fills with a burlesque enthusiasm.

This diplomat, incidentally, is more interested in pretty girls than peace treaties, and that furnishes quite a proportion of the complications that give this light-hearted show its plot interest.

Rosemary Lane and Gloria Dickson, with the glamorous and clamorous Mabel Todd, supply the feminine appeal—assisted, of course, by batches of beauties.

Apart from the ordinary music, which is good, there is some remarkable novelty nonsense by the Schenckel-Fritz Band, who play everything from wurlitzers to washboards.

Pure nonsense, but good fun.—Regent; showing.

SCREEN ODDITIES

By Captain Fawcett



★ OWD BOB

Margaret Lockwood, Will Fyfe. (G.B.D.)

NOT since the days of Rin Tin Tin have dogs played such an important part in a picture as they do in this refreshing comedy drama of rural Scotland.

The story of "Owd Bob" is familiar to many readers, and it's a wonder that it has not previously been filmed. The dog chosen to play Owd Bob is a magnificent creature, intelligent, appealing, and highly trained.

Of the human actors, the outstanding one, of course, is the famous Scottish comedian, Will Fyfe, as a homely old character that might have stepped straight from the pages of Robbie Burns.—Mayfair; showing.

★ THE LADY IN THE MORGUE

Patricia Ellis, Preston Foster. (Universal.)

THIS mystery drama belongs unmistakably to the modern American school which takes its murders in a matter-of-fact and even rather a flippant manner.

There's more comedy than tragedy in this tale of a beautiful murder victim, and the adventures of the ingenious investigators who seek to unravel the riddle behind her death.

Preston Foster, who has already begun to build up a reputation as a new type, sophisticated movie detective, does a reasonably convincing job as the sleuth and, with Frank Jenks to help him, supplies as many laughs as thrills.

Pretty Patricia Ellis plays a mystery lady, and succeeds in worrying the male characters by her charming and alarming ways.—Capitol; showing.

★ MY BILL

Kay Francis, John Littel. (Warner Bros.)

IN "My Bill," Kay Francis gets her chance at the heavy emotional dramas that used to belong to Gloria Swanson and Ruth Chatterton. You know—the woman who is willing to sacrifice all for home, husband, and child, and finds her martyrdom misunderstood.

Miss Francis makes a remarkably good job of what could have been a melodramatic role, and relieves her heavier work with delightful touches of comedy and scenes of a tenderness.

John Littel is a good foil; Dickie Moore, the centre of emotional storms, is an appealing, if somewhat sentimentalised, figure.—Regent; showing.

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Hot News from All Studios

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOUCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London.

A SHADOW has been cast over Hollywood by the sudden death of Warner Oland, famous creator of "Charlie Chan."

He was admitted to a home suffering from alcoholic poisoning a few days before he died. Cause of death is given as pneumonia.

RICHARD and Mrs. Arlen, the former Jobyna Ralston, have separated, for six months or forever.

After twelve years of apparent happiness they have decided to part. Dick going on board his yacht, Dijo, while Jo stays at home with their five-year-old son.

Jobyna gave up her movie career for marriage. Pretty, blue-eyed and vivacious, she has always enjoyed popularity in the film colony.

The separation is to be experimental, she says. "It will be for six months, and I hope that by that time conditions will have adjusted themselves."

MADALYNNE FIELDS, better known in film circles as "Fieldy," Carole Lombard's secretary and pal, has become the bride of the well-known director, Walter Lang.

Not without regret, Fieldy is giving up her job as business manager to the glamor girl she's served for so many years.

But no one is more delighted than Carole at Fieldy's new-found happiness. The two girls have been inseparable ever since the days they were both working at the Mack Sennett studios.



THE LION'S ROAR

(A column of gossip devoted to the finest motion pictures)

Leo, the Roaring Lion of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures, is probably the most famous living lion in the world to-day. The view of his majestic head and the sound of his vibrant roar is known wherever in this world people go to pictures.

It is decidedly interesting to know that Leo's own son and daughter are now residents of Australia, sent here by Leo himself from the M-G-M Studios in Culver City as emissaries of goodwill.

Leo, Jr., and Leota have been presented to Taronga Park Zoo, Sydney, by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and these two handsome cubs—now six months old—are eager to receive visitors. It won't be long before they're both as big and strong and handsome as their world-famous father.

Even now they roar with the same sturdy sound Daddy makes at the beginning of every Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture! So don't fail to go to Taronga Park Zoo at your next opportunity to hear them roar like Leo.

The day Leo, Jr., and Leota were formally presented to Taronga Park Zoo, they received a tremendous cablegram from Leo. The cablegram was six feet wide and five feet high.

It read: "LEO, JR. AND LEOTA, TARONGA PARK ZOO, SYDNEY. DEAR CHILDREN I'M SO GLAD YOU ARE HAPPY IN YOUR NEW HOME STOP ALWAYS BE GOOD LIONS AND WORTHY OF THE GREATEST LION OF US ALL—THE SYMBOL OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE STOP LOVE—YOUR DADDY—LEO OF M-G-M."

Both of the cubs read the message carefully and signified their understanding by giving the signature a separate little roar that meant, "Jare, Paj!"

Yours for the best in entertainment,
LEO OF M-G-M.

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Snoring is a sign of catarrh, quickly remedied by putting 5 drops of the marvelous new prescription, Dr. Brodie's Kanatol, in your nostrils each night. 5 weeks' treatment. Flasks 10/-, Pocket flasks 3/6. At your nearest Chemist. Each flask contains special English dropper. Get genuine Kanatol. Refuse poor substitutes.

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are recommended for inward use. Left in position at night they heal while you sleep. Price 1/6 per box.

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Are you a victim of piles (hemorrhoids)? Do you suffer from swelling and burning irritation? Are you weakened by constant hemorrhage? If so, be sure and try Zam-Buk, which has proved successful in thousands of cases.

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Read This Convincing Testimony.

"For years I had piles, and used to be laid up with them. Zam-Buk 5 suppositories brought wonderful relief from the burning pain, and I can do housework in comfort and be on my feet eight hours a day." Mrs. M. Smith.

"The pain and hemorrhage of piles caused constant misery. I began to look an old man, and was low-spirited. Zam-Buk caused my piles to disappear, and has ended years of suffering." Mr. A. Fletcher.

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THE SURE WAY TO HEALTH



**Chamberlain's
TABLETS** WHEN NATURE
NEEDS HELP

Golf Champions

WOMEN golfers from New Zealand and Tasmania and the other States flocked to Sydney for the Australian Golf Championship meeting, which opened on Friday.

Victoria sent many representatives, including such leading players as Miss Betty Kernot, holder of the Australian title for 1937, and champion of Royal Melbourne, Metropolitan, and Geelong Clubs; Mrs. C. L. Evans, Victorian State champion, and Miss Joan Lewis, who holds the title of Victorian champion of champions.

Advices on Nursery School Ideals and Methods

MRS. HERBERT BURTON, of Kew, who is the first lecturer in nursery school subjects to be appointed by the administrative committee of the Nursery School Board of the Free Kindergarten Union of Victoria, has many qualifications for the position.

A trained kindergarten and nursery school graduate, Mrs. Burton founded the child guidance clinic at the Children's Hospital, Melbourne. She was director of its activities for some years before taking over the duties of chairwoman of the committee.

Mrs. Burton, who is a Queenslander, did her kindergarten training in Brisbane, and took a nursery school course on coming to Melbourne.

Her services will now be available to all mothers' clubs, baby welfare centres, or other organisations desiring expert information on nursery school ideals and methods.

President, Treasurer And Secretary

MRS. S. ALLEN, newly-elected president of the Housewives' Association in South Australia, has long been connected with the movement. For ten years she was honorary treasurer, and on several occasions acted as honorary secretary.

Besides Mrs. Hodley Nicholls, the immediate past-president, Mrs. Allen is the only original member of the association in Adelaide.

Music Is Her Greatest Interest

MISS ENITH CLARKE, talented young Sydney pianist, who will give a solo recital at the Conservatorium Hall on August 25, finds her musical studies so absorbing that this work is her keenest interest. Her favorite composer is Bach.

During Rubinstein's visit to Australia, an audition was arranged for Miss Clarke, and the visiting artist expressed the opinion that there was a brilliant future ahead of her. He praised her outstanding technique and natural musical feeling, and advised her to go abroad for further study.

When Miss Clarke was only twelve years old, Faderewski heard her play and wanted to take her to Europe to place her with a teacher there. Backhaus also was interested in her talent.

BRILLIANT CAREER AHEAD

"YOU have the most beautiful voice I have heard for years and years—your future is assured," Alexander Kipnis, famous Russian bass, told 16-year-old Marea Wolkowsky, of Sydney, after giving her an audition during his recent Australian tour. So impressed was Kipnis with Marea's voice that he arranged for her to become a pupil of Mr. Carl Praeger, conductor of Sydney Royal Philharmonic Society.

Mr. Praeger is pleased with her progress, and says that not only has she a glorious voice, but the mentality and temperament necessary for a great artist.

They Are All Good Guiders

WITH the appointment of Lady Dugan, wife of the Governor of South Australia, to the presidency of the Girl Guides' Association in S.A., Mrs. Herbert Rymill has been elected to the State Chief Commissionship, formerly held by Lady Dugan.

Mrs. Rymill has been interested in the Guide and Scout movements for about ten years, starting off her guiding career as president of the Richmond local association when her son, Mr. Henry Rymill, was scoutmaster.

In 1931 Mrs. Rymill was appointed commissioner for the Western Metropolitan district, and is resigning that district in her new capacity. Her district included the large area between Richmond and Largs Bay, and took in the whole of Port Adelaide, where Mrs. Rymill thinks the Guide movement has done a great deal of good.

Must Be Prepared to Bait Their Own Hooks

A KEEN fisherwoman, Mrs. E. P. Pail, secretary of the Queensland Women's Fishing Club, has the distinction of holding the record for the biggest shark caught by a woman.

Formed in 1936, with a membership of five, the club, which is the only one of its kind in Australia, now has ten members. Conditions for membership are many. Not only must the aspiring fisherwoman be able to bait her own hooks and pull her own boat, but she must have the strength to land a big fish and be prepared for all sorts of weather.

Her Welfare Work Dates Back Many Years

WELFARE work done by Mrs. E. A. Bower, of Manly, Brisbane, dates as far back as war days, when she helped with the Red Cross.

She is still carrying on that work, as vice-president of the Manly Red Cross Branch.

For the last five years Mrs. Bower has been president of the Country Women's Association's Lota Seaside Home, and for twelve years has been a member of the committee. The home is run for country women who need a holiday, and when they come to town Mrs. Bower and her committee see that they are looked after.

Broadcasting Tour As Wedding Gift

A BROADCASTING tour was the wedding gift from the Australian Broadcasting Commission to two young Sydney musicians, Miss Lorna McKean and Mr. Vaughan Lorna, who were married in Sydney last week.

Miss McKean is a soprano and was a fellow student at the Sydney Conservatorium with Mr. Hanly, a violinist, who was associate artist with Mr. Richard Tauber during his recent tour.

Miss McKean is well known in musical Sydney, and has often been heard over the air.

Gold Medal for Skill On Ballroom Floor

MISS NUTTIE MACKELLAR, of Bellevue Hill, Sydney, is the first woman in New South Wales, and one of the few in Australia, to hold the gold medal for ballroom dancing given by the Imperial Society of Teachers of Dancing, London.

The medal was awarded to Miss Mackellar by Miss Phyllis Haylor, who is conducting examinations in Australia on behalf of the society. It is the first Miss Mackellar time the examinations have been held in the Commonwealth, as in previous years candidates had to go to London.

Miss Mackellar, who trained at the Agnes Duncan School of Dancing, Sydney, also won the silver and bronze medals. She intends to do exhibition work.

Chose Australian Setting for Her Plays

MEDICAL activities in Broken Hill benefited recently by two plays presented there by Mrs. George Fricker, who as well as being the producer was also the author of the plays. The first, "Discovery," dealt with the settling of Broken Hill. Various mines donated the stage scenery, and proceeds of the show were given to the Broken Hill Hospital.

"Healing Wings," the second play, also entailed a great deal of research work, as its theme was the work of the Flying Doctor and the history of the Inland Mission. "Flynn, of the Inland" was one of the characters.

Mrs. Fricker played a role in this piece, proceeds of which will go to the Flying Doctor base.

Painted Portrait of First Governor of S.A.

WORKING from faded and rather damaged portraits, Miss Beulah Leicester, of South Australia, has painted a lifelike portrait of Sir John Hindmarsh, first Governor of South Australia.

Miss Leicester was commissioned by the Hindmarsh Municipal Council to paint the portrait, and it was unveiled by the State Governor (Sir Winston Dugan) at the recent Centenary Celebrations of the town of Hindmarsh.

In the opinion of experts it is an excellent one from the points of view of likeness and good painting.

Until a few years ago Miss Leicester was head designer for the South Australian School of Arts and Crafts, and a Fellow of the South Australian Society of Arts. She resigned through ill-health.

Making Impression in London's Musical World

MISS META PICKERING, well-known Perth music teacher, who has just returned from a tour abroad, brought back first-hand news of Miss Lorna Sydney, formerly Miss Sydney Smith, the Perth soprano.

Miss Smith, who went overseas to study with Lotte Lehmann, was making a favorable impression in the London musical world, Miss Pickering said.

At a recent dinner party, which included Lotte Lehmann, Elisabeth Schumann, and the manager of His Master's Voice records, she was invited by H.M.V. Company to make a record. This was broadcast in a recent Empire link-up.

Managing Director, Golfer and Pianist

FIRST and only woman to have attended a meeting of the New-castle (New South Wales) Chamber of Commerce is Miss Jean Breckenridge, managing director of one of the oldest commercial firms in the city.

Miss Breckenridge became head of the company six years ago when her father, now in England, relinquished his association with the business.

She is a graduate of Sydney University and spent some time doing laboratory work in Sydney before taking up her present position.

An enthusiastic golfer, she recently made a successful attack on her golf handicap, and she is an accomplished pianist.

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You must neutralise that acid

By Dr. F. B. Scott, M.D., Paris

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Note: "Bismarck" Magnesia—referred to above—is available at all chemists. The package bears the trade mark "Bismarck".

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● Imported accessories (including these American bags) feature Parisian and the colour sensation of the Spring.

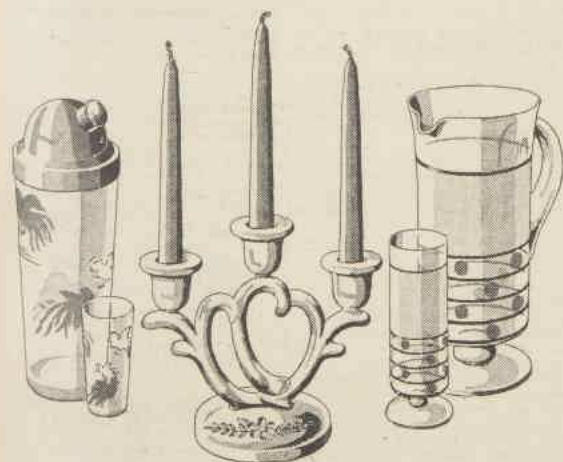


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LEMONADE OR LAGER SETS, 32/6. Farmer's buyer brought these from America. Coloured glass, novel shape and design, 7 pieces, 32/6.

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CANDLESTICK, 17/6. Branch-style, to give your home an intriguing old-world charm. Carefully etched design. The price is only 17/6.

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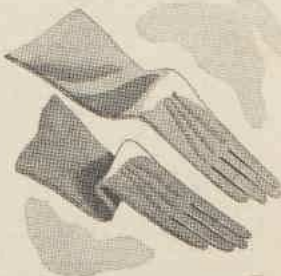
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BELOW HALF

USUAL 15/6. Huge selling of best-quality slip-on gloves, that you'll wear right through Spring and Summer. Snudes and kids by la Alexandrine. Snude, in grey. Kid, beige. **6/11**

Gloves on the Ground Floor.



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NEW OVERSEA SHOE STYLES

Presenting a trio of important shoe fashions, early arrivals for the Spring. A revelation in style, comfort and price, they come fresh from a triumphant season in Paris and New York. Farmer's has special stocks for mail orders.

Parisand, green, or navy gabardine tie. Half sizes, 2 to 8. 22/9. Navy, brown or black kid court, patent trim. Halves 2 to 8. 19/9. "New Coolan" in polo tan, black or navy calf or white buck. 25/9.

● Farmer's expert chiropodists whisk corns out in a jiffy... painlessly, carefully... and only 3/- for one foot or 5/6 the two. Shoe Salon and Chiropody on the Third Floor.



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XMAS HAMPER

packed with fine Farmer's foods

Lay-by a Farmer's Hamper to send to friends abroad for Christmas. You've till October 15th to complete payments. Rarest of foods only, (Australia's choicest delicacies, prohibitively expensive overseas), with special gum leaves included for burning to give the Australian Bush atmosphere.

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Betty's "Racey" Narratives

Moorefield Races were a Rich Paradise for the Bookmakers

By BETTY GEE

They call Moorefield the punters' paradise, but there are some who can turn a paradise into a wilderness of desolation, and that includes bookmakers and racehorses.

Anyhow, that's what Moorefield racecourse turned out for me on Saturday. I went full of faith in Eastern Maid and Arabia. Neither got a place.

The 1.15 start made lunch in the city possible, and I arrived in time to see the Hurdle favorite, Beau Ideal, a bad third. Very popular events these hurdles. They ought to be put on the American magazine black list.

My Rogarah Encourage pick was Mr. Pat Osborne's Giltown (£3 to £1), and Darby Munro was working overtime to get him to chase the leader Forward, but he wouldn't, and so came third.

Missed Good Bet

I came a cropper when June and Respirator put my Manao £4 to £1 into third place in the Three-Year-Old.

He was so far in front, defeat seemed impossible, but I realise too late that what he needs most when he's run 4 furlongs is another free air supply.

What really made me angry, though, was that June had been such a favorite of mine, and here I let her go at 14 to 1.

Mr. Dan Lewis told me about his Bonnie L. for the second Three-Year-Old, named after his daughter, and I had £5 to £1, but they had barely jumped out of the barrier when another horse rudely bumped into her, and put her out of the race.

I really think that in such cases punters should have their money back off the books.

Books didn't give the stable or the punters much chance with their mean 2 to 1 about Arabia in the Rock-

dale Mile, but I simply had to take £2 to £1, I had such a strong tip from Cush's stable.

I thought it was the prerogative of woman only to arrive late for an appointment, but racehorses have the fault.

I found this out when I took £12/10/- to £1 about Tuckiar for a sauer on top of my Arabia bet.

And so the sorry spectacle, Arabia out in front running himself short of oxygen, and Tuckiar trailing hopelessly near the rear. When Arabia punctured Kai Tere set up an invincible lead and Tuckiar's finish reduced it to only a length.

Thank heavens I ran into Mrs. Carroll and she told me their horse, Tickle, couldn't lose the Moorefield Handicap. Darby Munro was the jockey, but you'd have thought it was a one-horse race, the way the bookies cut the odds down from 2 to 1 to even money, but I was one of the smarties who got £2 to £1.

Not So Speedy

I lost £2 on Eastern Maid in the first Flying Welter. The story was that she was as fast as Aurie's Star. So she might be, but she wasn't as fast as Brazdnt for this race.

And my last £1 went west on Rovina at 10 to 1 for the second division, and she finished third to Enatic and Samural. But she is worth following up.

The Victoria Park Club races twice this week, on Wednesday and Saturday.

I happen to know that the Syndicate is going for a big win on Young



Royal Chief, for Saturday, is the baker's tip.

Crusader on Wednesday. Being more cautious, I shall place mine each way. The Head Waiter gives Autoland for the Welter on Wednesday.

The baker's special is the New Zealand horse Royal Chief for Saturday. And St. Constant is given me by the Florist's Girl.

Mrs. Ritchie and Mr. Harold Cooper might run their Petrachio at Saturday's races. If they do, don't miss him.



LET VIMARD EMOLIA WORK ITS MAGIC ON YOUR SKIN

Look in your mirror. Are you satisfied with what you see? The beauty which is every woman's heritage is there. It is for you to let it reveal itself. Use Vimard Emolia to bring life and vigor and glamour to faded skin. The first application of Vimard's Skin Emolia works wonders, softening and cleansing the skin and neutralizing the fatty acids which cause oily skin. All chemists and department stores sell Vimard Emolia at 3/- and 5/- per bottle.

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At Chemists and Stores 1/9 and 1/-

Musical Talent Wanted for Broadcasting

The Radio Theatre Guild has now extended the scope of its work to the musical side of radio entertainment.

Until recently, the Guild was mainly concerned with the search for dramatic artists. Now musical aspirants will be able to take advantage of the outlet and the training it offers.

FOR the first few years of its history, radio borrowed its talent from the stage and concert platform. To-day it is seeking and training its own.

The Guild was formed as a result of the consistent demand for dramatic artists, arising from the rapid growth of radio drama.

In the musical field, the same need for a scouting and training organisation is felt, and the Guild will fill that need in its new division.

Solo Work Insufficient

TAKE the case of the girl gifted with a voice. If she is to become a professional singer these days she must rely largely on radio work.

But solo appearances cannot as yet provide her with a constant income unless she is permanently employed by a radio station as an announcer. As a member of a radio choir, a chorus or a quartet, she could supplement her income and so devote herself continuously to radio work.

The same applies to the solo pianist, or the instrumentalist.

Fortunately, the demand for large vocal and instrumental combinations is growing.

The all vocal unaccompanied quartet or glee club is becoming increas-

ingly popular with listeners, and the trend is to give them more and more of this music.

The individual singer or instrumentalist, however well trained, can do nothing alone; she must have other people with whom to rehearse if she is to become a member of a radio choir, chorus, or orchestra.

It is here that the musical division of the Radio Theatre Guild will prove so valuable, in addition to giving both soloists and members of musical combinations training in microphone technique.

The musical division of the Guild will work on similar lines to the Theatre Guild. It will ascertain by actual audition of candidates their suitability for performance before the microphone before any further training is embarked upon.

These auditions have yielded some splendid material, giving at least fifty per cent. of "possibles."

As soon as the necessary choirs, glee clubs, orchestras, and so on have been formed and trained, the Guild will embark on the recording of transcriptions for use on Station 2GB and other commercial stations throughout Australia, thus providing its pupils with an outlet for their work.

The musical division has obtained the services of Mr. Charles Ryder as official accompanist and arranger, and of Mr. Ivan Rixon as choirmaster and conductor.

Mr. Ryder is a musician of wide experience, having been at different times musical director for Williamson's, Fullers', and Tivoli Theatres.

Mr. Ivan Rixon, the new choirmaster, is well known in musical circles as conductor for the Mosman Musical Society, the Gilbert and Sullivan Operatic Society, and the Sydney Operatic Society.

In addition, he is a singer of merit and has conducted a number of operatic broadcasts.

TYPEWRITERS

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Real Life Stories

When a Bush Nurse Sent Out an S.O.S.

... An Epic of the Mining Fields

The fortitude of a bush nurse, the bravery of her patient, and the unselfishness and humanity of a band of osmiridium diggers on an isolated claim in the "backblocks" of Tasmania constitute the ingredients of the adventure that wins this week's guinea prize for Real Life Stories.

True, it is a story typical of the bush, but it does not suffer because of that, for it is a real human document—one of those epics of the lonely places of Australia that rarely get the publicity they deserve. It is related by Mr. M. J. O'Reilly, of Main Road, Glenorchy, Tasmania.

THE banging of a prospecting-dish and the Bush Nurse's call for help sent a thrill of excitement through the weary and tired osmiridium diggers as they trudged home from work on their claims one cold and wet afternoon (writes Mr. O'Reilly).

They had been looking forward to a hot meal before a log fire in their stringybark huts on that isolated mining camp known as Adamsfield, high up in the centre of Tasmania, where a solitary nurse looked after the health of the miners and their families. But that did not matter.

Hot meals and warm firesides were forgotten when it became known that men were wanted to carry a female patient out to Fitzgerald, where a doctor would be waiting to take charge and convey her to hospital at New Norfolk.

An improvised stretcher made by stretching chaff-bags over two poles was the only mode of conveyance for the patient over the 26 miles of rough, mountainous track.

Twelve of us men started out about 6 p.m. in the pouring rain with the oldskin-clad and gumbooted nurse walking beside the stretcher ready to render every possible assistance to the sick woman.

With only two hurricane lamps to show us the way along the boulder-strewn and, in places, corduroyed pack track, we trudged along hour after hour, four men to the stretcher, relieving one another every mile or so with only short stoppages to allow the nurse to attend the patient.



"WITH ONLY two hurricane lamps to show us the way . . . we trudged along hour after hour, four men to the stretcher."

Though wet through, cold, hungry, and sore-footed, we pretended to be happy and cheerful to keep the spirits of the patient from sinking.

I can never forget the fortitude of that digger's wife as she refrained from complaining when we slipped and stumbled on that rough track.

Nor can I forget the bravery of that little bush nurse who, although scarcely able to put one foot before the other, nobly stuck to her job until she handed her patient over to the doctor.

After a few hours' rest she started back on horseback to attend to her other patients whom she had left in the little bush hospital in Adamsfield.

In Flooded Creek

WHILE living at Gore, on the south-west line in Queensland, swimming was our principal pastime. It had been raining heavily for a week, but despite my husband's warning about the creeks being dangerous a friend and myself, with our children, decided to have "a dip."

After we had been splashing round for a few minutes my friend detected a roaring noise and she had hardly drawn my attention to it when, from upstream, we saw a wall of water bearing down on us at terrific speed.

Scared for the safety of the children, who had gone off to a sand bank on the opposite side, we dashed after them, and scrambling back neck high in the water got them to safety to find that our clothes had been washed away.

By this time my husband, having heard the roar of the water and fearing for our safety, came running to the creek to find us, looking like a beggar, coming up from downstream, where we had gone in search of our lost clothes, only a few articles of which we recovered.

5/- to Mrs. W. Gagen, Post Office, Terra, Qld.

"Blind Beggar"

VISITING a friend in Melbourne after having been ill for months, I developed the habit of going for a walk every morning.

One day I went out with my hat in my hand, but had gone only a few yards when I was conscious of a film covering my eyes, and I sought the wall for support before my sight went completely.

I was not alarmed because this had happened to me before, but the thought of being alone in a crowded street had me worried.

For fully five minutes I stood propped against the wall, and I was still gripping my hat when I heard the jingle of coins in it.

Someone had mistaken me for a blind beggar.

Then I heard a familiar voice and felt a guiding arm. My friend's husband led me up the stairs to their flat and my sight gradually came back.

The four pennies which were in my hat are cherished possessions to this day.

5/- to Miss D. Derwent, Bruce St., St. Kensington, Sydney.

Murray River Wreck

MY husband, small son and myself set out on a trip down the Murray River, intending to be away for over a week, and go right through to Adelaide.

At 2 o'clock on the morning of the second day out, the boat struck a snag which tore a large hole in her below the waterline.

The 20 passengers were awakened while an attempt was made to stop up the hole, but in the end the captain was forced to run his boat aground.

The lights went out, and although we had hurriedly collected our belongings we had no time to dress, and had to tumble ashore in dressing-gowns and slippers.

In 13 minutes from the time of the alarm, the boat sank at the stern in 25 feet of water. The bow was out of water, and was held in that position by ropes tied to trees.

When daylight came we sorted out our belongings from various heaps, and had breakfast off one loaf of bread and some watery chups which the cook had fished up from the galley—he had borrowed shorts to swim off and dive for them.

About noon motors arrived and took us in to Mildura.

5/- to Mrs. K. Roy, William St., Sydney.

Lucky Move

FOUR other men and myself were working in the Pt. Gormet gorges, loading stone from under an overhanging cliff, when one of the gang noticed that a fine dust was descending from near the top of the cliff and suggested that we move out. The others were not agreeable, so we went on working.

Presently there was a rattle of small stones which suggested danger and I drove my truck out. The other men followed and we had just stopped the engines of our lorries when, with a great roar, about 400 tons of stone crashed right where we had been working.

Peeling thankful at our escape, "The Lucky Five" took a ticket in a lottery and won £5.

5/- to E. Gersch, c/o Highway Rd. Camp, Port Augusta, S.A.

Under Fire

WHILE holidaying with friends in a small township in the Goulburn Valley I went for a walk and discovered an attractive little path through the bush.

Spying some gumtits which took my fancy, I wandered off the track further and further into the bush until shots began to rattle round me through the trees and bushes.

There was a clearing ahead, and I ran for it to be greeted by furious yells from a number of men as soon as I reached the open.

Small wonder! I was almost in line with a target used for rifle-range practice.

I did not wait for explanations but took to my heels.

5/- to Miss V. M. Wiles, Ross St., Ivanhoe, Vic.

Horse Sense

AFTER helping my stepfather move a mob of young bullocks out from Goomborian—a trip that involved an overnight stay—I was given a strange mare for the return journey.

Despite her freshness she behaved well until, having missed the turn-off to our road in the darkness, she suddenly propped and refused to cross a bridge over a well-filled creek.

Neither whip nor coaxing could induce her to go forward. In fact, every time I applied pressure she snorted and ran back.

While still wondering what to do I heard the faint tinkle of a horse-bell and cooed. A man answered the call and I told him I could not get my horse to cross the bridge.

"Just as well," he answered. "There's a huge hole in the middle of it."

A detour of two miles was necessary to regain the road for home.

5/- to Mrs. E. Smith, Widgie Creek, Woolloga, Kingaroy Line, Qld.

Friendly Blacks

WHILE living in the outback in West Australia, my six-year-old brother and myself, then aged ten, wandered into the bush and after picking a bunch of wild-flowers, found we were hopelessly lost.

We were almost frantic, especially when we saw some blacks approaching. Luckily they were friendly abos, who often called at our home, and

were always given "tucker" and old clothes.

They recognised "little missie" and the "little white boy" and were taking us home when we were met by a search party who rewarded our black friends well.

5/- to Miss Jan Cowderay, c/o Post Office, Oakleigh, Vic.

SEND IN YOUR STORY!

ALL readers are invited to contribute to this page.

Set down simply the most outstanding incident in which you have been concerned. It does not matter whether it be tragic, humorous, or eerie, but it must be **AUTHENTIC**.

A prize of £1/1/- is awarded for the best Real Life Story each week, and 5/- for others published.

Write your letters legibly on one side of the paper, and address them: Real Life Stories, The Australian Women's Weekly. The full address will be found at the top of Page 3.

Septic Germs Lurk Everywhere

The Least Scratch will let them in!

Why do surgeons take such elaborate precautions in the operating theatre? Because they know that septic germs lurk everywhere. You cannot see them; they are so small that a pin point can carry a vast army. And you never know of their invasion until inflammation and festering start. To leave healing to chance is to run into danger. Remember the sign and the slogan—**SAFETY**

FIRST. Put them into practice by keeping a tin of Cuticura Ointment handy and using it promptly on all Cuts, Scratches and Abrasions, however trifling. Cuticura Ointment kills septic germs and repels them. No germ can get into a cut once Cuticura is applied. No germ can live in contact with Cuticura. It gives you the protection of the best antiseptic, PLUS great healing power.

A touch of Cuticura Keeps Germs Out!

Use Cuticura Ointment to relieve and heal
Ulcers, Boils, Pimples, Abscesses, Eczema, Bad Legs, Cuts, Burns, Festering Sores and Itching Eruptions of the Skin and Scalp.

1/3 and 2/6 a tin.

BUY IT TODAY AND BE PREPARED!

Use Cuticura Soap for cleansing Skin Injuries and Skin Eruptions. It contains valuable soothing and antiseptic properties. Its extreme mildness makes it an ideal cleansing medium for sufferers from skin troubles.



Cuticura
OINTMENT

Maybelline makes eyes look



larger and lovelier

It's simple to add glamour to your eyes—make them brilliant, irresistibly lovely. Just a touch of MAYBELLINE to the lashes—and no matter how thin and colourless they are, they will magically appear to be long, dark and lustrous. Smart women all over the world insist on MAYBELLINE—apart from adding to their charm, it is absolutely safe. There are no dangerous dyes in MAYBELLINE. It is non-staining and tear-proof. Black, Brown and Blue.

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3-in-One Oil
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**CLEANS
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The
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And Stop Limping

LEG ACHES and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Painful swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, piles disappear, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto; the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

Not a Drug, But a Vital Cell-Food!

You naturally ask—What is Elasto? This question is fully answered in an interesting booklet which explains in simple language how the Elasto acts through the blood. Your copy is free—see offer below. Suffice it to say here that Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which must be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumen to form organic elastic tissue, and thus enables Nature to restore elasticity to the broken-down and desiccated fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal circulation, the real basis of sound health. Prepared in small, delicate tablets by a special process, Elasto dissolves instantly on the tongue and is absorbed directly into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood.

Every sufferer should test this wonderful new biological remedy, which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the

system a new health force, stimulating the growth of new, healthy tissue-cells to replace worn-out and diseased tissues, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own powers of healing. Elasto is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised. For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantages of this modern scientific remedy which has cost thousands of pounds to perfect.

What Users of Elasto say

"No one of various years now."
"Completely healed my varicose veins."
"Rheumatoid arthritis gone; I have never felt better."
"Various pains quickly healed after 12 years of constant suffering."
"Elasto has relieved my sciatica."
"After much long suffering with sciatica."
"I am free from rheumatism and arthritis."
"My heart is quite sound again now."

Send for FREE Booklet

Simply send your name and address to ELASTO, Box 1332 E. Sydney, for your FREE copy of the interesting Elasto booklet. Or better still get a supply of Elasto (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist to-day and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores every where. Price 7/6, one month's supply.

Elasto will save you pounds!

Books

Reviewed by ESME FENSTON

G. B. LANCASTER'S new novel, "Promenade," is a rich, vivid book, with a family saga told against a background of New Zealand's lively history.

THE writer of "Pageant," G. B. Lancaster, has taken a still broader canvas, the story of New Zealand, for her new work, "Promenade."

There is romance aplenty between its covers, fascinating women and handsome men, live, full-blooded people, fighting to wrest a new country from the proud Maori race.

To this turbulent business of pioneering, Peregrine Love brings the Love family, country squires ruined by the aftermath of the Peninsular Wars.

Not that Peregrine is the apparent head of the family. Sir John Love is that, but even in his own house he wouldn't browbeat his lean, dark, elegant brother who is organising the trek to the unknown.

Out he will take them all, his brothers, the bluff old soldier, Major Henry, and young Jermyn, the untied boy; Sir John's flamboyant wife, Caroline; his own fifteen-year-old wife, Sally, and her orphan sister, Darien.

Sally has put away her dolls to marry. She isn't quite clear why she should, but Aunt Matilda and Mr. Love between them have arranged it.

So begins Sally's fifty years of the virtuous promenade of wifehood beside the cold, ambitious Peregrine who chose her as a suitable mother for his sons.

Duty holds her to that loveless marriage, against the urgent wooing of Jermyn.

Her faith is simple. Jermyn she will have in eternity if she does her duty by "Mr. Love" in this life.

There is a sweet soundness in Sally, a fine courage and an underlying strength that glow through her quiet submission to the inflexible will of "Mr. Love." Some essential peace and beauty within herself escape the blight of his domination.

OF what different stuff is her sister Darien. She owns a sublime selfishness that encases her like a shell, providing complete protection from the slings and arrows of life.

Jermyn she loves as much as she could love anyone but herself, but being unable to raise even a flicker of interest on his side she gaily marries insignificant Lord Calthorpe, whose only attraction is his title.

His death leaves her quite unmoved—merely irritated by the debts that were his only legacy.

But now money becomes her goal. She who had been the toast of the land dons high boots and short skirts to wrest a fortune from animals and the land.

Compact of heartlessness, greed, beauty and common sense, Darien is

BOOKS TO READ

"I CAUGHT CRIPPLEN."

Ex-Chief Inspector Walter Dew. The man who caught England's most noted murderer tells of gruesome cases. Not to be taken at bedtime!

"BRING THEM UP ALIVE."

Reginald Turner. A most unusual novel about public school life.

"EVERSLADE" W. R. Maxwell.

Readable yarn of village and country life.

not unlike Beatrix O'Hara of "Come With the Wind." You cannot fail to admire her energy, her unscrupulous scheming, her vigorous lust for life.

There is great beauty in that part of the book dealing with the adolescence of two of Sally's children, Roddy and Tiffany.

Roddy's love for a half-caste girl and a half-caste boy's love for Tiffany hint at the tragedy of mixed blood, but Miss Lancaster has not made this a major issue in a very full story.

Tiffany loves a worthless soldier and is betrayed by love, in her youth, but later she finds happiness—a rather pedestrian happiness—with a conventional English landowner on the rolling plains of the South Island.

Along with these major characters there are many nices and cousins and aunts of the Love brood. Before the story ends there's a third generation of young Lovels wedding.

All of them move in the march of history, for behind these stories is the story of New Zealand's growth. Proud Maori chiefs fight magnificently for their rights, heroic against impossible odds.

Governor Grey tries to give them justice, to unravel the intricacies of their land titles fairly, while the greedy settlers revile and oppose him on all points.

The English pioneers struggling to establish new England of the South find themselves creating something really new.

A different race and a different outlook appear in the younger generation, leaving the older bewildered by its own creation.

There is perhaps too much in this book. The human story and the history could be woven a little closer, for at times we are conscious of one side of the story interrupting the other.

"Promenade." By G. B. Lancaster. Angus and Robertson. Our copy from the publishers.



ALISON McDOUGALL, Australian author of "Wind in Spring."

An Australian Romance

ALISON McDOUGALL has given us a fine story in her new novel, "Wind in Spring."

It is the tale of an Australian girl, Freda Ewing, who does what so many of us want to do—set forth for London to seek our fortune there and see the world on the way.

The book is sincere in its appreciation of all that is best in Australian life and honest in its assessment of our weaknesses.

It suggests that there is more than sunshine in Australia, that there is something here for the intellectual if his outlook is not entirely selfish.

Freda Ewing meets in London a writer, Jeffrey Arnold, who is attracted by her quick intelligence.

Spain on the verge of civil war is the scene of their first months together, and Freda finds her heart full of ready sympathy for the peasants of Spain.

Art Comes First

JEFFREY is merely surprised that she should be harrowed by such questions. To him, art is all that matters; the people and their wrongs scarcely count so long as art is free to flourish.

Australia changes Jeffrey into a more human creature. By way of a change and holiday, Freda persuades her husband to come to Australia, where he is at first disgruntled and unhappy, missing the intellectual stimulation to which he was accustomed in the literary and artistic circles of his life in London.

He begins by being unpleasantly superior, but gradually the virility of this new land stirs him.

He slowly comes to realise that here, no less than in London, is work he can do.

Miss McDougall draws men better than women. Freda is just a little too subdued to be quite real, but Jeffrey is convincing in his consistent selfishness.

This book is a worthy addition to the growing list of good Australian novels.

"Wind in Spring." By Alison McDougall. Angus and Robertson. Our copy from the publishers.



AUDREY LUCAS, daughter of the late E. V. Lucas, and author of "Old Motley."

A Quaker Plays Romeo

THE theatrical life of London a century ago is vividly recreated by Audrey Lucas in her absorbing novel, "Old Motley."

Charles Baron horrifies his family and friends by announcing his intention of going on the stage. His strict Quaker father casts him from the door, his sweetheart explains that gentlemen "don't go on the stage."

His craze began when he watched the great Madame Vestris from a seat in the pit at Drury Lane at the age of 11.

He is 18 when he meets her again and she offers him a stage future.

The latter half of the book, with its famous stage people and the bus of theatrical life culminating in Charles' big success as Romeo, is full of movement and interest.

The earlier half, which provides the Quaker background and the story of Charles' childhood, is a little too sober and too long, but the character drawing involved is shrewdly accurate.

Particularly fine is the portrait of Charles' step-sister, Margaret, who denied her love for her cousin Daniel because she was unwilling to lose Charles to the mercy of his strict father.

When Margaret loses the brother for whom she gave up her chance of marriage, her natural sweetness changes to vinegar.

John Baron, the Quaker father, is another wonderful study, and Emily O'Brien, the Irish girl who marries Charles in his poverty is a real woman. "Old Motley." By Audrey Lucas Collins. Our copy from Dymock's.

A fortunate disappointment..



WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Astrological Research Society

The hearts of Leo people are the most important parts of their bodies... in more ways than one.

LEO is astrologically symbolised by "The Lion," representing the natural courage, strength of character, and high pride of these people. They feel like rulers and generally act like them. What is more, they really do make excellent leaders and organisers.

Leo has rule over the heart and the back of the human body, so that Leonians can always expect the heart to figure largely in their health and affairs. It endows them with great capacity for love and loyalty, and encourages them to fight on behalf of those they love, though the whole world be against them.

The Leonian loyalty is a valuable possession to win, and will seldom be taken from the recipient while such a person remains upright, reliable, and affectionate.

The heart also accounts for most Leonians being natural flirts. They seldom go through life without experiencing many small, attractive, and exciting love affairs, and at least one mightily romantic and important one.

Most Leonians (those born between July 23 and August 24) will contend that they are not flirts at all, and, once they find their true mates, this proves correct. But until that time they are so keenly anxious not to lose their chances of a grand and romantic love affair and marriage that they unconsciously encourage the attention and affection of people of the opposite sex, and are genuinely surprised when they find just how serious the other person has become.

This is the reason why many folk belonging to this sign become entangled in divorce proceedings, breach of promise suits, and broken engagements.

Heart Worries

FROM a purely physical point of view the hearts of Leonians bear watching, for when ill health attacks them they usually suffer or give cause for worry. The majority "enjoy" a weak heart at some period of life, yet very few finally succumb to that particular disease.

The truth is that these people are truly "lion-hearted" in youth, and, therefore, inclined to attempt too much, and often strain the heart unnecessarily. If illness attacks them, their courage and confidence incline them to struggle instead of resting quietly, and thus the heart has to bear an unfair burden.

Leonians would be wise if they realised the foolishness of this attitude, and gave in to their ailments before the heart becomes strained, not afterwards.

Finally, the Leonian heart does some funny things when it comes to the affection of Leo parents for their children.

Of all the signs of the zodiac, they are the most inclined toward child-worship. Their children are potential gods and goddesses, and often re-

ceive so much parental love that their lives are ruined.

Leo parents must strive diligently to overcome this tendency to spoil their children, for it usually results in trouble—and more trouble.

Moreover, a Leonian mother is apt to give affectional preference to her children rather than to her partner. The result is often a saddened, disappointed and broken-up marriage, with the poor Leonian husband wondering what it is all about, since love of the children and attention to the family life seems to be the only fault.

It should never be forgotten that a partner can fiercely resent the child-preference, and grow both jealous and lonely.

Leonian children are all potential leaders and should therefore be carefully reared and educated. But, above all, they must be taught self-control.

The Daily Diary

TRY to utilise this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Get all important matters started or finished on August 21 (after 3 p.m.), 24 and 25 (to dusk). Be confident and energetic. The stars favor you then.

Taurus (April 21 to May 21): Live very quietly on August 23 (evening), 24 and 25 (to 4 p.m.). But expect a change for the better in your affairs on August 25 (night), 26 or 27. Plan to begin new and important ventures on these days for their chance of success is good. Make changes and seek advancement then.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Finalise important matters on August 20 and 21, for thereafter you must live quietly for some weeks to come. If you wish to avoid delays and difficulties.

CANCER (June 23 to July 23): Just fair on August 21 (evening), 22 and 23.

LEO (July 24 to August 24): Waste not the valuable hours of August 23 (after 3 p.m.), 24 and 25 (to dusk). Be energetic and seek to improve your affairs.

VIRGO (August 25 to September 23): Good times are ahead, so make plans now for changes, removals, promotions, new ventures, journeys and contracts. Work hard on August 25 (after 4 p.m.), 26 and 27, for matters started then should prove satisfactory.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 24): Quite fair on August 20 and 21 (to dusk only), for hard-working Librans.

SCORPIO (October 25 to November 23): Be extremely cautious on August 23 (evening), 24 and 25, for difficulties, annoyances, delays and upsets are likely to predominate in your affairs.

SAGITTARIUS (November 24 to December 22): Work hard on August 23 (after dusk), and on August 24 and 25 (to dusk only). Thereafter be most circumspect and cautious in all you do, for August 26 (night), 27 and 28 can bring you plenty of worry or upset. Avoid new ventures and change.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): Your stars are ascending, so give your splendid faculties for organising a chance to work for you. Plan changes, promotion, new enterprises and general improvements, especially on August 25 (after dusk), 26 and 27 (to 4 p.m.).

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): Take no risks on August 23 (evening), 24 or 25, for indiscretions and over-confidence can cause you lots of trouble. Live quietly then and avoid all changes.

PISCES (February 20 to March 21): Finalise all important matters on August 21 (after 4 p.m.), 22 or 23. Thereafter live cautiously and try to avoid all unnecessary changes or upsets for some weeks to come.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor, A.W.W.]



THE KING OF BEASTS "rides the high horse" for the Queen of the Arena. Although not altogether happy, Leo does not display any temper when he is put through his paces by his charming young mistress, who is the lion-tamer with an American circus.

TO MAKE
SAUCEPANS
SHINE

GIVE THEM
MONKEY BRAND'S
smooth scratchless
cleaning

Clean
SMOOTHLY
—preserves
the surface.

LEVER
PRODUCT

S.161.32

A WOMAN'S WORK IS *easily never* DONE

when she avoids the Dead-Point



"By the time I get the children off to school, the washing done, and the beds neatly made, I start to feel I've done a day's work already. . . . So I have a cup of Tea."



"It's the same in the afternoon. . . . Lunch over and the dishes away, there's ironing, sewing or cooking to do, but a cup of Tea about four o'clock keeps me going. There's no doubt, a cup of Tea works wonders."

No one can work efficiently once energy drops below the point where fatigue causes carelessness, mistakes, accidents. . . . Avoid this Dead-Point with Tea—the one drink that lifts vitality and restores energy quickly and safely.



TEA *revives you*



Get that little
EXTRA PLEASURE
Out of life

To get that little extra pleasure out of life in these busy, hustling days it behoves you to—KEEP FIT. Be full of vim, vitality and vigour! How? By simply taking Beecham's Pills. Try them for a week or more, until the whole system—liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels—is working smoothly and happily again. Then you'll find that the colour comes back to your cheeks, smiles replace frowns. You feel fit and are living life to the full. KEEP FIT!

BEECHAM'S PILLS
'Worth a Box'

LAURA was standing close to Alan. "The Rochester Square house is lovely," she began.

Alan said, "Laura, can't you picture what we'll make of this?" Laura looked troubled.

Mrs. Creswick said briskly, "My dear boy, I dare say you could make something of it, in a year or two, with unlimited capital. But you'd never get it ready in time for October, or furnished."

"If it isn't done, we'll go into furnished rooms," said Alan easily. "And we can live with a bed, a chair and a table quite efficiently."

Mrs. Creswick smiled. "A little difficult for entertaining! Why not come along with us now and see the Rochester Square house? I have the keys. And you must consider how good it will be for your business, Alan! It gives you a certain well, people know that just any-

body does not live in Rochester Square."

Alan turned to Laura. "Do you like it?"

"Oh Alan! I love it; but—"

He wanted to say, loudly, "Then we're going to have it!" Instead, he said, quietly, "You know, Mrs. Creswick, this is going to be a good investment. . . and I think it will amuse people to come and see what Laura and I have done with it. . . perhaps put a good deal of work in my way. . . these old converted barns, stables and so on, are the big bets of the future. . ."

Mrs. Creswick was quite won over. She had not thought Alan had it in him to be so sensible. Nor, in fact, had Alan.

The wedding was a town event; six bridesmaids, four child train-

Continued from Page 6

bearers, ushers, a small fortune spent on floral decorations, detectives to watch the wedding presents; "and I'd be glad if somebody'd pinch some of 'em," Alan thought grimly and he had not seen Laura, not really seen her, for days. It was always a dressmaker's fitting or a dinner-party for some rich old uncle who might one day die and leave them some money—"and I don't want it anyway, I can make my own," Alan said to himself.

But he stood up to it manfully, was the perfect bridegroom, smiled in all the photographs, said all the right things. When at last it was all over and he had Laura beside him in the car, it was all right; he was himself again. They took off

their hats and drove happily through the countryside.

He took Laura south, where they lay about in the sun all day, and Laura turned an exquisite pale gold, and grew so beautiful in the experience of happy love that Alan could never watch her enough.

And they came home in the golden autumn, to the barn that was beginning to be habitable, that had, as Alan had said, a bed, a chair and a table. "We'll spend the winter going to sales," he promised Laura. "Every stick and stone that goes into this house of ours has got to be perfect!"

BUT one day he came home and found the dining-room completely furnished, green carpet down, walnut suite, rich curtains, wedding presents on display.

Alan grew cold. "What is all this?" he asked Laura.

"Oh, darling. . . we've Sir Humphrey Beckett coming to dinner on the twentieth, and Mother said. . ."

Mother had said, had she. . . "Back they go," said Alan. "The whole lot." Then, meaning to shake Laura, he took her in his arms instead. "Darling, why?" he asked. "When you know what we want; what we planned?"

"But Alan, it'll be so long before we're straight at this rate."

"Does it matter? Haven't we got the rest of our lives?"

"And in the meantime, all the entertaining that we've got to do, that'll mean business for you, must wait?"

"I've done without it for nearly thirty years."

"Yes, but you're married now. It's different. We've got to be someone, get somewhere."

"Personally, I just want to be myself, and stay right here," said Alan quietly. "Isn't that what you want?"

"Oh yes, for now, Alan; but we've got to think of the future."

The furniture went back; and with many apologies for their piquety the dinner-party started. Rich Uncle Albert. Sir Humphrey Beckett. A cocktail party for the influential wedding present givers. A tea-party for those who had given presents less valuable. And then a big dinner-party. "And what," said Alan, "was that other?"

"Just a little one, Alan darling. We must give a really formal one now."

"Must we? Well, you know best. But will this have to go on, Laura?" Laura looked troubled. "But darling, it's to help you," she said.

Quite true. And it did. Laura, with Mrs. Creswick behind her, had got him more advancement in six months than he had bothered to get himself in a couple of years. But he did get tired of coming home, wanting an evening alone with Laura, to find he must change for dinner with the Becketts; tired of waiting to put his feet up on the mantelpiece and read, when they had promised to drop in to the Forresters for bridge; tired of planning something to do with Laura that could not be done because Laura had already planned something else.

In the spring, Laura, looking as if she had stolen the jam, came and knelt by him and told him she was going to have a baby.

He felt a little startled himself; he had never thought of its actually happening, only talked with a superb vagueness of the time ahead when a large, obstreperous family would be climbing the cherry trees. But he took Laura by the shoulders and looked into her eyes and said, "Darling, don't you want a baby?"

"Oh, I do; only Mother said—"

Alan asked evenly, "What did Mother say?"

Laura blushed; she had not meant to tell him. "Only. . . that she hoped we would not have a baby too soon."

ALAN breathed hard. Not to have a baby, eh, not to saddle yourself with responsibility until you've begun to make your way. . . He said lightly, "We'll have a baby next Christmas and the Christmas after and the Christmas after that if we feel like it. Won't we?"

Laura shook her head. "Not so close together, Alan," she said seriously.

The baby brought them just that respite, that time of quietness, that being alone, that Alan had not realised how much he needed. Mrs. Creswick had firm and somewhat early Victorian ideas about how long it was proper to go about. Alan thought it ridiculous, but said nothing since it gave him Laura to himself.

Laura grew prettier than she had ever been in the months of waiting, and changed, too, to a tranquillity which Alan loved; she did not manage him any more, nor say he must get up now, he mustn't go about looking like that, he must hurry or they'd be late for the Becketts. She stopped being a managing miniature of Mrs. Creswick and became just Laura. Alan realised, when it stopped, how like Mrs. Creswick she had been in the first months of their marriage. Now it had stopped, and he had determined it should never happen again, he could take it squarely and not really be afraid.

But Alan had not realised that a baby does not belong only to the man and woman who beget it. Two weeks before the confinement Mrs. Creswick moved in, having sent her husband off on a fishing holiday, and took over household management, phoned doctors, interviewed nurses, changed his house from a place of quiet into a rush of efficiency. It became a hospital. Alan fancied he could smell ether.

And Laura was as far removed from him as if they were not even living together. All day Mrs. Creswick told her to put up her feet, not to lift that, not to do this, to rest, to take care of herself, to sleep. All the time Mrs. Creswick said Laura must keep quiet, must not go into the garden, must not stay in the house. All the time she looked at him as if he had committed some crime. Presently Alan began to feel as if he had.

THE baby was a girl, born with great difficulty early one Sunday morning when their marriage was not much more than a year old. Mrs. Creswick came to tell him. "It's a girl," she said. "You can see Laura for a moment; but only for a moment. She's not fit—"

For the first time in their acquaintance, Alan nearly betrayed his feelings. "Don't worry," he said. "I shan't play a mouth-organ to her, or show off my tap dancing."

Childbirth had taken ten years from Laura's apparent age. She lay in bed, looking like a little girl, with her dark hair dusky on the pillow behind her. "Oh Alan, have you seen her? Isn't she lovely? Aren't we clever?" she cried excitedly.

Alan said they were more than clever.

And then it was nearly October, and their second wedding anniversary. Quite a long time ahead, Alan began to plan. They would move into Manchester for dinner, and see the new show which had just opened. He went to a florist's a week in advance to order Laura's corsage flowers. He phoned the Midland and explained at length what the table decoration was to be. And then, the night before, he came home and told Laura she was to be ready at five the next evening, in her newest evening frock, to make a celebration.

Laura looked at him with a worried expression. "Oh darling, but I can't," she said.

"Can't?"

"But you know we're going to Mother's. It's been arranged weeks. I told you."

Please turn to Page 37

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YOUTH O FORM

The Happy Captive

Continued from Page 36

"WELL, you're only got to explain. It's our wedding anniversary, we want to be alone." Laura wrinkled her brow. "You see, darling, Sir Humphrey Beckett—"

"Curse Sir Humphrey!" "Don't talk like that, Alan. We've got a lot to thank him for. And you could change the tickets, couldn't you?"

Alan looked at her queerly. "I could," he said. "Do you really want me to?"

"Oh, darling: if you wouldn't mind; you see, it'd be so difficult to explain to Mother—"

Alan changed the tickets. On his anniversary he behaved admirably, though fury smouldered inside him, and next day, with the changed tickets, he took his typist into Manchester for dinner and the theatre, and came home rather tight.

Laura behaved perfectly, making no remonstrances, betraying no jealousy; but when she was in bed, and thought him asleep, she sobbed so bitterly that Alan had not the heart to leave her unattended. He took her in his arms and told her three or four times that he had never had a more boring evening in his life, that he didn't care if he never saw Miss Meredith again, in fact if Laura liked he would sack her to-morrow.

"You won't do anything of the kind," Laura sobbed against his shoulder. "Why should she be out of a job just because we—oh, Alan, why did you do it?"

"Do you realise," he said, "that every decision that has been made since we were married, you and your Mother? Even in my work, it's hardly worth while to go after business contracts; you and your mother are always before me. You have in me—or will have, my darling, if you're not very careful—the epitome of the hen-pecked husband."

"Oh, Alan—" Laura sat up in bed and stared at him, her lashes stuck into sharp points by her tears, her cheeks wet. "Oh, darling, it isn't true, is it? I don't boss you? And arrange things? Darling, I'm not—I'm not one of those managing wives?"

"It only remains for me to grow a penumbra and carry an umbrella," he said to her. "He was laughing; but he was afraid."

THAT year they bought a car that was more expensive than they could afford because Laura said it would be an investment. The next year they had another baby, whom they called Michael. All the babies were being called Michael that year. Alan wanted to call him George, but it was all arranged, he was to be Michael, and his second name would be Humphrey, after old Beckett, who would love to be grandfather.

Years ago, Alan had pictured himself in the orchard with the children, playing about in a sandpit, climbing trees, getting dirty and not minding; but the children were always beautifully clean, under the wing of a nanny; the orchard was not much used by them; they went for nice walks.

And he had pictured summer evenings at the arched windows watching the moon rise over the cathedral green; talking a bit to Laura, or just

No More Coughing or Sleepless Nights

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not talking; long times of quiet that he and Laura shared. But the arched windows, most evenings, had their curtains drawn, and many sharp-faced, well-dressed women and their obedient men were drinking Alan's alcohol.

He didn't like the place any more. What was the good of living there in a manner that belonged only to Rochester Square? On an impulse of sudden, ashy disappointment, he said as much to Laura one night.

She said she was so glad, she had been thinking that herself, they needed somewhere higher now, where they could entertain better, and there was just the very house falling vacant in Rochester Square, in fact only yesterday she and Mrs. Creswick had seen the agent.

ONE night, when a somewhat stiff dinner party had left Alan very wide awake, as he lay in bed, he said to Laura, "Do you know, I had an offer of a job in New Zealand to-day?"

"Alan, you didn't!" said Laura sleepily. "What sort of a job?"

"Oh, just a job, designing houses and shops and a city hall. They're going to build a colossal estate outside a small town that's to be a much bigger town before it's a lot older, and they want the whole place planned, architecturally speaking."

"Alan—" Laura sat up in bed, looking about fifteen as she always did when her successful young matron clothes were off, and her hair out of its perfect wave. "You're not thinking of going, are you?" It was as if she said, "Not a white tie with a dinner jacket, Alan!"

Alan wondered why he hadn't seen it before; the way was perfectly clear now. It was the solution of all his problems. Perhaps his salvation.

"See if you can't get to like the idea, Laura," he said as he turned over and composed himself for sleep; and never, in many years, had sleep come so sweetly.

But Laura lay awake wide-eyed through the night; she hardly slept at all, though in the morning she was up early, alert, energetic, cheerful, as if she had forgotten their conversation of the night before.

When he got home that night, Mr. and Mrs. Creswick had come for dinner, and without very much preamble the onslaught began.

"You can't want to go out there, where you won't know a soul, and there'll be no public schools for the children, and—New Zealanders have such dreadful accents!" said Mrs. Creswick in horrified tones.

Alan laughed. "Do you know, I find the idea most attractive?" he said.

"You'll be getting more money?" asked Mrs. Creswick bluntly.

Alan smiled. "Considerably," he said.

Next day, Alan was interviewed by his chief. "I hear you've had an offer of a job abroad," he said. "We're pleased with your work, Abbot, and don't want to lose you. If it's a matter of money—"

Alan recovered as if from a stinging, physical blow. He said evenly, "I don't want you to think I'd gone behind your back. Of course, I'd have told you myself, if—when—"

—so do you mind telling me where you got your information?" Alan's chief looked surprised. "I imagined you must have talked it over with him," he murmured. "I heard it from Sir Humphrey Beckett this morning."

He'd known it without asking. Mrs. Creswick! To her the New Zealand job had only one advantage, it offered more money. So she had removed it.

And I must, very regretfully, tender my resignation," said Alan.

Before, he might have wavered, might have been persuaded. Now nothing could change him. He went straight home and told Laura unequivocally what he meant to do. "Try to like it, darling," he said gently, "I've got to do it."

Laura looked at him angrily. "What do you mean, got to do it?" she cried. "It isn't a matter of money is it, you'll get—"

Again Alan had that sickening sense of shock. "You knew about the phone call to Beckett then?" he asked quietly. "You'd arranged it together, your Mother and you?"

"Don't talk like that, Alan—of course we had to do what we could when you proposed something so absolutely disastrous!"

"Oh, I don't think that's really the right word," said Alan evenly. "I signed the contract this morning. We'll want to sail in a couple of

months. I'm afraid it'll mean a rush for you, dear, but I dare say you can manage it. It's fortunate we'd arranged to sell this place as it happens, isn't it?"

"Alan," said Laura, "if you go to New Zealand you go without me."

He had never expected that. He crossed the room quickly and took her in his arms. "Don't say such things, Laura," said Alan softly, "we love each other, you and I; we've made a mess of things so far, but here's a chance to start anew. Of course you're coming with me."

"Made a mess of things—" Laura repeated his words as if she could not believe them. "What do you mean, Alan? Haven't you been happy, then?"

"No I haven't; I've been damned miserable. Surely you know that. Laura! We can't be as close as we are, in love, and not know such a simple, obvious thing about each other." He was just as horrified as she, for the thought had never actually been formulated before; but he went on, doggedly. "We've been married five years, Laura; I'm well on the way to being a combination of lapdog and automatic provider. It isn't good enough, darling."

"But Alan, what is it you want?"

"Only to be myself for a bit."

"And what about me?"

"I think it might make you happier, too, if you'd let it."

Laura moved away, smoothing her frock. "I know you'll think better of it, Alan," she said. It might have been Mrs. Creswick speaking.

And the next night when he came home, Laura was gone. A note said, "I have taken the children to

did one say? "I'll always love you." "Thank you for the times when we were happy." "Please come with me."

The first she knew, the second was impossible, he would not ask the third again.

In the end he took a piece of paper from his pocket and wrote quickly, "Find someone better than me and be happy." It was like signing his own death warrant, but he gave it to the barman with a tip, and asked for it to be sent immediately, before he changed his mind, and cravenly begged her to do the only thing that mattered in the world.

He prowled the boat until long after dawn had broken; then, utterly worn out, he went to his cabin and slept like a log.

He woke suddenly, to the sound of sirens blowing, and thought, "It's over; it's done; I'll never see her again." He put his head into the pillow, and kept it there when his door opened. "Go away! Get out!" he said.

BUT somebody crossed the cabin at a run, somebody dug a trembling hand beneath his cheek and turned his face, and it was Laura. She knelt beside him and laid her cheek against his and her tears fell into his eyes; she was lovelier than he had ever seen her; she was angry; and she was afraid. "I won't go away! I won't get out!" she sobbed convulsively. "I'm here whether you like it or not, and the children are here, they're outside, waiting—Alan! Oh, Alan, you were going without us—you don't love me any more—there's somebody else." He tried to sit up, to speak, but she rushed on, shuddering as she spoke, "I don't care who it is, I won't let her—I won't let you—how dare you, how dare you send me a wire like this?"

She had it in her hand, and held it close to his face. Was that what brought her, then, the last resource that was meant only to be good-bye? "There will never be anyone else for me—never, never!—and if you ever dare—if you ever dare, Alan."

He did not explain or contradict. He was too happy for any words. Outside was the great scurry of leave-taking, the scream of sirens, the first movement of the waters, and they were off, they were away, while Laura cried against him, and clung to him, and kissed him. And was captive; and was content.

(Copyright)

GIRLIGAGS



"THE HEIGHT of a woman's happiness is the height of the best boy-friend."

Mother's. Perhaps you'll talk to me there, when you've come to your senses." Alan had no doubt in his mind that Mrs. Creswick had helped in the phraseology, if she had not actually dictated it.

He went on board the day before they sailed, on a grey afternoon with a chill wind blowing, a heavy sea lashing, the melancholy droop and fall of the year in the very dampness of the air he breathed. It was as good a place to kill time as any other, and he had a wish to be asleep, in his cabin, when the actual sailing was made in the morning. No sentimental last looks at the Old Country, no sad good-byes in the wan morning light. Better get the going over while he slept, and could not change his mind.

He asked the steward to see he was not called, ate a solitary dinner in a practically deserted dining-saloon, where a few passengers seemed to look at him in disapproval, as if they knew. He cut the last courses and went into the bar, ordering double whiskeys.

But he was in the mood of melancholy where no amount of alcohol takes effect. He leant up against the bar and tried hard to be amused by an exceedingly amusing cockney barman. It was nine o'clock. The time when Laura used to slip away from whatever she was doing, to see the children were all right, and tuck them up. He realised then that he and Laura had not said good-bye.

He must send her some sort of message at this last hour, and he did not know what to say. What



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The Road to Reno

Continued from Page 18

It wasn't pleasant bringing up the drag. You got all the dust there was. And that was plenty. And there was always some poor straggling brute to be punched and harried. Now they had checked again and began to mill helplessly so that Salt had hard work to hold them. Peering ahead into the uncertain light he saw Fortness ride up alongside a cow that had swerved away from the herd and now lurched clumsily to her knees.

Jon Fortness mounted on Jenny drove the bereft, unprotected cow back among the leaders. He patted the mare gratefully. She'd done her bit, standing like a rock in an uneasy sea. All the same he wished he'd left her in the remuda. She was too good to end this way. The men had had their choice. They could risk their necks or not. He hadn't asked Jenny. Maybe if he had she'd still have come along. She was that sort. That was why he had ridden her.

For all his bull-headed self-sufficiency he had felt very much alone and in need of her wise and faithful company. Well—he wouldn't let her suffer beyond reason. She'd have that pull over them all. He tried to speak to her. But his throat had dried up. There was no sweat on his body any more. He felt his flesh withering on his bones like a dead leaf. The herd was making a queer moaning sound that didn't seem to come from the herd at all. It seemed to rise with the dust out of the earth as though the earth were muttering to itself in fever.

He'd risked everything on this fool's gamble. He wondered why Salt hadn't laughed in his face and ridden off to join the rest of them playing cowboys in sleek safety. He must have lost his judgment. And now they were all lost.

He'd done what no sane man would have done—chased into the Bad Lands after stray cattle as good as dead. He looked them over, incredulous of what had happened to them. His herds—these scarecrows—his splendid blooded stock.

He had been proud of them. "You're too proud!" Great-Aunt Minerva had said, looking towards him with her bright blank eyes. "You'll break your neck." But he had laughed at her. She was proud herself. She might be blind and half-paralysed and incredibly old. But she was the daughter of a cattle king.

She had seen the great days. She could not see that they had gone beyond any man's recall. Jon's father, fighting like a steer, had gone down under her pride and she had waited, patient and contemptuous, for his son.

Only Jon knew how much her haughty confidence in him had driven him. He had added one debt to another to grade-up his herd. And this was the end of it—

Unless—His eyes cut out the possible survivors. They'd be so few at best that the winter's feed might hold out. Maybe the bank'd see a Fortness was a better investment than his land—He couldn't give up hope. He was too young for death or failure to be quite real to him.

Jenny, with a convulsive, scrambling effort, topped the rise. And so delicately was his temper poised between despair and hope that the next minute he could have shouted in sheer triumph. After all, his instinct at work beneath the confusion of weariness and thirst and hunger, had not failed him.

He gathered up the landmarks, piecing them together in a familiar pattern. Fortness, Cleft lay to his right, almost within a stone's throw. His grandfather had discovered it in just such another reckless throw as this, and so it had been named after him. It was an ugly place to be remembered by—a black narrow gash in the earth, too steep for descent and a death-trap for drifting cattle.

A QUARTER of a mile beneath was water. A subterranean river ran clear for a few hundred feet and then lost itself again in rock and sand. It was worse than a mirage. If the cattle sensed water now nothing would hold them. But the wind, like a breath from some gargantuan furnace, came from the desert.

It lay beneath him. And for a moment he stopped to contemplate its cities, its towers and minarets, and the sweet stretches of water shimmering in the deep purple distances. Usually he did not see these things. They were the worn-out tricks of an old enemy who did not know that men had grown wise to them. But perhaps he was light-headed. He saw them as the first thirst-cracked travellers had seen them.

He settled back in his saddle, moving the herd on faster.

The last sunlight had faded. Sharp-pointed stars danced in their places in the vast black ceiling and threw a huge centaurian shadow of himself on the sparse sage-brush. The cold, like an enemy that had lain all day in wait, crept out and shook him between its teeth.

Alongside the cattle moaned and shuffled. Salt and Cockeye were riding them down now. They made a solid phalanx moving on the



Feminine
and
Demure

BLACK AND WHITE embroidered net over a circular slip of crisp black tulle is chosen by Louise Campbell for her dainty dance frock. The surplice bodice has twin clips of rhinestones and rubies.

cracked and dusty flank of the canyon.

Lin Wong came out of the shadow of the wagon-lean-to. He bowed over his clasped hands, suave and serene as though the death from which they had returned was simply another of life's formalities.

"Supper all ready, Boss." Jon Fortness slipped from his saddle. He had wanted to clasp the old fellow in his arms to a gesture of boyish affection and relief. But he could match that damned Oriental casualness.

"Thanks, Wong. And we could do with it—"

Lin Wong had kept a little water. It was truckish and not enough for the men. There was none for the horses and cattle. And it seemed that they were all part of each other. The mute reproach of that suffering encircled Fortness so that his own temporary release from thirst and hunger became a new affliction. He could not sleep.

SALT was singing the cattle down. He sang to the herd as he slowly and cautiously encircled them. The song hadn't any special tune and the words made no sense. But it had a soothing monotony. Once the song broke off and Fortness heard Salt cuning and the brief scatter of hoofs.

Some poor brute had tried to make a break. Then the danger passed and everything was quiet again. Cockeye slept alongside. He didn't hear these sounds and silences. They didn't follow him, as they would do Fortness, into his deepest sleep.

Only he couldn't sleep. Not properly. The most that had happened was that his thoughts slipped their halbers and drifted hither and thither, back to places where he didn't want to go, to things he didn't want to remember. He remembered Bess as she had stood in front of him, robust, defiant and dead-sure of herself. "I'll do what I damned please," she'd said, laughing at him. Not maliciously. Good-naturedly as though he were a child making a fool of himself.

He'd been too bewildered by her indifference to everything that was vital to act sensibly. His temper—a wild dangerous temper that no one really knew of but himself—had halted with him. And then it had been her turn to stare as though he had been a stranger.

Things hadn't always been had that way. There had been the good days when they'd ridden together over the home-range. She rode as well as he did. She understood horses and cattle like a man. They came of the same breed. When his father and mother had died within a few days of each other everyone had said, "What are you waiting for?" Bess was just the sort to take a hand and help make a home and take care of Great-Aunt. He couldn't seem to remember what he had felt—only that it had seemed natural. And that he had been damned lonely and unhappy.

The Moors' ranch lay on the other side of the city in Washoe Valley. But they had known each other since they were kids. You'd have thought they'd have known each other so well that there wouldn't be a thing to find out. But marriage was like a high wall. You couldn't climb it. And then you found yourself in a strange new country.

Her voice overlaid Salt's singing. Her voice was like herself. It wasn't pretty. It was strong and rough and sure. But it did things. It got people all worked up so that they shouted and laughed over songs that weren't so hot . . .

When she found that out there was no holding her. "It's lucky one of us can earn the price of a meal ticket," she'd said. Maybe she didn't know the hurt she was doing him. She herself wasn't the kind to be hurt by anything.

He was only twenty-four. It didn't seem possible that everything was smashed up and finished. Things like that didn't happen to Fortness people. Next chance he got he'd be calm and reasonable.

Gill Meredith danced with Charles Crawshaw at the Savoy. In a few days she would be married to him. Some six thousand miles away Jon Fortness, who knew neither of them and to whom the Savoy meant nothing, slept in the open under a black sky. At least he must have slept after a fashion. It was as though someone had touched him warningly. In an instant he sprang full awake, knowing that danger had crept up on him. The stars had gone. The thick darkness blanketed down the fire so that it seemed without light or warmth.

Please turn to Page 40

Simple Way To Lift Corns Right Out

No excuse for cutting corns

Tender corns, tough corns, or soft corns can now be safely lifted out with the finger-tips, thanks to **Froxiol-Ice**, says grateful user.

Only a few drops of **Froxiol-Ice**, the new-type antiseptic treatment, which you can get for 1/2 at any chemist or store, is ample to free one's feet from every corn or callus without hurting. This wonderful and safe remover stops pain instantly, and does not spread on to surrounding healthy tissue. **Froxiol-Ice** is a boon to corn-burdened men and women.

WHY MUST I SUFFER FROM Bronchitis?

Is this the price I pay for growing old?



THERE IS NO NEED FOR US
TO SUFFER WITH BRONCHITIS
EVEN IF WE ARE GETTING ON IN YEARS.
SINCE I STARTED TAKING BONNINGTON'S
IRISH MOSS I'VE BEEN FREE OF
BRONCHITIS IN EVEN THE COLDEST
WEATHER. THE FIRST SIP BROUGHT RELIEF.



Why does Bonnington's Irish Moss give immediate relief to bronchial people?



**Bonnington's
Irish Moss**

Because only Bonnington's Irish Moss contains pectoral aymel of carrageen, prepared from a seaweed found on the coast of Ireland. . . . This pectoral aymel of carrageen flows straight to the mucous membranes, clearing away the germ-laden phlegm. These germs, or bacteria, which rapidly multiply when you have bronchitis, give out poisonous irritating toxins, causing that painful wheeziness which bronchitis sufferers know so well. . . . But you'll get soothing relief after your very first sip of Bonnington's Irish Moss.

1/9 a bottle—avoid imitations

Get immediate relief from bronchitis, coughs and colds, with Bonnington's Irish Moss

MIDENE is NEW-Different!



STOPS ALL PERSONAL PAIN IN 3 MINUTES

Don't suffer silent agony. This NEW Midene brings instant relief from Splitting Headaches, Periodic Pains, Sea-sickness, Neuralgia, Backache, Nerves, Colds and Influenza, Neuritis. Midene is effective and perfectly harmless. Packed in dainty new slide box containing a generous supply, sufficient for several months.

2/-
from all Chemists.

MIDENE

Prepared by DEEN



Mandrake the Magician



THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, with **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, takes a job in an American revue, run by **GRUNTZ:** Theatrical producer. He makes friends with **MARY:** A young dancer, and gets her a job in the same revue. He meets **LILLI:** Temperamental torch-singer, who takes a violent fancy to him, and is jealous of his interest in Mary. In order to get Mary out of the way, she plants her

valuable pearl necklace in Mary's dressing-room. Branded as a thief, Mary is dismissed from her job. Mandrake, however, suspecting the truth, finds her, with the aid of the police. Determined to prove her innocence, he decides to hypnotise her, saying that a person while hypnotised will not do a criminal act unless she would do it while normal. The officer in charge sends for psychologist Dr. Smith to watch that the experiment is genuine. NOW READ ON--



SO YOU INTEND TO USE HYPNOSIS TO PROVE THE INNOCENCE OF A SO-CALLED THIEF. THAT SHOULD BE INTERESTING IF IT WORKS.



YES



THAT'S QUITE CORRECT, BUT HOW WILL YOU USE THAT FACT TO PROVE THAT THE GIRL, MARY, DID NOT STEAL THE PEARLS?



SHE SEEMS TO BE COMPLETELY UNDER--LET ME HAVE A PIN--



THANK YOU, DOCTOR.



SHE IS COMPLETELY UNDER YOUR WILL. AND NOW--?



AND NOW--I'LL SEND HER TO LILLI'S ROOM--AND COMMAND HER TO STEAL LILLI'S PEARLS! IF SHE OBEYS--IT MEANS SHE STOLE THEM BEFORE!



BEAUTIFUL--PEARLS, MARY. TAKE THEM WITH YOU. YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED PEARLS LIKE THAT. NO ONE WILL SEE YOU. TAKE THEM.



--BUT I CANNOT TAKE THEM. THEY ARE NOT MINE. THEY BELONG TO LILLI. THAT WOULD BE STEALING. NO--I CAN'T--I WON'T--!



TO BE CONTINUED

BEHIND HER Slender Strength

THE NOURISHMENT OF WHOLE WHEAT!

Those vital food factors . . . mineral salts, vitamins, calories, roughage . . . are all present in Peek Frean's crunchy Vita-Weat Crispbread.

Vita-Weat is bread at its best. It gives you *slim* vitality, because—being free from unconverted starch—Vita-Weat controls unwanted curves.

Make Peek Frean's Vita-Weat your daily bread. The whole wheat flavour is delicious.



Put a toast rack of Vita-Weat Crispbread on your table at every meal. A 1-lb. carton costs only a few pence. Why not buy one to-day?



PEEK FREAN'S

Vita-Weat

CRISP BREAD

V. 19.3A

PLAN AHEAD

ARRANGE YOUR SUMMER HOLIDAYS NOW AND MAKE SURE OF A GOOD TIME

HOLIDAYS

ANYWHERE—ANY PLACE—ANY TIME

BOOK WITH YOUR OWN BUREAU

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Gorgeous sea trip with almost a week in Adelaide. Inclusive cost:
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From SYDNEY (31 days), £19/10/-
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Join our parties for an ideal time.
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From BRISBANE, 20 days, £24/2/6
From MELB., 12 days, £15/17/6
(From Adelaide on application)
Price from Brisbane includes accommodation in Sydney.

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At all prices to suit your needs and your pocket.
SAMPLE TOUR FROM ADELAIDE (18 days), £19/10/-
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Sample Tour Prices include Hotel Accommodation, Boat Fare, Car and Harbor Trips and two days' tour by car to Blue Mountains and Jerrilderie Caves.
14 DAYS in SYDNEY (including fares), £23/10/-
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Coolangalla, Riviera of the Sunny North . . . 15 days . . . £16/-
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do . . . 12 days . . . £11/3/-
do . . . 18 days . . . £12/3/-
SPECIAL—ACG. 55 . . . Canberra, Kangaroo Valley, Jervis Bay . . . 11 days . . . £10/15/-

XMAS PARTY TO COLOMBO

From Sydney £50. From Brisbane £51/5/-. From Melbourne and Tasmania, £47/10/-.
From Adelaide, £45. From Fremantle, £40.

Be Wise. Look Ahead. Write Now.

WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU

St. James Bldg., Elizabeth St., Sydney. MA4496.

SALT'S voice had dropped like a stone into a black pool. Fortness stood and listened to the silence. It wasn't right. It was as tense as an overstrained rope that was going to snap. All around him he could feel violence gathered together to await some signal.

It came, ripping the sky from end to end. Through the jagged tear a white hot light poured down briefly onto the massed herd. They were quite close. He felt the heat of their breath. It was as though someone else had taken command and had marshalled them against him. They looked larger than life and unfamiliar—like spectres of horned beasts which the earth had conjured up out of its ancient memories. Their lowered heads were turned in one direction, their phosphorescent eyes burning with menace and an immutable, deadly purpose. They seemed to be looking at him, but he knew that they did not really see him. They were staring at something in the distance which had signalled to them. The wind had shifted. They had scented water.

The thunder broke like a wild sea, wave after wave, crashing onto the mountains and receding with a dying roar into the distant canyons. The lightning struck somewhere near him. He kicked off his spurs and tossed away his gun. The darkness between the flashes was like a hand clapped over his eyes. Now he could hear Salt's voice yelling faintly against the tumult. But only by a miracle could they catch up with each other. He had to do whatever could be done alone. It wasn't much. Jenny knew as well as he did. They had to overtake the leaders and circle them back so that they milled themselves into exhaustion. He saw them by flashes.

They weren't his cattle that had plodded patiently through a waterless inferno under the goad of his dogged will. They had become a free, titanic force, welded together by one purpose. In a moment of revelation they had found their strength. And his helplessness. And they were quit of him.

Jenny knew where they were heading. She was trying to bear away, edging against the leaders. She came so close to them that Fortness felt the hot dangerous surge of their bodies. The fox-fire played along their horns that were like the branches of flaming, madly tossing trees. Fortness raced with them. He had no choice now. His aham authority had gone. They held him fast in their midst, pressing him as steadily, relentlessly towards their goal as he had tried to press them towards his. There was no escape—even if he wanted it. Maybe, at the bottom of his heart, he no longer cared so much.

A torrential rain came down. It came too late. It was not water that they wanted any more, but the end of things. They were taking him with them. They had him licked. So that he was licked on all counts. And that way he didn't care to live. The cleft must be quite close now. He knew by the levelling of the ground. A minute later the earth gave under Jenny's rear off-side hoof. The emptiness opened beneath them and he set his teeth, bracing himself for that final, breathless descent.

SALT and Cockeye and Lin Wong toiling up the washed-out flank of the canyon found him. He was lying on his elbow at the edge of the cleft, looking down intently. He did not lift his head, though Salt knew that he was aware of them. The sun was coming up and the quiet light rested kindly on his thick brown hair. It was as thick, Salt thought, as a beaver's pelt. He didn't seem like the Boss. He was just a boy who didn't care for anyone to see his face.

Salt peered over the edge, too. You couldn't see much. What you could see you didn't care to look at. Everything was very quiet.

He fumbled clumsily for words. "It's a die-up all right," he said. "Not hurt, are you, son?" "No—I guess not." "Where's Jenny?" "Gone. She pitched me off. I swear she knew—" His voice petered out. Salt said nothing. He'd met disaster often enough. This one had him loosed. After a minute Fortness stood up, looking at them each in turn with a sort of defiance. "That's that. I guess we'd better get along," he said.

"You can't pull the wool over my eyes," Great-Aunt Minerva told him later. "You're not a better man than I was, Fortness, and I couldn't have held 'em in a storm like that. I remember a time your uncle and I weren't out of the saddle for a

The Road to Reno

Continued from Page 38

week—" She turned her face in his direction, her eyes just missing his. "Well—where did they end up?" she asked.

"Somewhere at the bottom of the Cleft."

"All of 'em?"

"All of 'em."

"Hurt, aren't you?"

"A couple of busted ribs. Doc Macky tied me up."

"Ribs mend," she said. "I rode with a busted rib for a week and didn't know it. And we've been at the bottom of the Cleft before now and come up. You sit tight and wait. Maybe it'll be a war. They were saying over the radio last night they scallywag foreigners are 'behin' for each other's throats again."

He grinned at her. The grand old hellion. It was her fierce optimism, lordly visions of great, far-flung horizons, and crude, almost feudal power, that had driven his father in the boom days to extend his holdings—that had driven him with the depression to pyramid mortgage upon mortgage. He did not know how to tell her that the end had come this time. She had escaped it so often. She wouldn't even believe him.

"We've never been money-makers," she said. "We've not wanted to be. But we've been sticklers—"

He bent down and touched her cheek with his. For all her eighty-

On the crest of the Tenapah boom he had gone on a grand tour and had come back from Europe with culture, a life-size oil painting of Minerva in full Court-regalia, a stack of leather-bound volumes which he'd never read (Minerva knew them by heart), and some baronial notions of architecture.

The living-room with its high-pitched massive ceiling and huge stone fireplace had been his contribution. (Jon's father had added bathrooms and central heating in some tragic notion that by going modern he could check the avalanche.)

"Bess is in town," Cousin Mabby told him in a small, careful voice. "I saw her yesterday."

He managed to suppress a quick involuntary movement. He didn't know what he felt—except that it was a sort of shock through his whole body.

"Is she liked, too?" he asked bitterly.

"She didn't look it. They say she's made big money in San Francisco. I—I guess it's the divorce, Jon."

HE swung away from her and went out through the open window to the old-time limousine which Salt had set ready for him and which had been another desperate effort of the late Hatch Fortness to prove that he was an up-and-coming man. The open space in front of the Ranch House had been laid out as a garden by Jon's mother, and somehow he had kept it going with a bright patch of lawn and a strip of gay flowers. It was crazy to waste the time and strength. But he'd had to do it. She had been so set on her garden. Cockeye had taken a hand, and even Salt when none of the other men had been round to jeer at him.

The road to the town circled out of the hidden valley over a low pass and dropped to the level of the lake that was the last trace of great prehistoric waters.

It was a narrow dust-road, cut by washouts, and he had to go slow on account of the busted ribs. So that it was midday when he reached the city.

Please turn to Page 41

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food does not digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind distends your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel tired and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only makeshifts. A more bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, green, vegetable nature making bile for you. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

ACID STOMACH

Excess stomach acid is always responsible for complaints such as indigestion, heartburn, wind, and dyspepsia. This is needless when the remedy is so simple and economical. For quick, safe, and lasting relief take a small, teaspoonful of pure TWIN BODA in water or milk. Your chemist sells TWIN BODA for 1/6 or 2/6 per extra large packet.



Grandma says—

"Even when I was a girl HEARNE'S was the favourite remedy for Coughs, Croup, Colds on the Chest, etc. Now I'm 76 and it seems more popular than ever. It is pleasant to take and so absolutely safe because it does not contain any doxy drugs." 2/6—4/6.

Always insist on . . .
HEARNE'S
BRONCHITIS CURE

The Road to Reno

Continued from Page 40

over the stone fireplace and the old prints of the pony-express and coach hold-ups and Indian ambushes were cheap mementoes of a vigorous, authentic life that was dead and gone. The lean, pallid men and women leaning against the bar weren't even the descendants of a rough heartiness and joy of life that had justified the roulette-wheel whirling monotonously under the green-shaded lights as part of a lusty recklessness.

OLD LUIGI

rotund and blue-jewelled, came from a modern race of adventurers—a softly little man, battenning on a past that didn't belong to him.

"Glad to see you, Fortness. What's your order?"

"Thanks. I'm not drinking." "Maybe you're right. A man shouldn't drink when he feels like you look. Come round to my office. I got to talk to you."

They sat on either side of the flat-topped writing-desk and a Mexican in a white coat set a tall glass at Luigi's elbow. From where he sat Jon could see the scratch orchestra that played for its lunch and that had accompanied Bess that first night when she had sung here. Mostly the crowd didn't listen. They went on drinking and tossing away their money and whispering or yelling to each other. But first they listened to Bess because she was Jon Fortness' wife and everyone knew that he was shooting-mad at the whole show. And then they listened because she made them. He had seen her face through the weaving clouds of smoke. It wasn't properly familiar. It had had a sort of vigorous young wholesomeness. Now it had the look of a woman exultant in a suddenly revealed power.

"It's this way, Jon," began Luigi. "I make plenty money. You can't help making it in this fool place. But

what are you going to do with it? Put it in banks? They bust on you. Securities? They flop. What stays put is human nature. That's my bet. So long as men are men and women are women they'll want to clinch and they'll want to break away. This little old town has got the one-and-only stable industry and I'm backing it."

"What's all that got to do with me?" Jon asked, tired out and contemptuous.

"This way. You're broke. You don't have to ask how I know. I've been waiting for it. And you're broke for keeps. The cattle game is phut. Might as well face it. But you've got the swiftest ranch-house in the country. You got tradition. You got history. You're good-looking enough to make the women think six weeks ain't long enough." He put a soft restraining hand on Jon's arm. "Easy now. It's this way—I'm going to take over the mortgages. I'm going to, anyhow. But if you're willing and have got sense I'll take you along, too. I'll tell you why. You're an asset. You're part of the show. All I want is interest on my money and a hand in the management. When the time comes—maybe in ten years—you can buy me out."

Fortness drew back, trying to slip out of reach of the final blow. He'd never felt really beaten until now.

"A dude—" "Sure. Knock all the other dude-ranchers flat. The real stuff. People from all over the country—all over the world, maybe—the big spenders. You don't have to do a thing. Fortness, but stand round and look like a God-fearing, honest-to-goodness cattleman."

"You got Bess—" Fortness said bitterly. "Now you've got to have me."

"I haven't got Bess—I haven't got to have anything except good business. You're free, white, and twenty—like she was. If you want to be a fool there ain't no one to stop you. But I'm giving you what I gave her—a chance and a square deal."

Please turn to Page 42

Nurse Recommends WINE OF LIFE

Mrs. Johnson had been feeling wretched for months past, but as she said to the nurse who had been called in for a "case" next door—she just couldn't afford to rest.

"True," replied the nurse, "but can you afford to buy a really fine tonic? Your whole trouble is just getting hopelessly run-down with years of work. Your blood has become poor and your strength naturally is just dwindling away day by day. What you need to put you right on your feet again is Wincarnis. I've proved it again and again."

Mrs. Johnson sent for a bottle of Wincarnis and, as nurse advised, took it regularly. In a few weeks she was a new woman. No hopeless tiredness at night—no jittery nerves. Healthy people are never nervous or irritable—they feel cheerful and radiate happiness. And that's the very kind of health Wincarnis brings. It must, because Wincarnis is made from prime beef extract, vitamin malt and delicious matured blood-building wine.

Wincarnis builds up rich, red blood cells and makes you feel years younger. Get all the fun and laughter you can out of life. Let Wincarnis bring back your health and strength. But be sure you get Wincarnis, for, although you may be tempted with cheaper products, remember—there is only one Wincarnis—the product with only quality ingredients—the product that is waiting to bring you priceless health.

STOMACH AILMENTS

Stomach pain occurs and is relieved by taking food only a few hours later—otherwise, the patient cannot be fed at intervals of only two hours as this overloads the stomach and results in further trouble. The safe remedy is a teaspoonful of pure TWIN SOLVOL before each meal. It cures rapidly, this brings the digestive system back to normal. Buy a 1/8 oz. packet from your chemist and try it to-day.

HE slid into a smart parking-place and went up a steep narrow stairs to Jesse's offices. His people had been trappers before the first lurch had crossed Black Rock Coast. He'd been a good friend to Jesse's father and mother. As a kid Fortness could remember driving up in his swanky car for a week-end and how pretty Elizabeth Fortness had looked, standing at the Ranch-House steps to welcome him. She always wore her best dress when Jesse Lawson came and things had seemed brighter and more hopeful. Jon's father, hovering in the background, had looked at grey and dead like a sapless tree.

"You can go right in, Mr. Fortness."

Lawson got up from behind his desk and held out his hand. For all its seventy years he was still a handsome fellow, lean and dark as Indians from whom he was descended, with a shock of iron-grey hair and eyes sharp as a bird's. He laid Jon's hand in a quick, firm grip.

"Well—it's been hard going, Jon."

"How'd you know?" "The old grapevine telegraph still functions. And nothing travels faster than bad luck. Except good luck. And that doesn't travel so often. You're not the only one either."

"It doesn't help much." "It makes things worse. The back is in one grand pain!"

Fortness sat down opposite him. Whatever happened he wasn't going to show how scared he was.

"They don't need to be—if they keep their heads. The country's all right. We shall come back as we've done before. They've just got to give us time."

"They can't. They've been too optimistic—like the rest of you they've had too much faith. They've miscalculated just as you have, on the point. But the future's going to be different, Jon. I guess there aren't going to be any more Big Bonanzas, no more big strikes for anyone. It may be a good thing—"

Jon kept his eyes fixed on his drooping head lying on the table. It looked reassuringly strong and confident.

"I wasn't reckoning on big strikes. We never did. Just on hard work and fair luck."

"But the big strikes played your game."

"You mean the bank won't renew."

"Can't. They have their deposits to think of—"

"They've backed the sheep-men."

"Within limits. And then again sheep-men don't seem to go quite so haywire. Don't overreach themselves." He broke off. And then went on earnestly. "I'm darned sorry, Jon. I've done everything I could. Argued that you've had a raw deal—which you have—and that your sex has always come out on top. The worst of it is that under the new Act a lot of land is going to be leased out to new men—"

FORTNESS remained silent, and after a moment Lawson looked up at him. "Old Luigi's been round. He's got what he calls a proposition. Now at quiet. I know your feelings but I don't respect them. They don't make sense. You've got a hate on Luigi because you think he's to blame about Bess. But from his angle he did her a good turn. He gave her a chance—"

"To smash everything—"

"She doesn't see it that way. And I guess she knows—"

"You've seen her—?"

Lawson glanced at the clock. He said gently—

"I'm going to—"

Fortness stood up.

"Then I'll get out—there's nothing more to be said anyway—"

"Yes there is. Drop in and talk to Luigi. And don't be bullheaded. He's honest, after his fashion. You don't seem to understand that there are all sorts of fashions and that they change—"

"I guess I don't—"

"You'll learn."

When Fortness saw who was in the waiting-room he pulled a grimace and closed the door quickly. That was bad luck. But the situation was not of his making and he didn't have to face it—

Fortness wouldn't have recognised her except for the jolt at his heart. Her back was towards him and at first sight she was just another smart woman with her high-heeled shoes and a bit of fur round her neck, and a crazy little hat. When she turned it was like a picture that a child had painted up—more color on her cheeks, a violent red on her mouth. Her eyebrows hadn't been fine and arched like that or her eyes so bright. But she was as stockily-built as ever. She hadn't been able to doil the honest strength out of her body.

SHE said, "Hello, Jon!" quite casually and good-humoredly as she had done when they'd been just friends, and as though the harsh sweetness of their intimacy had never been at all. "You don't have to look as though I were a rather mouldy ghost," she said.

"I knew you were in town. If I'd known you were going to be here—"

"You wouldn't be. I'll bet on that. Just as mad as ever, aren't you?"

"I've not changed, if that's what you mean."

"And that sets you up, too. Everything else changes. But not a Fortness. Sort of rock of ages. Oh, I'm not trying to be mean. I've no reason. I'm on the up and up. I've nothing to complain about. And to-day we'll be quit of each other—"

He said nothing. He was looking at her steadily and she raised her eyebrows. "Didn't our pet landshark tell you? It's my day in court. I'm going to swear between sobs that you treated me like a brute. You did, too, Jon. A husband that doesn't like his wife's singing is a brute. The Judge'll agree to that as soon as look at me."

He thought, "She's picked up all their smart-aleck talk."

"I don't care what he agrees—"

He was flushed and floundering for words. "It's what I agree to—"

"Does that mean you're going to fight? It won't be a bit of good. You couldn't pick a hole in the case."

"I'm not trying to. Only it won't make any difference. Not to me. You're my wife. That's what you'll be till one of us is dead—"

She threw back her head laughing.

"Then I'm going to be a bigamist—"

"That's up to you." He had meant to be reasonable, if he got a chance. But he hadn't got a chance. There was no sense in saying "Come back!" when there wasn't anything to come back to. He wasn't going to crawl to her to stand by now that he was beaten. He hadn't a thing left but his word and his own unchangeableness.

Fortness hated Luigi's place with its dim lights and its fake masculinity. The buffalo-horns hung

A WOMAN'S PLACE IS IN THE HOME!
A WOMAN'S WORK IS NEVER DONE—



SOMETIMES HER HANDS SHOW HOUSEWORK STAINS
(THE CAUSE OF MUCH DOMESTIC STRIFE)



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AND HAVE HER LITTLE BIT OF FUN



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HER HUSBAND'S DARLING, Dainty WIFE.



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NAME

BIRTH DATE

The Road to Reno

Continued from Page 41

JON PORTNESS didn't answer. He sat slumped in his chair, so quiet that Luigi wondered if he'd been listening. But he'd listened all right. And he was thinking fast.

He sat up straight with a quick, resolute movement. He said, grinning:

"Looks like you win, Luigi!"

AS Gill Meredith she'd been so sure of herself.

But as Gill Crowsley she wasn't so sure. There were odd little factors, not significant in themselves, but added up they made a disturbing if undecipherable total. She didn't know what it meant, but she felt sure that one day she would have to know.

Her husband was kind and considerate. He didn't seem to want anything of her except that she should look beautiful in the kind of clothes he liked—strange, expensive clothes that weren't really her style—at least not the style of the person she thought she was. She had only to express a wish and it was immediately and lavishly gratified. Only the gratification had always his own peculiar twist to it, so that she often wished she hadn't wished at all. She'd wanted a dog. That was soon after they landed and she'd been thinking of Long Royal, which she knew was at its loveliest in the first glory of autumn, and of

Bingo, whom she'd left behind with Peter and Dorothy because a pent-house, whatever else it might be, was no place for a bull-terrier. She'd wanted Bingo—not just any dog. Her wish had been the indirect expression of a fierce unacknowledged homesickness.

But Charles had gone right out and come back with something that he pulled out of his pocket. It wasn't what Gill had meant by a dog.

"She's called Mitzl. Inevitably," he informed her. "They say she's very intelligent." He tapped the small bulging forehead with a speculative finger. "We must see what can be done."

He set himself to train Mitzl—to win her. It was only gradually that Gill came to realize that even the dog had to belong to him and that teaching her his involved tricks was a sort of act of possession.

She thought of Mitzl the night that they gave their first home-coming party. It was Charles' home so it was hers, too—just as these people who were his friends would, she supposed, become hers. It didn't seem probable. Just because they were Charles' friends they couldn't give anything to anyone else. He wouldn't want them to. They were like Mitzl, only they'd long since given up fighting—if they'd ever fought at all. They liked sugar. And he fed them all the sugar they could eat.

They were like Mitzl, too, in their expensiveness. They were like everything in the huge dim living-room—a precious, odd, confused collection. It was as though everything beautiful or strange or valuable that Charles had laid eyes on he had had to make part of himself.

Charles moved among his guests like a gracious, thoughtful host. He took Gill with him, his arm slipped affectionately through hers.

"I want you to know my friends, my very dear—"

And at whatever group he stopped he became the pivot on which they turned. They were like marionettes dancing from strings at the end of his slender, delicate fingers.

THERE was a small dance-orchestra on the gallery which led to Charles' private study. Gill had never seen the room. "Every adult should have the privilege of one locked door," he said good-humoredly. She hadn't cared. She had never pretended to love him, and she felt no possessiveness or need to touch his inner life.

But sometimes the closed door on the shadowy balcony worried her like a guarded pit, which one day might be unguarded and into which she might fall headlong.

They were beginning to dance. Charles danced with her, beautifully, and so long as it lasted she felt released and happy, not caring about anything but the rhythm and her



Latest Fashion Trend

A DAINTY evening frock fashioned entirely from white fringed with cut in short lengths to give a draped effect to the bodice, and cut into uneven lines to form the skirt, is worn by Olivia De Havilland, Warner Bros. player.

own youthful, lovely body moving to it. Other men danced with her. But when the dance was over they

drifted away as though they were bored and indifferent. She wasn't used to indifference. It shook her self-confidence. It bewildered her. She was thankful when Charles came back to her. "I don't want you to be lonely, dear—"

It was as though he knew what was happening and had anticipated it. He hadn't wanted the other men to stay with her. And they had known it. He fed them sugar. So they stayed away from what belonged to him.

They were drinking too, hurriedly, furtively, like people trying to escape undetected from a prison. Gill had never needed to drink that way. There had been nothing to escape from. Life had been gay and wild and exciting enough. Even being hard up was part of the fun. An adventure without difficulties and dangers wasn't an adventure. It was just a picnic.

PEOPLE were arriving all the time. And each newcomer turned an invisible screw, tightening the tense gaiety. A woman with sleek black hair and a thin white face in which the eyes and mouth were like holes cut in a mask stood in the doorway looking for someone. A pale young man lounged at her elbow, his face sullen and resentful, as though he were in pain, and was angry about it. His companion saw Charles and waved to him. He pressed Gill's arm against his side.

"Do you know her? Mrs. Bragdon. An amusing woman. The wit and mind of a middle-western hausfrau and the body of an Eastern heart. She's been trying to live down to it for years, and it's almost killed her. Come over with me—"

But she drew her arm free, and this time he did not insist. "You're tired, my dear—"

It was true. Stupidly, incredibly tired. How often she'd danced from sunset to sunrise and ended up clear-eyed at some hilarious breakfast party. And now she felt like a swimmer who has been battling against a strong, invisible current and can't go on any more. She was on the verge of childish tears. All about nothing. Everything was just as she had planned it. Charles had kept his word. By every mail Peter wrote her such glowing letters. He was making headway. Nothing definite yet. But Sir John had promised him a private secretaryship. Everyone knew that a young man under Sir John's wing was as good as Prime Minister. Long Royal was looking its best, as though it were happy to have its own people home again.

It had even consented gracefully to the bathhouse. Dorothy and he adored each other. Charles must be a magnificent fellow. There weren't many men who would stake their brothers-in-law to a career and a marriage. If only he'd keep up the good work for another year or two—Did Gill think he would? Peter was keeping a black book and a strict account. One day he'd pay back like an honest gentleman—which he really was, under favorable circumstances.

Suddenly and completely her sophistication deserted her. She was in an alien world. Like the rest of its strange inhabitants she had to escape somehow—

To Be Continued



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In 2 smart daytime and evening shades to suit YOUR individuality.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

August 20, 1938.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.

Page One

BRING BACK THE GLOSS to Your HAIR!

A series of simple home treatments as outlined in this article will do wonders for your crowning glory.

By EVELYN

At this time of the year hair conditioning treatments are essential, as the scalp usually has become somewhat devitalised and in need of nourishment.

What the average head of hair needs near the end of the winter season is a series of hot oil treatments, which restore its gloss and health.

Such treatments can be readily administered at home.

In giving the hair and scalp a hot oil treatment, the scalp should first be gently scratched with a blunt-toothed comb.

Then a thorough brushing should be given the hair in order to remove any loosened particles of dirt, grime and dead cuticle. And after this



RIGHT IN LINE with the new "upward" trend in hair styles, lovely Joan Fontaine, of R.K.O. Radio pictures, affects this coiffure for evening allure. A mass of deftly arranged ringlets is her "crowning glory," with a few wispy bangs in front. The hair is brushed softly back on the sides, and arranged in a neat vertical roll at back. A spray of three white camellias is caught far back on the right side.



WHAT A DIFFERENCE a change in hair styles can make to your appearance! Look at the pictures above. In one, Danielle Darrieux, Universal star, looks ever so girlish; wearing the other coiffure, now so fashionable for evening occasions, she looks smartly sophisticated.

PARTICULAR attention should be paid to a shampoo following a hot oil treatment if you would have your hair looking lustriously lovely. See article.

act directly on the oil and facilitates its removal.

Then rinse your hair with lukewarm water, repeat the lathering and rinsing, and continue this procedure until all the oil has been removed.

And, as the final step, use a lemon rinse, or a rinse composed of a pint of warm water and two teaspoons of baking soda, in order to remove any vestige of the oil, and to make your hair soft and fluffy.

Clever Camouflage

A FACE that is small can be made to appear fuller by clearing the forehead line and giving a centre part to the hair.

A perfectly normal forehead should be shown. A high forehead should be proportioned to the rest of the face by bringing hair over it.

For wide jawbones, hair permitted to lie rather flat against the cheeks is the remedy.

With eyes as big as stars and other features likewise prominent, it is essential to adopt a soft hair style, preferably one diagonally waved, as the transitional linea modify feature size and hardness.

Women with large heads should never "plaster" their hair. The heart-shaped face is almost as lovely as a pure oval. It can become more perfectly ovalised by bangs if the forehead needs lowering.

Hair matted around a neck makes a short person look dumpy; hair high adds inches to height.

A thin, scrawny neck shouldn't be exposed as the result is invariably a soggy, dead-fish look about the face.

if possible, so that the pores in the scalp will have sufficient opportunity to absorb the oil.

If this is impossible, the oil should be permitted to remain on for at least an hour.

Particular attention should be paid to the shampoo following a hot oil treatment in order to ensure satisfactory results. Otherwise it will be impossible to remove all of the oil from your locks.

This Is Important!

IN the first place, don't dampen your hair with hot water before shampooing.

Apply a good liquid shampoo directly to your hair first, and raise a rich lather with your finger-tips. This gives the soap a chance to

the oil itself should be applied.

There are two oils that may be used in giving the hair a hot oil treatment.

The first is pure olive oil, and the second is odorless castor oil. These oils are equally effective.

Either should first be warmed to blood temperature, then the hair should be parted at close intervals, and the oil applied to the scalp at each parting with a bit of absorbent cotton.

When the entire scalp has been covered, the oil should be massaged into the skin with the finger-tips.

Next, a warm towel should be wrapped about the head and the oil permitted to remain on overnight.



Jane Heriote
STYLES FOR THE NOT-50-SLENDER

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Vote outstanding Taste Experts after making Kellogg's now famous "Blindfold Test!"

"These are the people with the most cultivated palates in Australia. Tea tasters who can select the finest flavours from 200 samples of tea just as part of their day's work. Wine judges who can tell any vintage by a sip. Highly-paid chefs! So Kellogg's asked them to make their famous Blindfold Test!"

In this test you're blindfolded. Then you taste four popular flaky cereals including Kellogg's Corn Flakes. Each cereal is referred to by number. These experts made that Test. Their unanimous opinion after making the test—"Corn Flakes are much more delicious."

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JUDGING WINES FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS HAS GIVEN ME A KEEN SENSE OF TASTE. I IMMEDIATELY CHOSE CORN FLAKES IN KELLOGG'S BLINDFOLD TEST. MY PALATE APPRECIATED THAT MUCH RICHER FLAVOUR OF CORN, —

says MR. LEO BURING, FAMOUS JUDGE OF AUSTRALIAN WINES.



CONTINUAL TEA-TASTING, BOTH HERE AND IN THE EAST, HAS TRAINED MY PALATE TO QUICKLY APPRECIATE A FINER FLAVOUR. KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES DO TASTE FAR THE BEST, — SAYS MR. W. HOY, ONE OF AUSTRALIA'S FOREMOST TEA-TASTING EXPERTS



AT LAST IVE FOUND A BREAKFAST CEREAL THAT PLEASES MY WHOLE FAMILY. THEY ALL WANT RICHER-TASTING CORN FLAKES SINCE THEY MADE KELLOGG'S BLINDFOLD TEST!

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YOU ARE As Happy As YOUR FEET!



WISE WOMEN rest their feet as well as the body when an occasion presents itself. Note the sensible sandals Joan Fontaine, the lovely R.K.O. star, pictured above, is wearing.

Foot Disorders Affect the Health

PATIENT: My small daughter has developed callouses on her feet. What is the cause?

THE importance of care of the feet cannot be overstated. It is exceedingly important because disturbances of the feet often lead to other disorders.

Everyone will agree that a constant foot ache, if neglected, will in time spoil the finest disposition and make the day's work twice as difficult.

No doubt you will be surprised to learn that nine out of every ten adults suffer from some form of foot defect, and it is astonishing the number of schoolchildren who are victims of some foot disorder.

Neglect of this condition during

childhood results in serious deformity during adult life.

It is probable that many of the so-called "grouches" whom we encounter every day are victims of some foot disorder.

Their general disposition as well as general health would be improved if the foot defect were corrected.

At birth the feet of the child are usually as perfect as nature can make them. Yet, by the time the child is ready to go to school, the feet are often misshapen, showing bent toes and bone deformities.

Such disturbances are often traced to ill-fitting shoes or stockings.

Remember that children's feet grow rapidly. In fact, in certain age groups, a full size or more in growth occurs within a single month or two.

Ten years must pass before the foot and its arches are fully formed.

WHAT MY
PATIENTS
ASK ME
By A DOCTOR

and it takes 20 years for a foot to complete its growth.

Naturally the care given during early life will determine permanent foot health.

CHILDREN often suffer from red spots, blisters, corns and callouses, caused by thick, stiff, heavy or outgrown shoes.

When proper attention is neglected, bunions, weak feet and weak ankles develop.

To prevent these evils, make sure that the child is furnished with cotton or wool stockings that are big enough, and with shoes that fit well, without restriction or chafing.

A widely-known foot specialist once pointed out that the shoes of the child determine the feet of the adult.

Of course, there are certain foot conditions which shoes alone cannot cure. Under such circumstances it is well for you to consult your doctor.

FOR YOUNG WIVES and MOTHERS

By MARY TRUBY KING

Prevention of Thumb-Sucking

EVEN the best behaved of babies is liable to fall into the bad habit of thumb-sucking.

In some cases little harm is done, but very often the habit becomes pernicious.

As with most bad habits, prevention is better than cure.

Usually it is in baby's going-to-sleep moments that he takes to his fingers for comfort.

After feeding him, his hands should be tucked up firmly inside his "cuddling blanket" or the shawl in which he is laid to sleep.

One need not be afraid of hampering his movements too much if one brings the shawl or blanket around over his shoulders and tucks it back under the arms.

It is a debatable point whether any more serious restriction than this should be employed. Certainly gloves and splints should not be used unless the habit becomes pernicious.

Very often finger and thumb sucking is simply the result of boredom. The obvious remedy in such cases is to provide the child with something interesting to handle.

Place a toy, with perhaps a little bell in it, somewhere within his easy reach. This will distract his attention from himself, and at the same time educate his senses of touch and hearing.

Continual finger or thumb sucking is definitely bad for the child, because it deforms the easily-moulded bones of the jaws and palate. This gives rise to what is known as the "V" shaped palate and "rabbit" teeth, to say nothing of consequent mouth-breathing with all its attendant ills.

At the first symptoms of thumb-sucking, even as early as the 10th or 12th week, baby may be given a rubber or bone teething-ring.

Suspend this from baby's wrist by a piece of ribbon, so that baby's fingers can easily find and feel it.

Biting on the ring is good for the development of baby's jaws, and he will completely forget the finger-sucking notion.

Of course the ring should be boiled up daily.

Mother and nurses sometimes make the mistake of taking baby's fingers out of his mouth without compensating the baby in any way for his loss.

It is better not to take baby's hand suddenly from his mouth, but to hold out some object of interest and let him take his own hand away to play with whatever is offered him.

It should be borne in mind that finger-sucking is often caused through unhappiness and loneliness, as is the case, sometimes, when a new baby comes along and the ex-baby feels neglected.

The remedy is to pay even more attention to the ex-baby than before, and not rob him of any of his "mothering" time.

If this cannot be done, try to give the ex-baby some new interest, such as a child of his own age to play with. The ex-baby should be made to feel that the new baby "belongs" to him just as much as to his mother.

Above all, if the finger-sucking habit has already been established, do not speak of it in the child's presence.

Provide the child with good wholesome food at regular hours, plenty of fresh air and exercise, happy companionship and materials of interest to play with.



Hands grow lovelier

Four years ago scientists first learned that a certain vitamin, applied direct to skin, heals burns and wounds quicker and better. Then Pond's put this "skin-vitamin" into Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream. Now you get its benefits for your hands in Pond's Cream Lotion. Now Pond's restores to your hands the precious "skin-vitamin" lost by washing and exposure. Now you can keep your hands soft, smooth, youthful, no matter how busy you are.

Use Pond's every time you wash your hands.



Only 1/- a bottle at all stores and chemists.

Mothercraft Advice Coupon

IF you wish to get advice on your mothercraft problems, fill in the following particulars and post the form, together with a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 9999, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W. Enclose your envelope, "Mothercraft."

Baby's Age

Birth Weight

Present Weight (without clothing)

Have you written before? (Yes or no)

COME OUTSIDE and LIVE!

BRIGHTEN up the porch and verandah, for spring is here and summer's just around the corner.

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

IF I had a million pounds to my credit, I would go round to every little homemaker and beg each one to allow me to bedeck her porch and verandahs.

I'd make them bright, so comfortable that the inmates of those homes could not resist the invitation to spend



THE PLEASANT SPOT pictured here will inspire home-lovers. It provides a quiet corner for outdoor relaxation.



HERE THE DWELLERS of this home look upon the sunny side of life from a simply furnished, but bright verandah. At the far end (not shown) meals are served in the summertime.



GLIMPSE of a front porch with attractive chair and rush-seated bench. Note the wrought-iron shelf, designed to hold potted beauty.

every available hour upon them, instead of hugging the indoors . . .

That's if I had a million pounds to play with.

Instead of which I'm begging you with words to make more use of your porches, verandahs, or balconies.

Make up your mind this spring to furnish them as pleasantly and as

comfortably as your income allows you to. Or refurbish them.

There is no need to spend a lot of money on the furnishing or refurbishing.

You can buy light, cane furniture or canvas chairs at little cost, grow potted greenery for nothing, buy or beg climbing plants to run up the walls and add to the charm of the scene.

The upkeep of floors costs little more than soap and water, polishing wax and "elbow grease."

Cushions add to the gaiety and friendly comfort of porch and verandah, so make plenty, and have them covered with patterned cretonnes, gaily-striped canvas, embroidered crash, or burlap.

If your existing porch or verandah furniture looks dull and grimy, don't feel you have to scrap it because your best friend has invested in luxuriously-upholstered stuff.

Decide upon your color-scheme and invest in a few tins of enamel paint or lacquer.

Clean the furniture thoroughly. If cane, wash well with salt and water, and allow to dry before painting.

If wood, rub down with sandpaper, clean crevices, and dust thoroughly before applying the paint or lacquer.

Choose colors that are vivaciously gay, like scarlet, green, yellow, or orange.

If you have a porch or verandah at the rear of your home you can let it shine in the role of breakfast-room during the summer; in fact, you could use it to dine in on summer evenings.

This means, of course, a table large enough to accommodate family and guests. This, together with chairs, could be painted or lacquered a bright color.

I would advise you to use prettily-embroidered place-mats for dining purposes. Or you could make them from check gingham.

Food-Faddy Frankie



Frankie was frail and nervy, had no appetite — until the doctor traced the trouble back to his sleep.



When making Horlicks, be sure you use the patent mixer. Horlicks mixed this way tastes twice as nice. If you have not already got a mixer, ask your chemist or grocer for a Horlicks Special Pack containing a 1lb. tin Horlicks, Mixer and Measuring Spoon, all for 2/-. Horlicks is also obtainable in 1lb. tins at 1/6 and 1lb. tins (economy size) at 2/9.



HORLICKS at bedtime strengthens nerves, builds appetite, guards children against Night Starvation

COLLEGE GIRL

"OH GOODY!
MOTHER'S SENT ME
WRIGLEY'S SWEET
CHEWING GUM
— JUICY FRUIT!"





HERE YOU SEE a close-up of the attractive stitch and the embroidered bars used in the fashioning of the smart woolly pictured at right.

SNUG HANDKNIT for CRUISE WEAR

. . . And for many other important or happy, carefree occasions when chilly winds do blow

HERE again we give you directions for the making of a smartly individual "button-up" jumper.

This cosy affair features embroidered cross bars worked with a double thread of lemon-yellow and coral wool.

The original garment was fashioned from dark brown 4-ply wool. If brown is not your color, then think of wood-green, deep blue, or any other shade that suits your coloring.

The scarf collar is not joined to this jumper. It lies loosely round



STRIKINGLY DIFFERENT is this "button-up" jumper with its hand-embroidered cross bars. The garment was made of deep brown wool with the hand-worked decorations in lemon-yellow and coral wool.

the neck and can be discarded when the weather becomes fair and warmer.

Here follow knitting directions:

Materials: 11oz. 4-ply wool, dark brown.

Two ounces 4-ply wool, lemon-yellow.

Two ounces 4-ply wool, coral.

Two pairs needles, Nos. 9 and 11.

One medium crochet hook.

One blunt darning needle with large eye.

Ten buttons.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 20 inches; bust, 34 inches; length of sleeve seam, 21 inches.

Abbreviations: K, knit, p, purl, st, stitch, f, forward (wool forward around the right needle), inc, increase, dec, decrease.

Tension: 6 sts. and 8 rows to 1 inch.

THE BACK

COMMENCE at the lower edge. Using No. 11 needles and dark brown wool cast on 94 sts. (k. into back of cast on sts.), work in ribbing of k. 1, p. 1, for 21 inches, inc 1 st. at end of last row of ribbing (95 sts.).

Change to No. 9 needles and work in pattern as follows:—

1st Row (right side of work): K. 3, * f. 1, k. 3, draw the first of the k. sts. over the other 2, repeat from * to last 2 sts., k. 2.

2nd Row (wrong side): Purl the sts. that were knitted, and k. the forwards through the back of st.

3rd Row: K. 2, * f. 1, k. 3, draw the first k. st. over the other 2, repeat from * to end of row.

4th Row: Repeat 2nd row.

5th Row: K. 1, * f. 1, k. 3, draw the first k. st. over the other 2, repeat from * to last st., k. 1.

6th Row: Repeat 2nd row.

These six rows complete pattern and are repeated throughout. Continue in pattern, and inc 1 st. each of the 12th row and every 8th row following 9 times.

When back measures 12½ inches, shape armholes by casting off 4 sts. at beginning of next 6 rows. Work even in pattern until armholes measure 7½ inches.

Shape shoulders by casting off 5 sts. at beginning of next 12 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

RIGHT FRONT

USING No. 11 needles and dark brown wool, cast on 56 sts. (k. into back of cast on sts.), work in ribbing of k. 1, p. 1, for 14 inches, then make the first buttonhole as follows: With right side of work towards you, work 8 sts. in pattern,

cast off 4 sts., work in ribbing to end of row.

Next Row: Work in ribbing to last 8 sts., cast on 4 sts., work 8 sts. When ribbing measures 2½ inches, change to No. 9 needles and work in pattern as for back, inc 1 st. at seam edge of the 12th row and every 8th row following 9 times, and work 6 more buttonholes 2½ inches apart. When work measures 12½ inches, shape armhole by casting off 4 sts. at armhole edge of every 2nd row 3 times. Work even in pattern until the 7th buttonhole is completed. Work 4 rows. Shape neck by casting off 10 sts. at neck edge of next row. Dec 1 st. at neck edge of every 2nd row until 30 sts. remain. Work even until armhole measures 7½ inches. Shape shoulder by casting off 5 sts. at armhole edge of every 2nd row 6 times.

Left Front: Using No. 11 needles cast on 56 sts. and work to correspond with right front, omitting buttonholes.

THE SLEEVES (both alike)

USING No. 11 needles cast on 56 sts. Work in ribbing of k. 1, p. 1, for 3 inches.

Change to No. 9 needles and work in pattern as for back, inc 1 st. each end of the 20th row and every 8th row following.

When sleeve measures 21 inches, shape top by casting off 3 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows.

Then dec 1 st. each end of every 2nd row 10 times, then every row until 10 sts. remain. Cast off.

Scarf Collar: Using No. 9 needles cast on 92 sts., which should measure 14½ inches, and work in pattern as for back.

When work measures 4½ inches cast off.

Work 2 rows of double crochet at each end, allowing for 2 buttonholes on one end.

Sew 3 buttons on the other end.

TO MAKE UP AND EMBROIDER

PRESS with a warm iron and damp cloth. Before sewing the pieces together, embroider the cross bars on the front and back with a double thread of lemon-yellow and coral wool. Work vertical lines on the collar.

The collar is not sewn onto the jumper, but lies loosely around the neck.

Sew up side and sleeve seams.

Join shoulders. Sew in sleeves. Work 1 row of double crochet around neck. Stitch buttonholes and sew on buttons to correspond.

Turn back ribbing to form cuffs.

WOMEN

Relieve
PAIN
Regularly with

Genuine

VINCENT'S

A.P.C.

FOR SAFETY'S SAKE, SAY—VINCENT'S

GROW YOUR Own VEGETABLES

Many are the advantages, and the time is right to start a kitchen garden.

—Says The Old Gardener

THE flower garden is certainly an asset in supplying the beauty to the home, but to be able to go and choose for yourself just the vegetable you require is a greater asset in many ways.

The advantages of a vegetable garden may have escaped your notice. But think! A choicer variety may be grown than you can buy at the shops. Moreover, they are fresher, more palatable, and in every way appear 100 per cent. better than those produced at the markets.

Why is this? Well, the reason is very simple . . .

Have you ever considered how many times vegetables are handled from the time they are taken from the market garden until they arrive at your home?

First they are gathered from the garden, carried to the sheds, packed in conveyances and carted to the markets. There they are left lying in the open until sold to the various retailers.

From the market they are carted to the shops, and by the time you get them some of the good, nutritious value has gone from them.

So why not have your own vegetable garden? If your back yard is ever so small, some kind can be grown.

Start Right Away!

SO now to work, for spring and summer are the seasons when vegetables grow plentifully.

Dig the soil well and manure thoroughly.

A few rows of beans are always welcome. After the digging has been completed, level the ground, open out a drill with a hoe about three inches deep and plant the beans about three inches apart. Cover in, give a good watering, and in a very short while the beans will be up. Constant cultivation during their growing period will give beans in six weeks from sowing.

Butter beans are delicious and are grown in the same way. The blue wonder bean has also come into favor. This bean, on the vine, is very dark blue in color; in fact, nearly black, but, when cooked, turns a green color.

Epicure beans are an asset to the home. These can be grown along the fence, for they are runners and can be trained with little difficulty.

And don't forget the salads, for they more than pay for themselves and are certainly valuable through the hot summer months.

Sow some seed of lettuce in the little corner of the garden, cover lightly, keep watered, and in a few weeks they will be ready for transplanting.

Lettuce should be ready for the table about one month from planting if proper cultivation methods are adopted.

They ask for constant watering



STRAIGHT FROM the garden—crisp lettuce, radishes, tomatoes, cucumbers, spring onions. All these salad vegetables can be grown now.

and weekly applications of liquid manure or sulphate of ammonia.

The strength to use sulphate of ammonia is one teaspoonful to every gallon of water. Give a good breakfast cup to each plant and do not allow the liquid to remain on the foliage.

After treating the lettuce in this manner it is best to give the whole bed a good watering.

Another thing to remember when using sulphate of ammonia in this manner is to see that the soil is damp.

How to Force Them

TO force all vegetables grown for their leaves or hearts, sulphate of ammonia and nitrate of soda are the two valuable fertilisers. Either of these is used in the strength as stated.

Endive, mustard, cress, chive, garlic—these are all necessary in the making of good salads and are easy to grow. Just a little pinch of seed sown about once a fortnight will keep the house well supplied.

Don't forget carrots and parsnips. Chokos also are valuable. These can be grown on the fence without taking up any valuable room.

Bush marrows are easily grown and are much better for small backyard gardens than the type which run and cover a vast area. Bush marrows can be grown as close as 2 feet to 2 feet 6 inches apart, and are prolific bearers for the small garden. Two of these bushes should be sufficient.

The custard squash is another one that takes up little room and is very delicious.

A few tomato bushes will also fill the necessary requirements.

Grow These

• French beans, butter beans, "blue-wonder" beans, epicure beans.

Lettuce, endive, cress, chive, mustard, cucumbers, tomatoes, radishes.

Carrots, parsnips, peppers, marrow, squash, onions, potatoes, pumpkins.

the vine before picking will usually keep right through the winter months. The best variety to grow is the Triumbe.

Hubbard squash is certainly delicious and is grown in the same manner as pumpkins. There are two varieties, the golden and the green skin.

Sweet corn must not be forgotten. Golden Bantam is the quick-growing and early variety. It should be used when the grains are full of that milky substance and just beginning to turn yellow.

Artichokes can be planted, that is, the Jerusalem variety.

Don't Overlook These

IT is time for potatoes, and there are many varieties to choose from. The best fertiliser to use for potatoes is one part of blood and bone, one part of superphosphate, a quarter of sulphate of ammonia, and a half of sulphate of potash.

Mix this thoroughly together and dust along the rows. Mix it in with the soil in the bottom of the trench before the potatoes are planted.

When planting out your tomatoes (to get the best results) spray them regularly to keep off the various fungus diseases.

Change your sprays round every few weeks.

Spray with lime sulphur, 60 to 1, for a few weeks, then change on to bordeaux mixture. Use according to directions on the packet.

Spray intermittently with Condy's crystals, using about quarter teaspoonful to every gallon of water; add to this mixture one teaspoonful of kerosene.

I have found that Condy's crystals sprayed on plants from time to time are a great help in checking various diseases. The kerosene included in it makes the spraying material more adhesive.

Here's the remedy for:—

RHEUMATISM

ARTHRITIS, SCIATICA
NEURITIS, LUMBAGO, GOUT

In R.A.C. Tonic you will find freedom from torturing Rheumatic pains. It is one of the recent discoveries of science, and, already scores of letters tell of its great curative properties. No matter how many remedies you have tried, you WILL get relief from R.A.C. Tonic.

R.A.C.
RHEUM-A-CURE (Regd.)
TONIC

At your local chemist or direct from
DOMINION DRUG COMPANY
Box 2675 EE, G.P.O., Sydney

YOUR FORTUNE TOLD FREE OF CHARGE!

Read—BANDJARR MASIN, the famous astrologer with his 45 years' practice, is ready to disclose any secret for you! Do you want to know what the stars tell him about your future? Whether you will be happy, wealthy or successful? Information to marriages, love, business, etc. etc. etc. Bandjarr Masin will give you full particulars.

He could produce thousands of letters in which clients express their profound gratitude. Therefore, write him this very day, stating your name and Christian name, address, birth date, sex, whether married or not. Enclose one of your hairlocks for mailing purposes. Your horoscope will then be sent you, entirely free of charge (just add 10c. in stamps—no coins—to cover the cost of writing and postage). Postage to Holland is 2d. No horoscope sent to anyone under 18. Apply to: PROFESSOR BANDJARR MASIN, Dept. 137, Postbox 10 Scheveningen, Holland.

REDUCE SAFELY

with FORD'S CORPOREAL CAPSULES
A Kensington lady writes: "I have reduced from 11 stone to 8 stone 12 lbs." This is a scientifically correct treatment, endorsed by leading doctors. No dieting or exercising. Three weeks' treatment. 5/6; six weeks, 10/6; at all chemists, or post free from NOEL F. FORD, M.P.S. (Incl. Vn.), Chemist, 115 King Street, Newtown, Tel. 11713.

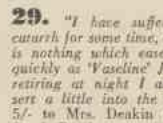
QUICK RELIEF FOR COUGHS AND COLDS



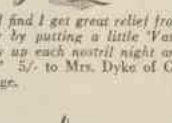
28. "When the chest is sore with coughing, take a spoonful of Vaseline Jelly. It gives great relief and stops the cough." 5/- to Mr. Russon of Kimberley Road.



32. "For many years I have suffered agony with piles, and the only relief I have ever had is by using 'Vaseline' Jelly." 5/- to Mr. Lovett of Wigram Road.



29. "I have suffered from cursh for some time, and there is nothing which eases me so quickly as 'Vaseline' Jelly. On retiring at night I always insert a little into the nostrils." 5/- to Mrs. Deakin of South Creek Road.



30. "I find I get great relief from hay fever by putting a little 'Vaseline' Jelly up each nostril night and morning." 5/- to Mrs. Dyke of Gri Village.



31. "The quick application of 'Vaseline' Jelly to a burn or scald gives instant relief and prevents blisters." 5/- to Mrs. Berry of Gunter Avenue.



33. "Vaseline Jelly is simply marvellous for bringing a boil to a head quickly, and it has a very soothing effect." 5/- to Mrs. Duncan of Doolan Street.



We will pay 5/- to anyone sending in uses for "Vaseline" Jelly which we are able to accept and publish. Just post your suggestion to: Chevreton, Dept. A18, Box 1131, G.P.O., Melbourne.

Remember when you buy, to look for the trade mark VASELINE. This trade mark identifies the original Petroleum Jelly, especially refined and purified for medical and toilet use. Do not accept substitutes.



Look for this name on the jar

Vaseline
TRADE MARK
PETROLEUM JELLY

Wave-set your hair in three minutes easy as A.B.C.



Our Fashion Service and Concession Pattern

Spring's Newest Notes are
Featured in These Becoming
Modes

PATTERNS NOW AVAILABLE



WW2468

ALLURING GOWN
WW2468.—Here is a really new and alluring design for evening wear. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 7½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

STRIKING ENSEMBLE

WW2469.—Striking ensemble for smart occasions, with short swagger coat. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 6½ yards for frock and coat, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WW2470

CONTRAST FRONT—NEW

WW2470.—Contrasting front skirt and full bodice effect distinguishes this smart daytime frock. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 1½ yards for front panel, and 3½ yards for frock, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

OUR SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

CHIC COATS FOR COOL DAYS & NIGHTS

This week's three-in-one concession pattern is for three charming coats for spring wear in sizes 32, 34, 36-inch bust.

To obtain, fill in coupon below, enclose 3d in stamps, and send to our offices.

Material required, 36 inches wide:
No. 1, 4½ yards.
No. 2, 4 yards.
No. 3, 4½ yards.

CONCESSION PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated at left, fill in the coupon and post it, with 3d. STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Design," to any of the following addresses. Be careful to specify which size you want. A 3d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. An extra charge of threepence will be made for patterns over one month old.

ADELAIDE—Box 208A, G.P.O.

BRISBANE—Box 408F, G.P.O.

MELBOURNE—Box 185, G.P.O.

NEWCASTLE—Box 41, G.P.O.

PERTH—Box 491G, G.P.O.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see address of our office, which will be found on Page 3.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

Size

Pattern Coupon, 3d/6/38

DAINTY VACATION WEAR

WW2471.—A dainty, unusual style for holiday wear. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

CHIC SLEEVES

WW2472.—Note contrast sleeves and swing skirt in this charming daytime frock. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WW2474

EFFICIENT STYLE

WW2473.—Inverted pleat skirt and Peter Pan collar combine to make this charming frock. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

CHILD'S FROCK

WW2474.—Little tot's frock. This dainty design is charming for the little girl 4-10 years of age. Material required: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

Please Note

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern state age of child. (4) Use box numbers given on concession coupon. (5) When sending for concession pattern, enclose 3d. stamp.



LOVELY TO LOOK AT . . . EASY TO WORK !

You can have these three richly-designed little towels in linen or huckaback all in readiness for your needle

If your guest-towels are showing signs of wear and tear, or are not very interesting or pretty, you must not let this opportunity pass you by.

These cut-work towels, illustrated at right, are among the most delightful our expert designer has ever created for you.

Imagine, too, what a charming gift the set of three would make a fastidious bride-to-be. She would not fail to remember, proudly, your discriminating taste and wonderful thought for years to come.

Each towel measures 15 x 24 inches. You have the choice of the tulip, rose or waterlily design traced on cream linen, white huckaback or yellow, green, blue, and pink silk huckaback—surely a wonderful selection.

Price, 2/6 each, from our Needlework Department. Postage is free.

Here are brief directions for working the designs:

The "Tulip" Design: The stitches used here are mostly buttonhole, satin-stitch and french knots. The flowers are worked in buttonhole with the centres in either eyelet or french knots. The edge is buttonholed.

The "Rose" Design: This is a very delightful design. The flowers are worked in buttonhole with the centres of the leaves stem-stitched. The edge is finished in buttonhole.

The "Waterlily" Design: The outline of these flowers is worked in buttonhole, with the centres either in french knots or eyelets. The edge is finished in buttonhole.

Be sure to thoroughly damp and press the work before attempting to cut out.



PAIN

YOU HAVE TO KEEP TO YOURSELF

Already, five out of every nine women in this country have changed to Myzone for relief of pain, headache, sick feeling, muscular cramps. For Myzone's amazing *asterin* (anti-spasmodic) compound brings such immediate relief and bright comfort—without "doping."

Just take two Myzone tablets with cup of tea, or water, any time. Try it on your next headache! Find relief that is more complete—more lasting, than any ordinary aspirin or a.p.c.

2/- a box. All Chemists.

Asthma Cause Killed in 24 Hours

Thanks to the discovery of an American physician, it is now possible to get rid of those terrible spells of choking, gasping, coughing and wheezing Asthma by killing the true cause, which is Germs in the blood. No more burning of powders, no more hypodermic injections. This new discovery, Mendaco, starts to work in 3 minutes, killing the Germ cause of Asthma, also refreshing the blood and restoring vitality so that you can sleep soundly all night, eat anything, and work and enjoy life. Mendaco is so successful it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours and to stop your Asthma completely in 8 days or money back on return of empty package. Get Mendaco from your chemist, 10-day. Refuse a substitute. The guarantee protects you. 2283

Dream of a Jacket!

DON'T sigh longingly for a luxurious and quilted dressing-jacket. Make this charmingly designed little affair for yourself.

The quilting is ever so easy to do. Stamp the design on coarse muslin and place a lining of wadding between this and the jacket material.



EXPERTLY-CUT pattern of this sweet little jacket, also transfer for quilting purposes, may be had from our Needlework Dept.

A running-stitch is then worked through the three thicknesses of material (following the design), and the finished effect is delightful.

The pattern of this jacket comes in the following sizes, 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches, and costs 10d., post free.

Directions for cutting and making-up accompany each pattern.

The transfer, a sheet measuring 8 by 26 inches, contains six rose motifs (note illustration), and costs 1/3, post free, from our Needlework Department.

This transfer is useful for many purposes, such as small silk cushions, handbags for evening use, baby bedspread, and collars and cuffs of dressing-gowns.

EARN EXTRA MONEY and FREE KNIT-WEAR

You can average more than 24 weeks' slow beautiful "HARLEY" Pullovers and Cardigans for Toddlers, Boys and Girls. Made from best quality Wool. Mothers delighted to Order. No experience needed. Put or spare time. Write for Samples of Pullovers and Cardigans. ACT AT ONCE HARLEY KNIT-WEAR CO. 5 Princess Avenue, Fairfield East. SE2. VICTORIA.



HERE you are shown one of the six rose motifs which are contained in the transfer, obtainable from our Needlework Department for 1/3, post free. This design decorates the jacket shown right.



THE PROOF OF A JOB WELL DONE

100 YARDS REELS

OVER 350 ALL FAST COLORS

Size No. 40

Sew with "SYLKO" for Satisfaction

Sold by leading Departmental Stores

SYLKO MACHINE TWIST
[Silk Substitute] [Mercerised]

MADE BY JOHN DEWHURST & SONS LTD. SKIPTON, ENGLAND

END PAIN by STRENGTHENING WEAK KIDNEYS

The Cause of the Agony of RHEUMATISM



That the cause of terrible, crippling rheumatic pains, and kindred troubles such as bad back, lumbago, lies in the weak kidneys has been proved over and over again. Weak kidneys allow poisons and impurities to enter your system, causing stiffness, swellings, inflammation, excruciating pain, which may result in lifelong misery.

There is no remedy that will so quickly strengthen the kidneys and remove the cause of your pain as De Witt's Pills. They act at once on weakened kidneys and stimulate these vital organs into normal, healthy activity, enabling them once again to perform their natural function of filtering impurities from the system and preventing the formation of cruelly sharp, glass-hard uric acid crystals, which tear into the tender nerves, causing you pain.

It does not matter how bad your condition may be. We tell you with all the conviction built on a host of testimony from sufferers the world over that De Witt's Pills can, will and must benefit you quickly and surely. Be warned against neglecting nature's symptoms of kidney trouble. Don't wait for health breakdown. Don't wait to be crippled with pain. Take De Witt's Pills now and be pain-free, vigorous and healthy once again.

QUICK RELIEF—LASTING BENEFIT

In 24 hours after you start taking De Witt's Pills you have visible evidence of their beneficial action. If you will only persevere, the quick relief that you experience will prove a lasting benefit.

De WITT'S KIDNEY AND BLADDER PILLS

Sold everywhere at 1/6, 3/- and 5/6. The finest remedy for kidney trouble and all its symptoms, bad backache, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, joint pains and urinary disorders. Tried and tested the world over for 50 years.

Sweet and Savory OMELETTE Recipes Win FIRST PRIZE ... in This Week's Cookery Competition

EVERY housewife will add this collection of prize-winning recipes to her list.

They are an excellent lot. Why don't you, too, enter this popular competition?

Every week a first prize of £1 and consolation prizes at 2/6 each are given away for good recipes.

There are no conditions attached to the competition. Just write out your finest recipe and send it to us.

Incidentally, if you know of an unusual filling for a sweet or savory pie, send it in. It may win you a prize!

OMELETTES

Plain Omelette (Foundation Recipe): One egg for each person, and 1 tablespoon hot water for each egg. Separate yolks and whites. Season yolks with salt and with pepper or nutmeg, according to taste; add water, and beat well. Beat whites until stiff and fold in yolks. Pour gently into well-greased pan and cook slowly until under side is a delicate brown, then place the pan in the oven, keeping the temperature between 325 and 350 deg. Fah. When the omelette responds to the touch it is done. Make two cuts part way down into the omelette at right angles to the handle of the pan, dividing it about in thirds. Then tip the pan, slide a spatula under

the omelette, and fold it over as you slip it out of the pan onto a plate.

Fruit Omelette: Before folding the cooked omelette, spread its surface with either jam, preserves, cooked figs or peach, pear or plum jelly. Or fresh fruit, well sugared, may be used; also reserve sufficient fruit for garnishing the top. A plain omelette surrounded with fruit or preserves also makes an attractive serving.

Pork Sausage Omelette: Fry small pork sausages and then use their liquid for greasing pan. After cooking omelette, fold, insert sausages between folds, and garnish top by outlining rim with additional sausages.

Chopped Ham Omelette: Before folding omelette spread with a generous quantity of butter; add chopped, cooked ham, and sprinkle lightly with chopped parsley.

Creamed Chicken Omelette: Make a white sauce as follows—Melt 1½ tablespoons butter in a saucepan, add 2 tablespoons flour, salt, pepper, and blend well. Add a cupful of liquid—half evaporated milk and half water—and stir constantly until thickened to sauce consistency. To the sauce add 1 cupful of diced, cooked chicken and cook two or three minutes until meat is well heated. Serve between folded omelette.

Nut Omelette: Any chopped nuts

may be used, preferably black walnut meats. Stir nuts into egg mixture. Before serving garnish top with a light sprinkling of nuts and powdered sugar.

Chipped Bacon Omelette: Fry bacon strips and break into small pieces. Either stir the pieces into egg mixture or sprinkle surface of cooked omelette before folding.

Grated Apple Omelette: Put grated apple either in covered colander over hot water, in a steamer, or in a covered double boiler, until thoroughly heated. Then insert between omelette folds and sprinkle apple with powdered sugar and cinnamon.

Cottage Cheese Omelette: Before folding omelette spread with generous layer cottage cheese (about half an inch thick) and, if desired, add a light sprinkling of spring onions, chopped with scissors.

Corn Omelette: Season corn (either canned or cut from the cob after boiling) and moisten with a little cream. Either stir corn into egg mixture or heat well and then spread between omelette folds.

Asparagus Omelette: Drain canned asparagus tips, reserve liquid for creamed asparagus soup and heat thoroughly in either a steamer, covered colander placed over hot water, or double boiler. Place asparagus between omelette folds, add a generous quantity of melted butter and a light sprinkling of nutmeg.

First Prize of £1 to Miss A. M. Prentice, 4 Edith Street, Caulfield North SE7, Vic.

THIS WEEK

SHORTBREAD SPECIALS

GERMAN SHORTBREAD

Four ounces butter, 1oz. sugar, 1 egg, 1oz. flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon baking powder. Beat butter and sugar, add well-beaten egg, then flour and baking powder. Divide mixture, press one half into sandwich tin and spread with raspberry jam. Roll out remaining half and cut in strips and put crisp-cream over jam, then sprinkle top thickly with chopped nuts. Bake in slow oven for half hour.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. V. French, Birkdale, Qld.

SHORTBREAD VARIETIES

Beat 1 cup butter and 1 cup sugar to a cream, add 1 egg, one at a time. Beat well. Sift in 3 cups flour to which 3 teaspoons cream of tartar and 1 teaspoon carbonate soda have been added. Divide mixture in six portions and make the following:

Sandwiches: Roll out portion very thinly and spread with apricot jam. Roll up, cut into thin slices, roll them to second, and bake in a moderate oven.

Dale Cuddles: Take another portion, roll thinly, and cut into rounds with cutter. Place a stoned date in the centre of each round, press edges together, and bake in a moderate oven until a golden brown.

Jam or Apple Tarts: Having rolled out third portion and cut into rounds, place each round in a cake container. Bake, and when cold put in any jam or apple filling.

Kisses: Roll out fourth portion, cut into rounds and bake, and when cold place two together with icing between them.

Nut Fingers: Roll out fifth portion, spread with icing sugar and whipped white of egg, decorate with chopped nuts, cut into fingers, and bake.

Bachelor Buttons: Roll out last portion, form into small balls, roll in coarse white sugar, and bake in a moderate oven.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. O. Howard, c/o 345 King William St., Adelaide.

SHORTBREAD YO-YOS

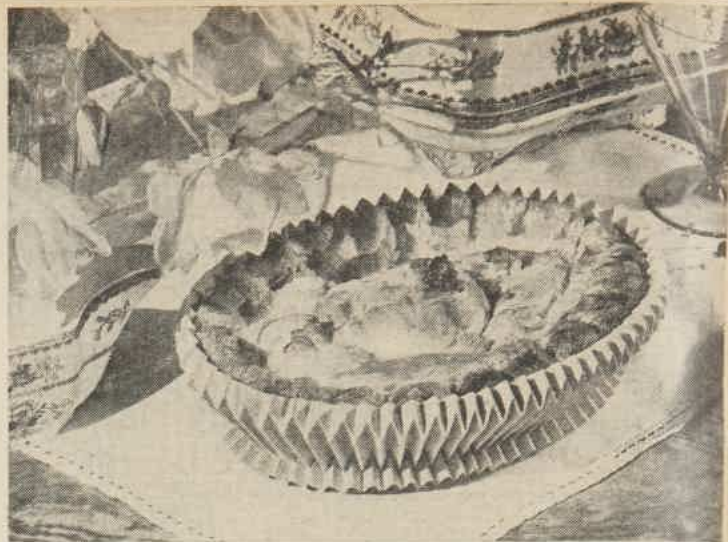
Six ounces self-raising flour, 2oz. custard powder, 2oz. icing sugar, 6oz. butter. Sift flour and custard powder together. Cream butter and icing sugar, and add flour and powder, and make in a soft dough. Put on the oven slide and press with a four-pronged fork. Bake in medium oven 20 minutes. When cold, stick two together with a paste of butter and icing sugar.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. P. Gregory, Menzies, Lake Cargelligo, N.S.W.

PEANUT SHORTBREAD

Make shortbread by creaming ½lb. butter and working in ½lb. castor sugar and 2½oz. flour gradually. Knead till smooth. Roll out to ½-inch thickness. Lay on greased tin, pressing back edges with thumb, and trim to make them stand up a little.

Prepare peanut mixture by creaming 2oz. butter and 2oz. castor sugar till soft, then work in ½oz. finely-ground peanuts and 2oz. plain flour. Spread this mixture on the



ALMOST EVERYBODY adores pies, both sweet and savory, provided the pastry and contents are good. If you have a recipe for a delicious and unusual pie filling, send it to us. It may win you a cash prize!

TRANSPARENT PASTRY

One pound flour, ½lb. butter, 1 egg, pinch of salt.

See that flour is thoroughly dry. If there is any suspicion of moistness, heat in oven or in front of fire. Sieve flour with salt. Place butter over very low heat to soften without allowing it to become oily. When nearly cold, add egg, beating well. Sprinkle in flour gradually, stirring all the time, then turn pastry on to floured board and knead until smooth. Now roll out very thinly and use.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Winnie Round, 1 Buss St., Randaberg, Qld.

PETIT GATEAUX

Blend together 2 tablespoons raisins (cut up), 2 tablespoons currants, 1 tablespoon shredded lemon-peel, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 3 dessertspoons sugar, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, ½ teaspoon grated nutmeg.

Make a shortbread mixture as given below, cut into two, roll the

larger piece into a square 4-inch thick, place fruit mixture on top, and moisten round edges. Roll remainder of shortbread mixture 1 inch thick and place on top. Roll top lightly with rolling-pin, press edges together and bake on ungreased slide in moderately hot oven for 15 minutes, then very slowly for another 25 minutes. Before it gets quite cold cut into fingers.

Shortbread Mixture: 6oz. flour, 2oz. rice-flour, 4oz. butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon baking-powder. Put all on a board, rub well together with the hands, knead well, make into a ball, halve, and use as above.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Olive Watkins, 345 King William St., Adelaide.

STEAMED PRUNE ROLL

Ten ounces flour, 5oz. wet or good dripping, 1 gill water, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon baking powder, ½lb. prunes (soaked), sugar, lemon rind and juice.

Make a pastry of flour, baking powder, salt, fat, and water. Roll out thinly. Drain and dry soaked prunes. Cut in halves and remove Line a well-greased pudding basin with some of the pastry, place a layer of cut prunes in the bottom, sprinkle with sugar and a little lemon rind and juice. Place a layer of pastry on top and continue filling the basin with alternate layers, keeping pastry for the last layer. Cover with greased paper and steam for 1½ to 2 hours. Turn out and serve with good white sauce, or with any left-over juice boiled down till thick and syrupy.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Phyllis Cox, Burnie, Tas.

Breakfast treat

—it's made with

KRAFT CHEDDAR



Kraft Cheddar is sold in all food stores in 2, 4 and 8 oz. packets. Pasteurized for purity. Foil-wrapped for freshness.

So easy!
So delicious!

POACHED eggs on crisp bread croustades, with golden Cheddar sauce to add a zestful flavour . . . here's a grand start off for a winter day! And remember, every time you have Kraft Cheddar you add important food elements to

your diet . . . proteins, energy units, vitamin A; and a wealth of the milk minerals, calcium and phosphorus, which build bones and teeth. It takes a full gallon of rich milk to make a single pound of Kraft Cheese.

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KEEN'S D.S.F. MUSTARD

AMERICAN RECIPES You'll Want to TRY

Simple, inexpensive to prepare, and full of delightful promise.

Conducted by MARY FORBES, Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly



MACARONI MONTPARNASSE. See recipe.

OVER one thousand meals a year are prepared and served in the majority of homes, excluding morning and afternoon teas and suppers.

Think of it!

No wonder housewives are always on the alert for new recipes to add to their treasured store of good old stand-bys.

We think you will like the recipes hereunder. Simple yet different, they have been selected from the most comprehensive book on cookery issued in America, called "America's Cook Book" (our copy from Angus and Robertson).

The majority, we feel sure, will be used from time to time to give interest and variety to meals, and perhaps some will grace party tables.

CORN AND CHEESE SOUFFLE

Quarter cup butter, 1 cup plain flour, 2 cups milk, 1 cup grated cheese, 2 cups sweet corn, salt, cayenne, 4 eggs.

Melt butter in saucepan. Stir in flour, add milk, and cook till it thickens. Add cheese, corn and seasonings, then yolks, and lastly whisked whites. Pour into buttered fireproof souffle dish. Bake in moderate oven 50 to 60 minutes or until browned and firm to touch. Serve at once.

SCOTCH CREAM SCONES

Two cups plain flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, salt, 1 tablespoon sugar, 3 tablespoons butter, 2 eggs, 1 cup thin cream.

Sift dry ingredients into basin, rub in butter. Beat eggs and cream and add to dry ingredients. Turn on to floured board. Cut in two. Roll each portion into round piece 6 inches in diameter. Cut into eight.

Place on greased swiss-roll tin. Brush tops with melted butter. Bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes. Turn on to cooler. Serve hot or cold, buttered.

TURNOVER CANAPES

Half pound shortcrust, 1 hard-boiled egg, 2 cooked chicken livers, 2 slices ham, parsley, 1 teaspoon curry powder, salt, cayenne, lemon juice.

Mince liver, ham, egg and parsley. Mix well. Add curry powder, salt, cayenne and lemon juice. Make pastry. Roll out 1/8th inch thick. Cut into 2-inch squares. Place 1 teaspoon of mixture in centre of each square, fold pastry over into a triangle and press edges together. Fry in deep hot fat until golden brown. Drain. Serve on paper doily, garnished with parsley. Any fillings can be used—either sweet or savory.



FROSTED CITRUS JUICE CUP—a simple drink served in an unusual way. See recipe.

FRANKFURTER SAVORY

Boil cocktail frankfurters, slit half-way down on one side. Mix 1 tablespoonful made mustard with 1 teaspoonful horseradish. Spread a little mixture in frankfurters. Fasten with toothpicks.

HAMBURG ON ONION SLICES

Cut 6 white onions into thick slices. Lay in flat fireproof dish. Sprinkle with salt and cayenne, and 2 tablespoons butter. Bake till soft in moderate oven. Mix 1 lb. lean, minced steak with 1 cup bread-crumbs, chopped parsley, salt, cayenne, 2 tablespoons suet. Shape into cakes. Wrap in slice of bacon, fasten with toothpick. Place cakes on onion slices. Fry slowly, turning once, in small quantity of fat. Drain. Serve very hot with gravy.

FRIED LOBSTER

Remove lobster meat from shell, tail and claws, cutting tail meat in 4. Sprinkle with salt and lemon. Dip in flour, egg-glazing, then toss in crumbs. Fry in deep hot fat till brown. Drain. Serve garnished with fried parsley, slices of lemon and tartare sauce.

OLIVE SAUCE

To 1½ cups white sauce add yolk 1 egg and 2 tablespoons thin cream. Cook over hot water for 2 minutes, then add 1-3rd cup chopped olives. Serve with sweetbreads, cutlets, tongue or beef.

PINEAPPLE AND CHEESE SALAD

Dissolve 1 packet lemon jelly in 1 pint water. Mix well. Chill. When slightly thickened, fold in small cup shredded pineapple, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 cup whipped cream. Pour into moulds or mould. Chill and unmould. Decorate with mayonnaise, salad vegetables and water-cress.

MACARONI MONTPARNASSE

Slice 1 large onion and 6 tomatoes and cook for 10 minutes. Add salt, cayenne, 1 clove garlic, and 8oz. cooked macaroni. Mix well. Pour into small fireproof or a large dish. Bake 10 minutes. Cover top with thin slices cheese. Bake 10 minutes longer, or till the cheese is melted and browned. Serve at once.

POTATO PANCAKES

Three eggs, 1 tablespoon sugar, 3 cups milk, 2½ cups flour, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 3 cups grated raw potato.

Mix yolks, sugar, salt, and milk. Gradually add flour and butter. Beat well. Stir in potatoes, fold in whisked whites. Bake at once on greased hot griddle iron or thick iron frying-pan. Serve hot with grill.

COTTAGE CHEESE

Use sour milk or butter milk. Heat slowly over hot water till lukewarm and the curd begins to coagulate. Let it stand in warm place for the curds to collect before turning the mass into cheesecloth-lined strainer. Drain well. Bring ends of cloth together. Hang until all whey is removed. Moisten with cream or butter and season with salt. One quart milk makes 1 cup.

BANANA WITH MAYONNAISE

Mash 1 banana and 2 tablespoons peanut butter with mayonnaise, adding a little cream if too thick. Serve with fruit salad.

BUTTERSCOTCH SAUCE

Three-quarter cup firmly-packed brown sugar, 1 cup maize syrup, 1 cup butter, 1 cup cream.

Boil sugar, syrup and butter for 5 minutes, add cream and bring to brisk boil. Serve hot or cold on ice-cream and other desserts. It thickens as it stands. It may be kept for several days in covered container in refrigerator.

FROSTED CITRUS JUICE CUP

Mix 2 cups orange juice, 1 cup grapefruit juice, 1½ tablespoons lemon juice and chill thoroughly. Just before serving, frost cocktail glasses by dipping rims in 3 tablespoons orange juice, then dipping immediately into sugar. Add 1 pint chilled ginger ale to fruit juices. Pour into prepared glasses. Serve at once.

BAKED BANANAS

Bake required quantity of bananas in moderate oven for 20 minutes or till skins split. Remove fruit carefully, dust with sugar and cinnamon. Sprinkle with pineapple, lemon or cherry juice. Sprinkle with nuts. Serve at once.



HOST HOLBROOK says:

"The White Hart Royal Hotel, Moreton-in-Marsh, has for four hundred years witnessed the simple happenings of this Cotswold village.

It is built of enduring Cotswold stone, and its cosy interior affords to-day, as in the past, comfort and delight to its patrons.

My Worcestershire Sauce is made from the finest ingredients and matured in vats of English oak. It has for generations provided a zest for the meals of countless millions throughout the world."



The World's Appetiser!
HOLBROOKS
WORCESTERSHIRE
SAUCE



Once always Nervy, Depressed and Ill
Now Sparkling Eyed, Rosy Cheeked
with a
SPRING IN HER STEP

— thanks to
BIDOMAK

If you want to win popularity, magnify your energy, sharpen your brain, put a sparkle in your eye and a glow in your cheeks, and pull yourself up to a health level where you will radiate vitality, you are going to read this message to the last line.

**NERVES AND MOST CONSTITUTIONAL
DISORDERS ARE CAUSED BY
MINERAL STARVATION**

Thousands of women right this minute are going about nervy, listless, run-down, head-achy, feeling half sick and depressed, never knowing what it is to feel really well. They do not dream that the cause of their troubles is a lack of vital food minerals—and scientists have now proved this to be the case.

Food minerals are the elements of which our body is composed and maintained. To-day the methods of preparation of many foods have lowered the supply of these minerals so that losses due to overwork, worry or illness cannot be replaced.

All these troubles are caused by Mineral Starvation—

LACK OF FERRUM CAUSES
Anaemia, Headaches, Weakness and Lassitude.

LACK OF CALCIUM CAUSES
Stomach Troubles, Chills, Eczema.

LACK OF SODIUM CAUSES
Rheumatism, Kidney Trouble, Stomach Trouble.

LACK OF POTASSIUM CAUSES
Heart Disorders, Acidosis, Constipation.

LACK OF PHOSPHORUS CAUSES
Insomnia, Brain Fag, Nervous Exhaustion, Irritability.

**HOW TO OVERCOME
THESE TROUBLES**

When you get enough of these minerals you recover in a natural way from the troubles caused by a deficiency of them.

After years of research a brilliant scientist has perfected a way of correcting this mineral deficiency by providing the neces-

sary food minerals in an easily assimilable, palatable, liquid form.

**MONEY BACK
GUARANTEE
TRIAL OFFER**

So many nerve sufferers have obtained immediate relief from BIDOMAK that if you do not benefit by taking it we will refund your money within 14 days of purchase on return of the nearly empty bottle to Douglas Drug Co., Goulburn and Pelican Sts., Sydney. Thus, we guarantee you positive relief or you pay nothing.

**BIDOMAK
is a Scientific
Compound**

of vital mineral elements which contains no harmful drugs, and which may be taken freely by young and old. It contains ferrum, calcium, sodium, potassium, phosphates, glycerophosphates, and sucrose, as well as other necessary elements. These are the cell-foods which are vitally necessary for the blood to build up and maintain the cells and tissues of the body by activating and rejuvenating the cells—which banish the infirmities due to nerves and constitutional weaknesses. NEW VIM and ENERGY. BIDOMAK restores vital energy and gives back youthful enthusiasm to those who have been ill. It makes old arteries young again—it tones up vital organs which have become sluggish—it is winning back for thousands

the zest for life, the thrill of popularity and the enthusiasm of wonderful health and good spirits.

BIDOMAK creates new healthy nerve cells, and provides a full supply of healthy nerve fluid. At the same time removing poisons and wastes from the system. BIDOMAK creates a storage of energy and nerve force—overcomes every run-down condition, every disorder not due to germ attack but just to lack of energy and drive.

**PROOF
POSITIVE**

Read these extracts of letters from people who have been suffering from nerves and depression for years, and who after taking BIDOMAK are now fit and well again.

**CHILD'S NERVES IN SHOCKING
STATE**

My little boy had Gastric Flu at the age of two years, and it left his nerves in a shocking state, he was irritable, cranky, and had sleepless nights, also no appetite—he has had 13 bottles of Bidomak and now looks the picture of health.

(Sgd.) Mrs. G. F. McGarity.

NERVES IN A SHOCKING STATE

After an operation my nerves were in such a shocking state that I cried bitterly for no reason at all. I lost interest in everything, could not eat and lay awake at night. I was nearly frantic until one day I thought I would give Bidomak a trial. Even the first bottle made me well, and commenced building me up, and now I feel a different woman in every way.

(Sgd.) Miss Maisie Carroll.

SCIENTIFIC CONTROL

Attached to the Laboratories of the Douglas Drug Company are three qualified chemists and a doctor of Medicine who graduated at the Universities of Edinburgh and Glasgow.

**Listen to Nat Gould's
"THE DOUBLE
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See your local radio programmes for stations and times.

Sole New Zealand Distributors: Q-Tol-Fluenzol Laboratories, P.O. Box 1018, WELLINGTON, N.Z. Bidomak is a product of the Douglas Drug Co., Sydney, Adelaide, Melbourne, Brisbane and Perth. Sole Wholesale Agents for Tasmania: L. Fairthorne & Son Pty. Ltd., 42-48 St John Street, Launceston.

BIDOMAK

THE TONIC OF THE CENTURY · FOR NERVES, BRAIN & "THAT DEPRESSED FEELING"

Free Novel Supplement

• MUST NOT BE SOLD SEPARATELY.

Better to have Loved

By DOROTHY QUENTIN

(MRS. JOHN BATTEN)



— Also Novelette —

It's an Old Story

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

Better To Have Loved

By DOROTHY QUENTIN

(MRS. JOHN BATTEN)



Light to her eyes . . . were already leaping ahead to the moment-to-morrow when her train would slow down into the little station; when she would smell again that exquisite scent of woodlands blended with the tang of salt from the sea; above all, when she would see Charles again.

Charles—and home. The person and place most dear to her. Mum and Dad, of course, and Jack, meant a lot, but fond as she was of them all she could not prevent her thoughts from clinging to Charles just now.

Her happiness was complete when she realised how pleased he would be to hear she had passed her examination with flying colors. The end of three years' hard work the reward for those early days when hospital routine had nearly broken her spirit.

Only the thought of Charles studying for his medical degree in Scotland had kept her going, and his long amusing letters, his cheerful encouragement whenever they had managed a holiday at the same time. Now he had got his degree—at twenty-seven he was a fully-fledged doctor, and this autumn her father would take him into partnership.

Looking down on London, she began to hum softly, "You are my Lucky Star," that haunting melody she and Charles had danced to on their last night together—the night he had turned up suddenly at the hospital, and told her about his degree.

He had made her go to matron's office then and there, and ask for a late pass. They had gone out and danced and danced for hours, losing themselves completely in the music of the hour, in the music. Because they had clapped so loudly the orchestra had played "You are my Lucky Star" three times for them, and Charles had held her very close and whispered: "You've been my lucky star, darling. I should never have got through without you!"

She had smiled up at him, thinking of her own exam. looming ahead, knowing that he would be her lucky star, too. They could not fail, having each other. It had always been like that ever since Charles' father had been killed in the war and his mother, lonely and distraught, had been

restored to health and sanity by the care and friendship of Jon's father and his wife.

Charles, a little boy of six, had played with Jon in her cradle. Before she was seventeen she knew that she loved him with all her heart, with an aching, blither-sweet adoration which she could never feel for anyone else in the world. Charles never made love to her; the years just seemed to knit them closer and closer, to blend their perfect comradeship slowly but surely into something more wonderful.

She flushed, remembering their last evening together. She felt again the thrill of being held in his arms while they danced, of his passionate kiss when they had at last parted in the shadow of the big hospital doors, of his breathless, whispered, "Good-night, my dear little lucky star! Sweet dreams!"

When at last she was in bed Jon rolled over and buried her face in the cool pillow, hardly able to bear the ecstasy that was hers. She whispered, with a fervor that would have amused the on-duty, practical Jon, "Oh, God, please send to-morrow quickly. And Charles."

THE sun blazed down on the platform and made the bed of geraniums outside the stationmaster's little cottage flaunt their color like a banner. Old Tom Gurney himself sat in the tiny parlor, leisurely watching the young man who paced solitarily up and down, up and down, waiting for the London train.

A young man with a brown face made for laughter, who now and then stopped his pacing to bury his nose in a great sheaf of roses and lupins and larkspur that he carried. After a few minutes Tom went slowly out and joined him, and the young man grinned at him over the flowers.

"Train's forgotten your funny little station exists!" he said.

Tom smiled slowly and shook his head. "Don't you believe it. She'll come all right, and bring young Jon Shepherd safe along o' her!"

He screwed his eyes up to peer at the distant tunnel, from which a white puff curled slowly up into the clear blue sky. He nodded, maddeningly placid.

"That be she, all right. Darned if she isn't on time for once, too."

Charles hardly heard him. He stared at the distant speck that gradually assumed the shape of an engine. Like any lover meeting any train, he began to torment himself in this last minute with awful fears that Jon would not be on it. That somehow, by some nightmare mischance, she had missed it. . . . he had come to the station so absurdly early. There might even now be a wire up at the house saying: "Don't expect me to-day."

Then he saw Jon's head, hatless, her hair streaming in the breeze, her laughing mouth. She leant out perilously and waved at him, and his heart stopped thumping and seemed to leap right into his throat.

He caught her as she jumped down to the platform. For an instant they clung together, crushing the flowers he held, flushed, triumphant. Then Jon rescued them.

"Darling Charles—what a way to present a bouquet!"

"Sorry, Snubs, but you look so eatable. How can I worry about mere garden flowers!" he laughed. They stood back to stare at each other hungrily. "It seems years," he said, and she smiled.

"Doesn't it. Good Heavens, I'm the only passenger for here! Look!"

The train, having left her, went on its way. It seemed an omen, and a good one.

"It makes me feel like a film star or something . . . The London express makes special stop—"

"—to allow Miss Jonquill Shepherd to fall into the arms of her oldest friend, who had waited for some hours on the deserted platform burdened with a large collection of the choicest hot-house blooms!" he finished triumphantly. They strolled arm-in-arm to the barrier and went out to the gritty road gleaming white in the sunshine. Jon drew a great breath of the sweet air and gripped Charles' arm.

"I'm so happy, I can hardly bear it!" she whispered.

"Then shut your eyes, I've a surprise for you," he whispered back.

Smiling, she obeyed. In a few seconds she heard a strange chugging near at hand, the grate of tyres on the road.

"OH!" she cried out, laughing and trying not to open her eyes. "May I look now?"

"Yes."

Charles was beside her again. Together they stared at a tiny blue-and-silver car in the road. It was obviously not a new car, but its paintwork gleamed, it had line and something debonaire about it.

"Oh, Charles—how glorious! Why didn't you write and tell me?"

"Because I thought it would be more fun not to, sweet. She's rather a dear, isn't she? Her name's Min. Not very young of course; about ten, if the truth must be told."

Jon touched the gleaming bonnet.

"What does it matter? She looks new—almost new, anyway."

Charles grinned with a proprietary air.

"Do you hear that, you old mustard-can? She brought me down from Scotland, anyway, with only two breakdowns. I paid

fifteen pounds for her—which means I shan't have any clothes for a year."

Jon looked at him critically.

"You'll have to become respectable while you do the rounds, anyway. But you look disgustingly fit and Juan-les-Pins in that outfit!"

He surveyed his grey flannels and as much as he could see of the cotton shirt.

"You know between us we look like a couple of frauds. Scotland and London don't turn them out like us as a rule—we must be abnormally fine specimens. May I feel your pulse, Miss Shepherd?"

"Nurse Shepherd, please, Dr. Ellemere!"

"Oh—I knew it! He hugged her again, and more of the peppery-smelling lapin blossoms scattered the ground like blue confetti. "Congratulations, darling. I say, we are a pair of good children this term. I feel it's time we broke out in a rash of wickedness or something—"

"I feel it's time we risked breaking our bones in your car, or they'll think I haven't come after all."

He opened the door, and Jon got into the tiny car. It was amazingly comfortable. When Charles got in beside her she shut her eyes again, content to hear the sound of his voice above the engine.

"I warned them we wouldn't hurry. I thought it would be nice to go by Wood Drive—the woods are looking nice. It's been so hot some of the leaves are turning."

"Lovely!" shouted Jon above the engine's sudden roar, then the little blue car slid away down the hill and into the long winding empty road through the woods.

For some time they were content to drive in silence, stealing occasional glances at each other. Once their eyes met, and they grinned. It was, as always, a perfect reunion.

"Bother!" said Charles, and they both laughed. The engine had suddenly sputtered and died off abruptly. No amount of fiddling would make it start again.

Charles leant back and burrowed for his cigarette-case. They lit up and smoked for a while contentedly. At last he stirred reluctantly.

"I suppose I'll have to have a look at her innards—I wish I knew more about them. Sorry, darling, and I thought she was showing off so nicely."

"I don't mind. She couldn't have chosen a more lovely place. It's Heaven for me just to sit and look at these trees."

"Me, too. It has been an exile, hasn't it? Glory be that it's over now!" Charles sighed happily and blew lazy smoke rings.

"I envy you having had a whole week here already. Do tell me the gossip—has anything happened?"

Charles smiled, and the little wrinkles she loved sprang into life round his eyes.

"Does anything ever happen here at home? I hope not—it would spoil it all. Your people and mother are just the same, old Mrs. Gorton has had to give up the shop at last because of her eyes—and some foully rich Americans have taken the Castle for the summer."

"Oh!" said Jon. "That's news. Who—and what?"

"Mont is the name. Father and daughter, mother is dead, I believe. I haven't come across them yet but it seems he is quite a Big Noise, and simply rolling in money. The daughter, from all I've heard, is beautiful. Sure to be poisonously spoilt if she's Daddy's little Only Hope!"

He threw away the stub of his cigarette.

"Well, I'd better fumble in her innards, I suppose. I just might chance on the right thing!"

He slid over the side of the car on to the road, and lifted the bonnet. Jon could not see what he was doing, but she sat comfortably and watched his dark head bent over the mysteries of the engine.

Without thinking she began to hum, "You are my Lucky Star." She was absolutely and completely happy. It was perhaps the most happy moment of her life. Never before had she been able to look back on such achievement, forward to such glory; never again would happiness come to her quite so virginal and fresh.

Charles straightened up and leant against the door.

"I'm afraid it's petrol after all. I was so giddy about meeting you I forgot to fill her up."

"Well, it's a sound alibi! Shall we push her home—or walk? It's miles to a garage."



"WED better walk, I suppose. She'll be safe as houses here. But I don't want to hurry. Jon—"

"Yes?" Jon looked at him, trying to smile. Instead her mouth trembled, and for the first time in her life she could not look in his eyes. They were fixed on her with an expression she had never before seen in them. Together, a little breathless for no reason, they waited, and the hushed woods seemed to wait with them. At last Charles spoke, and there was no laughter in his voice now.

"There's something I want to tell you, and it seems as good a moment as any. It's—it's not easy, Jon—we're—"

The sudden bleat of a motor-horn cut him short. They both turned, surprised, flushed, and unaccountably guilty, as a long, low, yellow, magnificent sports car drew noiselessly up beside them. The young woman who drove it was small and dark, with straight hair drawn back like a Madonna and coiled in her neck, and quite the most polished and beautiful person either Jon or Charles had ever seen.

"Sorry to have startled you, people—but I saw you were in trouble. Can I help?"

She smiled, and her voice was low and mellow. The American accent was faint and attractive, giving her words a slight burr. Charles said "Carmel" very softly under his breath and the word seemed to freeze on his tongue as he looked at the woman at the wheel. This, thought Jon, must be one of the "foully rich" Americans—and what a face!

The girl seemed to sense their embarrassment, for she smiled again.

"You have broken down, haven't you?" she nodded at the open bonnet. "I don't want to butt in, but I'm an expert on cars. I thought perhaps you needed help, or I could give you a tow. I'm Deirdre Mont—"

"It's—very kind of you." Charles found his voice and glanced from his car to the yellow monster. "I'm afraid it's petrol—if you have any to spare? This is Miss Shepherd, and I'm Dr. Ellemere."

Jon and Deirdre smiled, with the sudden charm that young and pretty women put on for each other.

"I'm very glad to meet you—though it's in such an inconvenient way!" the American said, and laughed. Her laugh matched her voice, rippling mellowly into the silence.

"Sorry I haven't any spare petrol, but I can give you a tow," she said. "There's a rope in my carrier."

"It seems—hardly fair." Charles looked again from his car to hers, grimacing.

Deirdre laughed again.

"It won't hurt the car—she's pretty hefty. Dig out the rope, will you?"

He obeyed, and while he was fixing it to his shock-absorber Deirdre drove her car in front of him, backing it with deft, neat movements. She looked round at them, her amazingly neat head glinting in the dappled light.

"All set—tie her up!" she called.

Again Charles dumbly did what he was told. Evidently this young woman was used to giving orders. It hurt Jon, though she chastised herself for being petty, that Charles obeyed so promptly. He climbed in beside her, and released the brake.

"All set!" he called.

For a brief second he and Deirdre looked at each other, a glance that was over in a flash. But that flash pierced Jon's heart with sudden agony like a physical pain. Though she would not entertain it for a moment, the thought came to her, this is the end. I shall never be really happy again.

"Where do you want to go?" Deirdre asked, and now her glance swept Jon as well. It was utterly friendly, and made her feel miserably ashamed.

"Do you know Dr. Shepherd's house in Sturry Close?" Charles asked, and his voice was quite normal.

"Yes." Deirdre started her engine, and the big yellow car began to tow them smoothly through the deep woods. Charles turned to Jon with a funny little quirk at the corner of his mouth.

"Humiliation for Mim, or her gala-day, too!"

"And not only for Mim—" Unbidden, the words leapt to her brain as she tried to smile back at him.

CHARLES fought hard against his infatuation, but the dice were loaded against him. Deirdre Mont had fallen in love with him almost on sight, and it came naturally to her to take what she wanted.

When he was away from her, some remnant of the old sane Charles came back to him, and part of his mind at least realised what he was doing. His whole life had been built round the idea of marrying Jon. There could be no life without Jon—she was embedded in his very bones, in every breath he drew.

So much he knew in his sane moments, and that Jon was bound up with the home he loved, with his mother and her parents and with every dear tie of his life. He suffered terribly, and it was added agony to know that Jon herself had reciprocated all he felt. It made him an utter cad, and caddishness did not sit comfortably on Charles' broad shoulders.

But the moments of sanity passed all too quickly. His passion for Deirdre was fierce and terrible, sweeping him into its devouring flames so that when he was with her he trembled with a desire he had never known for any woman before, and when he left her was tormented by the perpetual longing to be near her again, to see her even if he could not touch her—though it was all he could do not to sweep her into his arms every time they met.

Charles suffered, but his agony was nothing compared with the bitter torture that Jon was forced to undergo.

BETTER TO HAVE LOVED

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

It did not come all at once, this disaster. For a time life resumed its normal pace so that Jon was able to laugh at that first frightened premonition, and Charles was able to convince himself that he thought Deirdre an amazingly beautiful woman, nothing more.

At that first meeting she had refused to come into Dr. Shepherd's house, though Jon in gratitude for her kindness had asked her warmly to do so. They had pulled up in front of the long grey stone home that Jon loved so much, and Jon, having thanked Deirdre again, had run in to meet her family grouped hilariously in the sitting-room to meet her.

CHARLES had stayed behind to untie Mim, and Deirdre had waved aside his thanks. "What are people for? But I do wish you and Miss Shepherd would come up to the castle for tea to-morrow, will you? I'm terribly lonesome up there by myself—Dad's supposed to be having a holiday, of course, but you've no idea how much work an American business man puts into a holiday!" she laughed, and the ripple of her laughter broke through Charles' intended polite refusal.

"I can't accept offhand, though it's very nice of you to ask us. You see, Miss Shepherd is just back from a long spell in London, and her family may have plans." Deirdre nodded reasonably. "Naturally. Well, it isn't a formal invitation! If you can come I shall be very glad to see you, if you don't turn up I shall understand. Good-bye."

In the house Charles found Jon standing by the french windows with her father's arm round her. Mrs. Shepherd was superintending the lunch arrangements and all three of them looked flushed and happy. They greeted his entrance with laughter.

"You would swank with a car, Charles. A lesson in humility, my boy. All good doctors start with a pushbike!"

Charles grinned. "Miss Mont wants Jon and me to go up there for tea to-morrow. I didn't commit us—I doubt if I have a suit respectable enough!"

"Of course we'll go," Jon said readily. Being back in the family gave her a sense of security, of things being as they had always been, safe, lovely, happy. We couldn't refuse after her bringing us home like that."

"If you want any lunch, children, come and have it. It's been waiting an hour now!" Mrs. Shepherd's placidity belied the urgency of her words, but Jon swooped down on the table.

"I'm ravenous, and I'm sure you are, Charles. Come on."

"If Deirdre Mont hasn't taken away his appetite!" Jack had come in quietly through the french windows, and his usually sunny face was sulky. "Hallo, Jon," he passed round the table and gave his sister a brief kiss. Jon's face fell a little.

"Whatever is the matter, Jack?"

"He's just being very rude. He's going through the awkward age!" Charles laughed. "Rubbish," retorted Jack. "I know a beautiful woman when I see one, and there's never been anyone like her around here. I wish there had!"

They all sat down and fell on the cold meat and salad and hot rolls with country appetites. Dr. Shepherd hurried through his, glancing sometimes at his watch.

Jon looked at him beseechingly.

"Don't say you've got to rush off now, Daddie!"

"Afrail so." He nodded his big white head and smiled with the especial whimsical

tender smile he kept for Jon. "Sorry, darling. But it's my hospital afternoon, you know."

When he had gone Jon turned to her mother a little anxiously.

"Isn't he looking a little run down?"

Mrs. Shepherd nodded.

"He is rather tired. It's the heat. He never likes the heat. And, of course, he is doing far too much work. I shall be very glad when you start, Charles. It's time he had someone to help him."

Charles nodded seriously.

"I'm longing to get to work, but as you know he won't hear of it for a month. Seems to think I need a holiday or that Jon does and can't be trusted to take it alone!" He grinned, his brown face suddenly very boyish.

Mrs. Shepherd smiled very sweetly at the returned exiles and she began helping Jane clear the table.

"I feel very proud of you both. You're both my chicks, you know!"

Jon jumped up and hugged her.

"I know, I know. Oh, I'm so happy to be home. I've been thinking about it and thinking about it—imagining all this just as it is to-day—until I got almost superstitious and thought it could never come true! Let me do that, dearest."

"No, darling. You run along with Charles—his mother wants you for tea, and it'll take you quite a time to walk. Dodie and I'll have you this evening. I've unpacked your big trunk for you."

Jon put her hand in Charles'.

"Isn't it nice to be home? Where there's a real mummy who isn't frightened of a huge trunk full of the most awful messes. I bet my room's as tidy as a new pin. I must run up for five minutes—then I'll be ready."

On the way to Grey Cottage, as Mrs. Ellesmere's tiny house was called, Jon spoke of the American girl again.

"She's very lovely, isn't she? I've never seen anyone quite so—so poised," she said sincerely. "I expect her family is good. I mean, not just money—"

"No!" Charles did not pursue the subject, though his thoughts did in spite of himself. There was definitely more to Deirdre than "just money."

"I had thought we might go up to the meadows for a picnic to-morrow, before she asked us up for tea," he said hesitantly, subconsciously resisting the desire that was growing in him to see more of Deirdre, to know more about her.

Jon noticed his hesitation. Her large eyes swept up to his sympathetically.

"It would have been perfect, darling. But we must go. We've got a whole month and it would look so puffy to rebuff her when she wanted to be friends. And she was kind to us to-day."

So Jon sealed her own fate unwittingly, kindly as she did everything, and they passed through the little white gate into the garden of Grey Cottage, where Charles' mother was waiting to welcome Jon as warmly as her own mother had been.

They had tea in the garden, and Jon and Charles did nearly all the talking, punctuated now and then by Elaine Ellesmere's soft exclamations. That tea party with the sun getting lower and lower in a blaze of orange-and-red, and the cosy evening in her own home afterwards, were Jon's happiest memories for many days to come.

That August, besides being a time of growing misery for Jon, was full of tiny discomforts as well. Beginning with that first tea at the castle, Deirdre seemed to be always with them, though even to

her bitterest moments Jon could not accuse her of having forced her company upon them. It was just that she slowly and inevitably became a third in all their doings, until gradually Jon was pushed, though quite unconsciously on the part of the other two, into the position of odd-man-out—a position that is always hard to bear, and doubly so when a lifetime of happiness is at stake.

There came a day when Jon, in the privacy of her green-and-white bedroom, had to face the fact that she was losing Charles, and with him the whole fabric she had built up, slowly and with loving care, for her future happiness: for his future happiness, which was far more important.

Little things, incidents and facts, piled up now into an imposing pillar between her and the sun; deliberately now, since she had made up her mind to face it, she sent her thoughts back to that first meeting, though even now she could hardly believe that Fate had been so cruelly ironical—to send a woman like Deirdre along just as the first words of love were trembling on his lips—at the most exquisite moment of her life.

That brief glance, that instinct against all reason, had warned her was significant. At the tea at the castle the next day, when Deirdre had been so delighted that they had come after all, she had introduced them to her father.

Carey Mont had upset their Hollywood-created conception of Americans. True, he had something forceful, dynamic about him that explained his business success, but in everything else he was just a charming, courteous old man who obviously adored Deirdre and had a weakness for anything genuinely antique.

After tea they had all made a tour of the castle, because the Monts were eager to hear the slender guide book information supplemented by local residents who could furnish more interesting anecdotes. Jon, who knew the history of the castle by heart, and its owners intimately, talked on and on to please Mr. Mont. They had gone from room to room, and somehow Deirdre and Charles had got left behind in the very beautiful, bare-panelled room known as the music chamber.

DEIRDRE leant, lightly and gracefully, against an old spinet. Small though it was, she barely topped it. She looked dreamily round the room, into the green depths outside the window.

"You have things in England that not all the money in the States can buy. This—for instance—we could go home in the autumn and reproduce this room absolutely and exactly in Long Island, but it wouldn't be this. Coming to England always makes me homesick, though I never know why."

"Antiquity and virility don't go together," Charles said. "To live in such a room, as it was meant to be lived in, one's whole tempo of living would have to be slowed down."

"Virility!" Slowly Deirdre's long black eyelashes swept up, and for the first time he saw that her eyes were deeply, vividly blue—an extraordinary combination with her olive skin and black hair—and she looked at him.

"I think that virility is overvalued to-day. We Americans make a god of it, bow and scrape and pander to it, talking about it very loudly all the time because somewhere deep down we suspect that it is a hollow god, that we have lost the art of living."

Charles shook his head.

"You haven't—neither has your father."

"You aren't all hustlers." He wanted, suddenly and absurdly, to say, "You're alive—wonderfully alive."

Deirdre had smiled at him and given herself a little shake, as if struggling away some melancholy day-dream.

"We'd better hustle now, if we're going to catch them up during the next mile or so of sightseeing!" she said humorously.

From that day, Charles had credited Deirdre with an amount of vision she did not possess: even when they rejoined Jon and Carey Mont, he had been thinking of what she had said to him, and later it had been inevitable that the Monte should be invited to the proposed picnic.

Only on the way home they had both, suddenly and silently, realised the significance of that. Every summer for five years they had had a picnic in the meadows, just the two of them, Jon and Charles. It had been a ritual, a festival; no one had ever asked to join them, since it was understood, tacitly, to be a private affair.

The meadows was a long sloping piece of land that adjoined the woods and ran down through fields of buttercups and long straggly grass to the river Cob.

Ever since they had been children the meadows had been their special place where they could cry high festival or where they could study in quiet. Charles, later, brought his medical books there; and Jon read with him, discussed with him, heard him through his anatomy and physiology and a great many other things until she herself had a fair grounding in all his subjects.

When they had had enough of working they would swim, taking it in turns to undress in the willows. They were both strong swimmers, loving the cold kiss of the icy river water, challenging each other and emerging at last triumphant to shake themselves like terriers and lie in the sun in their swimming-suits to dry.

This was the inevitable place of the first picnic of the year: the place to which the Monte had now been invited.

Suddenly, when they were nearly home, Jon thought: "I can't bear it, not with all those memories." She said to Charles, hoping her voice didn't sound funny:

"Can't we picnic—somewhere else?"

She flushed and felt miserable as the hot color surged into her face. She hoped and prayed that Charles would understand—and even that frightened her. She had never needed to hope or pray for his understanding before.

Charles stopped with her by her gate and said:

"Of course we can. Snubs," as naturally as possible. But she noticed that he didn't look at her, and that his own voice sounded a bit odd when he used her old nickname. The next instant he had put his hand over hers where it rested on the gate. "We'll never take anyone there. We'll go to the sea instead," he said, and she had been infinitely comforted.

The picnic had been, she supposed, a great success. At least they had all laughed and talked a lot, and done their best to explain any local points of interest to the visitors. Young Jack had come with them at the last minute, and his obvious adoration of Deirdre had provided some comic relief, but somehow the entertaining of the Americans fell on her shoulders and Charles', and once more they were more or less paired off. Jon With Carey, Charles with his daughter. Courtesy, of course.

But when days went by and Deirdre became part of every outing, either by Charles'

invitation or Jack's insistence, Jon began to hunger for the old times when she had had Charles all to herself.

Though Deirdre appeared to have none of the typical American "hustle," yet they found themselves always caught up in plans for days ahead, so that there were fewer and fewer of those lovely casual hours when they could wonder what they would do next, and enjoy playing with ideas only to reject them.

Jon, facing all this now that August was nearly over, felt the bitterness of desolation. When Jack came running up to tell her that Deirdre was telephoning to say she had fixed up a luncheon trip to a little village for all of them she told him she would not go. His face fell, and for a moment he regarded her sulkily.

"What's the matter? Do be a sport—she'll probably call it off if you won't come!" "I don't think so," Jon shook her head. "No woman would refuse two cavaliers! I can't go—I've some work for Dad, and I'm not feeling very well, anyway."

"All right!" Jack slammed her door ungraciously and pelted downstairs to the telephone in the hall.

After all, Jon told herself, there was a limit to human endurance, and she had reached hers. There was still one hope that she hardly allowed to raise its head. . . . In a week the Monte were due to go back to America.

They might, of course, not go—they were wealthy enough to indulge a whim if they decided to stay on. But there was Carey's dislike of the English winter.

"Dear God, please make them go. She'll never make him happy, and I can—I can—I can." Jon prayed blindly, fervently, to the sultry summer sky, and as if in answer to her prayer the rain suddenly came down in sheets, deluging the parched countryside.

JACK came in at tea-time with a white, set face and rain dripping off his coat. His father was out on a sick call, his mother busy with the cook. Jon was nowhere to be seen. Scowling at the empty room, he flung off his light coat and ran upstairs. Hardly knocking, he burst into Jon's room, where she was lying on her bed pretending to read a new book from the library.

He stared at her moodily, looking so white that Jon was frightened.

"What has happened, Jack? Not—not a smash?"

"Only a heart or two. Nothing serious!" she boy muttered bitterly. Jon was reassured, able to smile at him.

"No use being jealous," she said.

"Jealous!" Jack sprang off the bed as if it were red-hot. "Jealous! I don't know what you're made of! I thought—everyone thought—that you and Charles—"

"I'm not going to discuss Charles with you—or anyone," Jon said tersely.

Jack stared down at her tragically.

"I'm sorry, I know you're loyal—too loyal! But I can't stand it, Jon." He sat down suddenly, and she saw him as a small boy whose new toy had been taken by someone else and smashed. For a moment she forgot her own pain, and understood the boy's young torment. "I can't stand it," he repeated dully. "Until—you all came home—she liked me. Yes, you may smile, but she did. I know she did—even at my age. I'm not stone blind!"

Jon said nothing, sympathising with him, yet incredulous. That Deirdre could ever have played with the emotions of a boy Jack's age she could not credit. Yet his belief need be none the less sincere for that.

"It was wonderful. Until your precious Charles came along. To-day was terrible. She was simply eating him—and the two of them laughing at me. Oh, they were kind, so kind! I don't want kindness!"

His tirade died out as suddenly as it had begun. He looked at Jon again, the most miserable being she had ever seen.

"Oh, I know I'm a fool. But—Jon—" he covered his young, white face with his hands. Gently, feeling as old as creation, Jon touched his shaking shoulders.

"You wait and see. Things do come right in the end, you know, if you hang on hard enough!" She spoke with more confidence than she felt.

IT had really been rather a strained luncheon in the old timbered inn, but Deirdre and Charles had conscientiously tried to make it a jolly affair for young Jack. It was difficult, in these surroundings built for romance, when every casual glance, every accidental touch, sent the blood coursing through their veins and they longed to be alone. But they had persevered, convinced that the boy was quite happy. After all, he had only just left school and this sort of thing was probably still an enormous treat.

So they had consulted him about the lunch, and Deirdre had let him sit next to her in the car, even offering to let him drive it part of the way home. His gruff refusal had astonished her, and she had felt quite justified in dropping him at his gate with a cheerful good-bye, and taking Charles back with her to tea.

Charles had noticed Jack's white face.

"The lad seems to be ill or something," he had said to Deirdre. She had laughed, her eyes raking the woodland road ahead.

"He'll get over it—he's very young. Look—that's where I first met you!"

"Yes," Charles had said numbly. He had not wanted to think about that place or that day. Deirdre, by his side, seemed to have sensed his reluctance, for she had sent the great car tearing like a mad thing up towards the castle.

They had rushed through the rain, and Deirdre had switched on her headlights to cope with the abnormal, stormy darkness. The woods had become bewitched, the trees had grown enormous in the weird light, and it had been like a wild journey through a deep, primeval forest.

AFTER tea Carey Mont had gone to his study to dictate letters to his secretary. "Mustn't forget my holiday's nearly over—this time next week I'll be forgetting I've ever had a holiday!" he had added, smiling grimly.

Deirdre had turned off the light when he had gone, settling on a big couch before the first fire of the year.

"I want to—to feel this. Another thing we never have at home. Firelight . . . the smell of oak and apple logs."

Charles had stood for a long time leaning against the high oak mantelpiece, looking down at Deirdre's face with the firelight playing on it. The stillness of his pose gave no hint of the storm raging in him—a storm that matched the wildness of the sky outside the drawn curtains. When he had suddenly dropped on one knee beside her Deirdre herself was startled.

"Deirdre, I can't let you go!" he had muttered thickly, as if the words were forced out of him in spite of himself. Trembling, he had buried his face fiercely against her body as if he would bury himself in her,

Her body had trembled in response. The weight of his head against her had sent a great thrill of happiness, of triumph, through her. She, too, had been seeing, only too vividly, that parting next week.

The luxurious stateroom on board ship which would mock her with its emptiness if Charles were not there... the arrival in New York, being swallowed up at once in a bevy of friends eager to question them about this holiday, eager to talk, to laugh, to absorb her, so that she would have no peace even to dream of this Englishman who had come to mean so much to her; the opening of the big town house, the beginning of the season of endless parties, dinners, dances; Deirdre sincerely believed in that moment that she would give it all up—a thousand times over—for one moment like this with Charles.

She had bent forward and raised his head gently.

"Why should you—let me go," she had whispered.

Unbelieving, he looked up into her eyes. The flames from the fire were reflected in them. He was panting as if he had been stumbling across a parched desert for days, weeks.

"Deirdre!" he cried her name hoarsely. Incredulously. She had been like a goddess to him all these days, like a tantalising Madonna, but the lips she laid then on his were as eager as his own. . . .

JON came down to breakfast punctually, feeling happier than she had done for days. The storm seemed to have cleared the emotional as well as the actual sky; the sultry heat had gone, the sense of heaviness and lassitude. The sky was a bright, clear blue; the grass and trees dripped still from the heavy rain, washed and eager and vivid. There was a fresh smell of earth, and a clear yellow sun beginning to dry the drenched world.

She smiled at the rest of the family who had already started early as it was, slipped into her seat beside her father, and more for his sake than her own attacked her breakfast heartily.

It was only when Jon reached for the cream jug that she saw the letter from Charles. Even then she had no warning premonition. Her heart jumped merely at the sight of that familiar scrawl, and at the strangeness of his writing to her at all when they were so near.

With a brief apology to Lucien—unnecessary since he was immersed in his newspaper—she opened the envelope and read, slowly and incomprehensibly, his letter. It ran:

"Darling Jon—I have some news for you, and as I couldn't bear you to hear it from anyone else first and it's too late tonight to come and see you, I'm writing this. Deirdre is going to marry me. I know this will sound very sudden to you, but I hope you'll be glad because it has made me very happy. These things do happen suddenly, don't they?"

"Dear Jon, I hope this won't be a shock to you or spoil our friendship. Deirdre is very fond of you, I know. She wanted me to go to America, but I couldn't just live on her money, so we are going to be married by special licence before her father leaves next week, and then I'll have to settle down and find a practice. I'm afraid this will break up our plans of my working in Birmingham. Deirdre has set her heart on living in town somewhere if she can't go back to New York. I feel worried about this—of course, I shall come and explain everything to your father, about the practice, I

mean. I expect this sounds very confused, but I cannot think very clearly to-night. I know you will understand, Jon. Please, please, do.

"CHARLES."

Jon read it twice, numbly. It was an insane letter, not the kind of letter Charles wrote to her at all. To write such news, in any case! To talk of interfering with their friendship, of explaining things to her father.



JON'S first emotion was a furious blinding anger. In that instant she hated Charles for his cowardice, for his wrecking not only of her life but the whole happy pattern of their life at Birmingham.

It involved Dodie—and her mother—and Jack, and Mrs. Elsemere who had always loved Jon, and all their friends who would scarcely be able to hide their pity—and in this casual fashion. It was intolerable, unbearable of him!

Then the words of the letter came to her again, and she knew that though Charles must have written it, it was not really Charles speaking to her at all. It was the voice of Deirdre, the voice of a stranger, talking to her through Charles' poor, blind, impetuous pen.

She got up and went to the window, looking out at the drenched garden, out of all touch now with the summer which had returned, seemingly repentant for the brief storm. Her storm was going on and on and on; it would go on for ever, eating at her heart, smashing her dreams, embittering each simple action of her days.

Oh, Charles! The whisper was only in her heart, but it bore the silent reproach of a world of sadness. All anger drained out of her, she felt a million years old.

Mrs. Shepherd and Jack, sensing that something was wrong, looked at her with troubled eyes, waiting for her to speak.

It was Dr. Shepherd who went over to her, put an arm round her shoulders, looked into her white face.

"Darling—"

Slowly she raised her eyes to his face. They were dark, filled with an infinite sadness that was too old for her years, a sudden resignation that seemed to him unnatural and more dangerous than an outbreak. She spoke calmly, with an odd fatality as if this doom had been foreseen from the beginning of creation.

"This is from Charles. He says that he is going to marry Deirdre. Soon—next week. Before—her father sails."

I WONT go, I can't go!" Jon faced her parents, standing in the shaft of afternoon sunlight like a young hunted thing at bay.

Lucien looked away from her, staring at the delphiniums' blue haze in the garden. Muriel's eyes dropped before the pain in her daughter's to the letter from Deirdre now held in her hand.

"Dear Mrs. Shepherd,

"I know the news of our engagement must have been a big surprise to you all, it was so very sudden even to us. We are being married in London on Saturday, and leaving at once for Jamaica. Since Charles absolutely refuses to live in America, I have insisted on a brief honeymoon, any-

way! The real thing I want to tell you is that Dad has given us his blessing, and though the whole thing is being rushed through before he sails, he does not want to be done out of all celebrations. He is giving a fancy dress dance to-morrow night, and some American friends are coming from London for it, also an orchestra. I want you and the doctor to come and bring your family. As Charles' oldest friends, it would not be complete without you, so please do!

"I shall expect you all unless you have a terribly good alibi!

"Yours sincerely,

Deirdre Mont."

"The girl's either very thick-skinned or very blind," Muriel said.

Jon turned on her impatiently. "Oh, she's all right. Blind right through. She's simply crazy about Charles. How can you expect her to be subtle about other people? It's natural enough."

Lucien turned back to the room.

"If you really think she isn't trying to be catty, then we ought to go. All of us," he said slowly.

Jon sighed, and smiled at them.

"All right, I'll go. Only don't blame me if I make a perfect fool of myself."

Jon did not make a fool of herself; her love for Charles was of the strength, and texture that begets courage, and she faced all the people who had come to the fancy-dress dance out of friendly curiosity with her head held high, her cheeks flushed with animation.

Her father had written to Charles a little note dictated by her mother's wisdom rather than his indignation, saying that of course he understood that this new event would interfere with their old plans, but that the partnership would still be open to Charles after the honeymoon if he cared to take it.

Lucien felt more like thrashing the boy than offering him a partnership now, but Muriel had insisted on the offer being kept open. She watched Jon with loving eyes and said that one day Charles might be very glad of their friendship.

Jon, afraid for the first time in her life of meeting Charles (the coming of Deirdre seemed to have turned them all into moral cowards, she reflected grimly) had written him a few lines, wishing him happiness with all her heart. That, at least, she could write sincerely.

And now, inevitably, they were to come face-to-face. Jon wore an Empire gown belonging to her grandmother, a lovely thing of green velvet and old lace. It had a tiny waist and long skirt flowing in folds to the ground, and made her look like some fair lily sheathed in green.

Charles was standing with Deirdre and her father to receive the guests.

Carey Mont engulfed Jon at once, so that for a few minutes Charles did not see her. He and Deirdre were welcoming her family; the girl with frank charm, Charles a little shamefacedly.

But Jon had no need to worry about her parents. They said and did the right things with natural dignity, so that Carey looked at them all affectionately and said loudly:

"If only I hadn't to go back to the States on Monday, just as I'm beginning to feel at home over here. It's a shame!" And they all laughed with him.

Then Charles, turning from the kiss he gave her mother, saw Jon. For an instant they were facing each other, isolated by their secret significance from the crowd that buzzed laughingly around—and for a brief flash there was a terrible appeal in

his dark eyes before he suddenly dropped them.

She answered the appeal, laying her hand on his strongly and warmly; looking with a sudden leap of her heart at the familiar long lashes as his glance fell at the little lines which were not wrinkled in laughter to-night.

With all her will-power she smiled at him; a smile of friendship, to warm, to reassure; to try and tell him that if he was happy, that was all that mattered.

The instant passed. Mrs. Ellesmere, secretly as troubled as the Shepherds by this sudden marriage, carried Jon off to another part of the huge ballroom, which had been opened up for the first time in fifty years.

THE groups broke up, there was a general movement to clear the centre of the floor, and a sorting of couples. One of the young visiting Americans came over and asked Jon to dance; mechanically she stood up and allowed herself to be swung out in his arms to the lilt of the music.

"My name's Anthony Wallham—Tony to the world! What's yours, beautiful?" he said. He was very young and good-looking and absurdly impudent. Jon thought him rather likeable. It was impossible to be angry with him.

"Jon Shepherd—Jonquil in full," she said, answering in the same spirit.

"That's a pretty name—unusual, too. It suits you, I'll tell the world!"

They danced for a few minutes in silence; as with the fine loose-swinging movements of his race, Jon a little more stiffly. Suddenly he swept her closer, and hummed to the gay tune. "I'm not asbestos—don't be so stiff, my dear. It's much better like this."

Jon started to move away from his tight hold, but at that instant they passed Charles dancing with a girl who was a stranger to Jon. Suddenly, wildly, recklessly determined to keep her pride at all events, Jon relaxed her body in Tony's arms and laughed up into his smiling face.

"It is better, isn't it?"

The dance came to an end in a final mad whirl, and Tony took her back to her seat beside Mrs. Ellesmere.

"Thank you, Jon. May I have the next too?"

Jon shook his head. "Afraid it's booked," and the young American went sadi away. Mrs. Ellesmere looked after him with a whimsical smile and turned to Jon.

"They work fast on that side of the Atlantic, don't they?"

The girl answered with a hint of bitterness that did not escape the older woman. "Yes, they do. It makes you wonder—how long it will last."

Carey Mont came over and sat down on the other side of Charles' mother, beaming all over his cheerful face. He indicated Deirdre dancing with Charles by an inclination of his big head.

"Fine couple they make, eh? I suppose the next time I'll be over here for a family festival it'll be for the first christening!"

Jon winced and smiled at once to cover her involuntary gesture.

"I suppose it will," she said slowly.

"I was just saying to Jon that you people work very fast. I'm terribly afraid of seeing Charles whisked away across the Atlantic one of these days!" Mrs. Ellesmere said gently.

Carey turned to her with a big smile and laid his huge hand over hers. It was a chivalrous and kindly gesture.

"I know, I know. They do seem to leave

us behind, don't they? But you know you'll be very welcome, too, in New York if they ever do come over for a visit."

Jon slipped out quietly through the big windows, feeling her face burning like a flame and unable to bear any more. These kindly, blundering old people with their hopes and plans—oh, couldn't they see, couldn't they feel what was happening to Charles?

Vividly, cruelly, she saw his infatuation, the bitter burning disillusionment that would surely follow—and she who loved him so much, who understood him as no one else on earth ever had or ever would understand him, had to stand by and see this tragedy.

Blindly, her eyes smarting with the tears she had held back, Jon made her way to an old rustic seat in a terraced rose-garden some distance from the castle. The dreadful loneliness that attacks all human beings when they lose a loved one swept over her. The past was so full of Charles that even memory was a pain. The future without him stretched like an unbelievable desert before her.

As if to mock her even here, the haunting music floated out into the still air. They were playing "You Are My Lucky Star," and probably Charles was dancing again with Deirdre.

Suddenly Jon fell forward on the seat, her face hidden in her arms, her whole body shaking with the sobs she had repressed so long and could no longer control. "Oh, Charles darling—you might have spared me that!" she whispered.

Her father found her like that. He had seen her slip out from a conversation that he guessed intuitively must have been painful for her, and after fetching her cloak he had searched the gardens for her. Turn by pity, he stooped over her and laid the velvet cloak tenderly over her bare shoulders.

Jon started, and sat up suddenly. She saw Lucien through a mist of tears and gave a little glad cry.

"Oh—it's you, Daddy!"

He sat down beside her, and folded her, cloak and all, into his arms, as he had often done when she was a child.

"My pet, my darling," he stroked her hair softly. "It must be horrid for you—all this. It was so brave of you to come."

She buried her face against him, still shaken by occasional sobs. Her voice came muffled, uncertain.

"I can't be brave any more, darling. Please take me home. Leave a message that you've had an urgent call, that I'm driving you. I couldn't bear to—to go back again—there."

"All right, pet. We'll go at once. I can slip a message to one of the servants. Mother will understand. My poor little girl, you're frozen." He wrapped the cloak more securely round her when she stood up, trembling a little but smiling bravely now.

"That's my kind Dodie, Darling. I know you and Mummy do understand. It—it helps a lot. But I've got to get away from here. It's all too—too reminiscent!"

She essayed a shaky little laugh and spoke more firmly. "I'm going back to the hospital. I know Matron'll have me and at least I can do a useful job of work there."

Lucien sighed, but patted her shoulder.

"Yes, I know you are right. It'll be the best thing. And, after all, it is the finest job in the whole world, darling."

Deirdre turned her head to watch Charles as he lay, long and brown and thoughtful in the sun. He wore only a short pair of trunks, and once again she was thrilled by

the physical magnificence of him. Smiling, she reached out a white hand and touched the smooth mound of muscle on his forearm.

"What are you thinking about, darling?" she asked.

"That in spite of the South Sea Island appearance, this lazy life doesn't suit me so well. I feel I want to get back to a job of work," he answered.

Deirdre frowned.

"Do you mean that after one week—you are bored by—all this?"

She looked round appreciatively. They were lying in the grassy sloping gardens surrounding the swimming pool. Above them a far-flung sky of brightest blue, a sun that blazed down gratefully and drew the scent of the many exotic flowering shrubs that dotted the terraced slopes.

Through the bushes which they had sought for shade they could glimpse the long, greeny-blue stretch of the mammoth pool itself, and beyond it the wide stretch of limpid sea. It was a paradise on earth.

Charles too, looked round before answering her incredulous question; but in his glance there was a dawning distaste.

"Not bored, dearest. How could I be—with you here? But I—I feel I want to begin my work again. After all, I've studied for years. Now I'm qualified I want to put it to some use. I'm ambitious."

He stirred restlessly, digging his bare toes into the dry grass, and sat up clasping his long arms round his knees. He wanted, terribly, to make Deirdre understand.

"If you're ambitious you'll come to New York with me. I could get you a magnificent practice there."

Charles shook his head and leant forward to take one of her hands.

"Darling Deirdre, please try to understand. It isn't that sort of ambition. I don't want to act as nursemaid to a lot of wealthy, neurotic old women. I want to heal and—and help. To go in for research when I have the time, and bring babies into the world. I'd like to specialise in obstetrics one day."

A shadow passed over her face and she took her hand away.

"I know, I know. Well, I've agreed to live in London. I can't do more, can I? And—about the other thing. You are always harping on babies—I hate it. Isn't my love enough?"

CHARLES laughed. For the first time he felt older than Deirdre. "We've only been married a month—heaps of time yet, darling! But I admit my mind runs on having a family—every ambitious man's does."

Deirdre could not resist his infectious laughter. The cloud disappeared from her face as she jumped to her feet.

"Not for five years at least. I'm going in to dress now. It would be rather fun to go to the botanical gardens this afternoon."

He had risen, too, and looked at her beautiful body alive, blossoming, glowing. It was lunch-time, and they were alone in the gardens. He drew her to him, and at the touch they both thrilled, until it seemed as if the sun himself had entered into them, scorching them up. At last Deirdre, still laughing, managed to free herself from his arms.

"There's a time and place for everything, Don Juan!" she said, and sped away to the dressing-rooms.

Charles started to follow her, but the pool drew him for a last swim. He knew from experience that Deirdre would be a

long time dressing. She was always, even for these informal occasions, immaculate. Charles suddenly realised that he had never seen her with a shiny face or disarranged hair. He wondered, a little whimsically, how she managed it.

There were many things about Deirdre that he did not understand. He was beginning to realise that as he strolled along the barrier dividing the pool from the natural shallows of the sea. Raising his eyes he looked across the great stretch of water that formed the harbor, to the three big liners that were at anchor.

Two of them, like the ship that had brought them, were bound for New Zealand. The third was homeward bound. In less than three weeks she would be at Southampton. Probably docking in a grey mist of rain, but carrying a cargo of hearts glad to be home.

Charles felt a sudden longing to be travelling with her, away from this blaze of light and color which Deirdre loved, back to the cool greys and greens of England.

There must, he thought, be something wrong with him. Forgetting all about his swim, he sat down on the lowest step of the diving platform and gazed out to sea, trying to disentangle his confused thoughts.

Slowly, carefully, he went over the past month. From the moment when he and Deirdre had been married quietly and he had kissed her, full of ecstasy that she was his. After the wedding they had gone at once to Southampton and embarked.

Life on board ship had been strange to him. They were ear-marked as a honeymoon couple by the other passengers, and left to themselves at first. That suited Charles well enough, but Deirdre was of a more social disposition, and it was not long before she was on friendly terms with the captain and some of the more wealthy passengers.

Charles was of a shyer disposition, and would have preferred to chum up with some of the crew, the engineers, and the lesser fry among the passengers, but he couldn't let Deirdre down very well.

That had been the first tiny rift. She had found him one day in the second class, giving advice to a harassed mother whose baby had suddenly come out in tiny heat spots.

"I do wish," she had said later in their cabin, "you wouldn't go into the steerage on such friendly terms."

Charles had been genuinely amazed.

"Steerage? My dear girl, there is no steerage on this boat. I was talking to a second-class passenger, as you know." He had watched her angrily for a minute, as she sat patting a complexion cream slowly and lightly into her smooth face, and added maliciously, "a second-class passenger who has paid only a few pounds less than we have for the privilege of travelling on this boat."

Seeing his angry face in the mirror, Deirdre's sulks had vanished abruptly. She had turned round suddenly contrite and taken his hand.

"I'm a pig, Charles. A spoilt little pig. Do forgive me. I love you for being as you are. But it is difficult for me sometimes."

"Of course it is, my sweet. I won't stray any more!"

He had kissed her hand and laughed off the whole affair, but somehow it had stuck in his memory, rankled in spite of himself. He had told himself again and again that he could not expect the spoilt darling of Carey Mont to be as other people, to have the workaday ideals of a person like himself who would have to struggle for every penny he earned.

For although Deirdre was paying for this honeymoon that she had insisted upon (actually it was Carey's wedding present to him), he had no intention of living on her money once they were back in England.

She could use her allowance for all the luxuries to which she was accustomed, but the actual living expenses would be paid by him—if it meant living in one room! He had made up his mind about that.

It had been a greater shock for Charles to realise that in spite of her warm response that night when he had proposed to her, she was not as demonstrative as he.

Charles stared over the blue waters of the bay fringed by the graceful drooping palms, and cursed money. He had never wished for great wealth, just enough to give him a career, the medicine that he loved; and perhaps a wife and a lot of jolly kids who would learn in the school of reality to be content on very little—that had been his ideal. He had often talked of it with Jon.

Jon. He frequently thought of Jon, sometimes a little unhappily. He never dared analyse his thoughts, but he knew a deep and uncomfortable suspicion that he had let Jon down—and perhaps himself.

He was unhappy because she had disappeared that night of the dance, gone without a word. He had not seen her again, nor heard any news of her. It was as if part of his own life had gone.



A FRAID of pursuing this line of thought, Charles let his memory resume its thread. The night they had arrived at Jamaica had been hot and still. A great golden moon had lit up the island, throwing dense black shadows around the palms, making it all unbelievably beautiful.

And in the launch that brought them from the steamer Charles had been so happy. Now at last he would have Deirdre to himself for days and days.

But their hotel, when they arrived, was a blaze of electric light. Deirdre had not been there five minutes before recognising an acquaintance, and while Charles attended to the matter of their room, she became absorbed into a group of chattering.

When Charles turned from the sleepy clerks to tell her that the native boy was waiting to show them their room, he was drawn at once into a maze of laughing introductions and hearty congratulations.

Silas Warner seemed to think it the cutest thing in the world to find them on their honeymoon like this, and as he was staying over for a few days, suggested making a party of it. Deirdre, to Charles' intense annoyance, seemed more than willing. He hadn't had her very much to himself since then.

He wondered what she really felt for him.

Deirdre found him like that, in a brown study. She bent and—since they were alone—kissed the tip of his ear.

"Aren't you dressed yet? We'll be terribly late for lunch."

"I don't care a fig about lunch!" Charles drew her down, immaculate as she was, into the strong embrace of his warm, bare arms.

To Charles' surprise Deirdre did not for once arrange for a whole party to accompany them on their outing. After lunch

she slipped quietly out with him and they drove together along miles of dusty country road with little naked black babies playing by the wayside.

"This is a honeymoon—at last, I'm sick of seeing you in a crowd of your compatriots!"

Charles stopped the car and put his arm round her, but Deirdre edged delicately away.

"It's too hot, darling. This sun! I can feel it in every pore! I hope the gardens are worth seeing—after this."

Charles tried to see her face, but it was hidden beneath the wide sweep of her drooping picture hat.

"Deirdre—look at me," he commanded. His tone was so urgent that finally she did raise her head slowly, until her eyes met his, slightly surprised.

"Listen, darling—I must know the truth. Do you love me—or not?"

The faint surprise in her eyes became real incredulity. She laid a small hand over his trembling one.

"Why—of course—Charles! Why do you think I married you? All this—just because I don't want to cheapen our love by indulging it morning, noon and night! It will last longer, you know, if we don't overdo the honeymoon stunt."

He knew then that she loved him—as much as she was capable of loving anyone. But the sophistry of that remark was like a blow between the eyes.

He had thought, always, of love that was wholehearted, unthinking, complete—not a cool reckoning, not a commodity to be paid out with care so that it would "last"—like a capital in a bank.

Arrived at the gardens later, a gardener showed them round with pride. He opened the door of the long glass orchid house and ushered Deirdre in as if she were a queen; within, they stood silent, spellbound by the feast of fragile beauty spread with a grand carelessness before their eyes.

Orchids—giant, waxy, feathery, multi-colored orchids festooned the place from floor to ceiling. They ranged in color from the purest white to flaming orange, from the most delicate lavender to passionate reds and purples; they were plain and bi-colored, smooth and ragged, some of them spashed with spots, and all framed in their delicate vinery of the most vivid green.

Charles was struck dumb by the sight; but Deirdre went from flower to flower, impatient to see more, and each new variety of bloom seemed more amazing than the last. Seeing an enthusiast, the native gardener launched out on a brief lecture about the habits and characteristics of the various blooms, and to their amazement calmly picked several sprays and presented them to Deirdre—who accepted them with more fervor than Charles had ever seen her betray.

To him, the place, despite its obvious beauty, reeked of something indescribably evil. Some spirit, perhaps, of the dank South American forests where these artificial-looking flowers had their home.

He tried to thrust off the feeling, knowing it to be absurd; of all the flowers in creation, orchids should symbolize civilization; but to him, standing there in the unbelievable heat of a Jamaican afternoon, they breathed their true selves—parasites, and parasites of the dark and evil places of the earth.

Something of this he tried to explain to Deirdre, going home. She had fastened the great spray of orchids—lavender, red, and a spotted orange—to her frock, and

was trying to wear admiration for them from Charles.

"I wish you'd throw them away. They don't suit you and I hate the beastly things," he said, and knew he had spoken childishly.

Deirdre frowned.

"Don't be so ridiculous. I've worn orchids nearly all my life. Besides, it was just adorable of that gardener to give them to me—this little collection would have cost about fifteen dollars at home!"

"Oh, yes, I suppose it would."

Charles relapsed into silence. He should have thought of that, but never having bought orchids in his life, he hadn't. He supposed, ruefully, that back in London Deirdre would send him to buy orchids for her—with her own money. It was a horrid thought.

That night, in their bedroom, when Deirdre held out her smooth olive arms to him from the bed that lay alongside his own, he shifted restlessly.

"I feel like a stroll before turning in. A cigarette by the pool would be rather fun. Won't you slip on a wrap and come, too?"

"No, I don't think so. I'm too sleepy." Deirdre relaxed lazily, concealing her disappointment. She knew that Charles had what she called a "grouch" and decided to let him get over it as best he could. "I'll say good-night. Probably I'll be asleep by the time you get back from your prowls."

He stooped and kissed her guiltily before leaving the room, horribly conscious of a relief he tried to stifle. Restless, dissatisfied he lit a cigarette and puffed great handfuls of smoke into the peace of the night.

He blamed himself for the doubts in his own mind. He even blamed himself for the whole marriage. Orchids! Deirdre was right. She was an orchid woman. And he—probably he would never earn more than the price of a bunch of daffodils. It had been grossly unfair to let her marry him, a man of flesh-and-blood, of hum-drum bread-and-butter deals and wants.

Suddenly he saw it all too vividly. Deirdre would never pull in harness with him because the things that were so desirable to him were obvious necessities to her things of which she had been assured through birth.

Money—in the first flush of his passion for her he had discounted money. He knew that she understood, whatever the world might think, that he was not marrying her for that.

But wasn't he, in his egotism, trying to do something almost as bad—trying to drag her down to his level of life, making her forgo most of the things she had come to regard as inevitable?

If he lived on her scale he would be battenning on her fortune spoon-fed. If she lived on his, it would mean—for her—retrogression, self-sacrifice, an unending sense of loss.

A sudden blast from the steamer siren out in the bay made him raise his head. He saw the great lighted ship which had long had steam up, begin to glide slowly and majestically out to the open sea—homeward bound.

He going left Charles desolate. He wanted, with all the strength of his nature, the sight of the cold grey seas of England, the wind whipping his face.

Suddenly the truth swept over him, like a white, blinding light. England—*as!* Jon! Heaven! What a fool he had been! Blind

and unjust—grossly unjust to both Deirdre and Jon in his blindness.

He buried his face in his arms, ground in the dust of a spiritual bitterness, a loneliness too vast to measure. It had come too late, the truth, forever and forever, until death might part them he belonged—to Deirdre. And she loved him.

The blackness of a night wholly dark blotted out his consciousness of the bright tropical scene that lay all round him.

JON had been back

at the hospital for three days before she saw Nigel Power again. They had been terrible days, when she went about her work in a dry-eyed fury of endeavor to forget. She had been put into the surgical ward.

The work was interesting. From eight in the morning until eight at night she had put her heart and soul into her duties. But there was nothing to drug her into forgetfulness during those hours in her own room when she should have been sleeping.

On this particular morning, her probationer had fainted after accidentally seeing the first staff nurse do a particularly bad dressing, and Jon had brought down the big ward bottles to be filled at the dispensary.

Nigel Power was leaning on the half-door that separated the huge vault containing the hospital supplies from the stone passage-way.

Jon had almost forgotten Nigel. Nigel, with his fair hair and blue eyes, his six-foot-two of immensity, and his dogged, hopeless devotion to himself.

Jon had always treated him as she might had treated a friendly puppy. She had said good-bye to him weeks before, calmly, impersonally, while he had fooled as usual to hide his very real grief.

He stared at her now as if he could not believe his eyes.

"Why, if it isn't Jon! What luck! What are you doing back in this hole?"

"Working—by the look of things." Jon smiled at him and nodded at her dispenser filling her containers in the depths of his cavern. "Doing my probationer's work, too. She's just fainted poor soul—seen her first amputation, done yesterday."

"Said the case-hardened old warrior." Nigel struck a heroic attitude and shook his head at her. "You should see us in the dissection room if you want something really grisly. Your stuff is just child's play!"

"Please, Nigel!" Jon laid her hand on the arm of his white coat. "You know I despise people who—play at this job. It's not much fun for those poor souls upstairs."

"I'm sorry. I know I shouldn't be here at all, but Dad would insist. You must admit I'm a credit to the hospital football team, anyway."

The dispenser walked farther away from them, intent on filling a bottle of distilled water. Nigel leant forward, suddenly serious.

"I thought," he said softly—"we all thought—you were leaving to get married? Don't tell me if you don't want to, but—it means a lot to me."

Jon winced. These unintentional hurts were perpetually coming her way since her return. Everyone was kind, tactful but obviously burning with curiosity about her changed plans.

Kitty, Lillian, Joan—she had fenced them off. And now Nigel. Yet to Nigel, she knew, it was more than a matter of idle curiosity.

His devotion was too sincere to be fenced off, evaded, and she could not lie to them. Slowly she raised her eyes, smarting with tears, to his.

"I'm not even engaged. I think I'm going to—to nurse for the rest of my life," she said at last, a little defiantly.

Nigel felt a sudden surge of relief. No one had seen, no one had even been allowed to guess, what Jon's leaving had meant to him. He was—as he knew very well—nothing of a doctor, and never would be.

His medical career was a perfunctory affair, executed to please the whim of his very wealthy father—and with Jon's departure even the fun he had managed to extract from the life had gone. He put a hand that was trembling slightly over Jon's where it rested on the small counter.

"Darling Jon—that is absurd! I believe the woman's gone all ambitious or something—wants to end up as matron."

The dispenser was coming back with Jon's bottles. She withdrew her hand gently and smiled away her brief pain. "And I believe that the medical students have no business in the dispensary at this hour of the morning! Oughtn't you to be going round with Mr. Williams?"

"I'm going to carry some of those beastly big things up for you. Where are you now—back in the storeroom?"

"No. Surgical. And you're going to do nothing of the sort—if sister saw you fetching and carrying for me she'd think the roof was going to fall in. We'd both get the sack."

"Oh, well, they might miss you, certainly. I can see the dawning matron, you know." He wagged the stethoscope that hung round his neck at her so absurdly that Jon nearly dropped her bottles. "When do you get your next late pass, matron? I've got a couple of tickets for the theatre on Friday; see what you can do about it."

He was incorrigible, but as Jon got into the lift that was to speed her up four floors to her ward she saw his face grinning boyishly at her through the bars, and for the first time for many days she realised that it was still in her power to give someone happiness—and perhaps to get a little in return.

THE gold and russet

leaves of October were being swept away by November winds, sodden with November rain, when Charles and Deirdre arrived back at Southampton.

Deirdre stood on deck, wrapped in a perfect fur coat and shivered. The docks of Southampton on a winter day are not prepossessing to any but the homesick. She turned a little impatiently to Charles, who stood at her side with an inscrutable expression, staring at the crowd waiting for the gangway to be lowered.

"You would do it! I just can't understand you English. If I spent every winter in a climate like this I'd go stark, staring mad!" Deirdre smiled, but there was a hint of acidity in the compressed line of her mouth. Charles turned to her slowly.

"You are English now, little lady."

He was exasperated with Deirdre. Since that night when he had realised his love for Jon he had felt terribly guilty towards Deirdre, and gone out of his way to be especially patient and tender to her, since he could no longer offer her the same blind infatuation. He had given his vows to her, however madly, however badly, and they would remain here forever; all he asked now

of this marriage was to be allowed to keep his self-respect.

And that was the one thing Deirdre seemed determined to prevent; he was beginning to see the cunning by which she invariably got her own way in money-matters. There had been the matter of living in London; of the honeymoon, paid for by her father; and now, only a few hours ago, a radiogram from Susanne to say that before leaving England Carey had taken a service-flat in the West End for them, where the maid was now awaiting their arrival.

"Aren't you pleased?" Deirdre had asked him, seeing the look on his face. "Don't you like the West End?"

Charles' face was almost black with rage. "I should hate it—if I were going there. But the whole thing's absurd—one cannot practise from a fashionable service flat." He strode up and down, grinding his heels into the deep blue carpet as if he would like to vent his feelings on anything that even hinted at luxury.

Deirdre's madonna-like face set in obstinate lines.

"It's you who are being absurd. I think it's fine of Dad, and of course we are going there. We always do when we're in London. Surely you can take rooms elsewhere to practise from?"

Charles came and stood over her. For the first time he wanted to do some physical violence to her. It was all he could do to prevent himself grabbing her shoulders and shaking her polished composure from her.

"Yes! I suppose I can just rent a surgery somewhere; and you will drive me daily to-and-fro in your super-sports car!"

She shrugged her shoulders and said simply:

"Why not?"

Controlling the temper that threatened to leap all bounds, Charles made one last effort to force understanding on Deirdre.

"Listen, my dear: I want you to realise that I'm a doctor—and a man. I've spent nearly seven years studying hard for a profession that I consider to be the finest on earth—and now, at the very moment when I should be putting my feet on the first rung of the ladder, you are trying to make a monkey out of me, to spoon-feed me with your ready-made money, to—oh, it's awful! Do you want me to be a parasite?"

His temper was rising again. But Deirdre merely smiled at him indulgently as if he were a little boy.

"You know you won't ever be a parasite, darling. I think we'd better call it a day just now. Later we'll decide what's best."

He knew that she had not given in, would probably never give in. But there was something in her gesture that weakened him. He bent and kissed her very tenderly. A steward knocked on the door to tell them that they were in Southampton Water—nearly home.

THE lounge in the service flat struck chill to Charles when he entered it with Deirdre, tired from the train journey and the emotional scene which had preceded it. Not cold in the physical sense—the built-in electric radiators were giving out heat enough—but lacking in the warmth, color, and homeliness that Charles liked.

Susanne had been waiting for them on the doorstep, all welcome and solicitude for her mistress, obviously wondering how Deirdre had survived without her ministrations.

Deirdre had been very pleased to see her again, sensing an ally in the subtle warfare that was to be waged in the near future.

"Oh, Susanne! Am I glad to be here!" She allowed the maid to take off her coat, and banded her her hat and gloves. "Can you manage a cocktail?"

"Of course, madame." Left alone for a few minutes while Deirdre went into the bathroom to wash and re-make her face, Charles wandered about the lounge like a dog introduced to a new basket, doubtful of its comfort and conscious of a desire to run away. Deirdre found him staring at the only picture—a woodcut over the imitation fireplace of two figures entwined beneath an oak tree.

"That's good, isn't it?"

"Not bad. I like woodcuts—not necessarily of that sort." Charles was not going to be drawn into a fresh quarrel. "I think I'll go and scrub some of this grime off."

"All right. Will you look in the bathroom for my ring—I think I left it there."

HE found the wedding ring on the glass shelf above the green marble basin; it looked lonely and forlorn. Another of Deirdre's habits that had distressed him at first, this casual taking off of her wedding ring and frequently forgetting it.

He had imagined—stupidly, he supposed now—that when a woman married a man she loved that ring went on never to come off. He knew his mother had never removed hers.

The sudden noise of a dog barking made him hurry back to the lounge. He found Deirdre playing with a graceful, nearly full-grown Borzoi, a magnificent creature who was regarding her advances coldly and answering only by brief staccato barks of suspicion.

"Isn't he marvellous? His name's Peter. Peter! Come here!"

Peter made no move to obey the order, though he pricked his ears and barked again. Charles liked him at once, though the dog's presence was a mystery.

"How did he come here—belong to the place?" he asked.

"Of course not." Deirdre looked up at him, then turned to take the cocktail that Susanne had poured for her. "He's mine. Dad left him as a surprise—Susanne's been telling me he had to bribe the management with a small fortune. Dogs aren't allowed here, really."

Charles sipped his drink, and smiled in friendly fashion at the Borzoi.

"I should think not—no place for a dog, is it, Peter the Great? Come and make friends," he snapped his fingers invitingly, and the dog stared eagerly. Slowly and daintily he picked his way across the polished floor, his long nails clicking on the parquet.

Charles held out his free hand steadily, and Peter at last put his long muzzle gently into it; for a few seconds he stood quite still, his long feathery tail drooping, then submitted to having his chin gently rubbed, his soft ears pulled slightly. Deirdre was conscious of a sudden unreasonable pang of jealousy; she put her empty glass on the tray with a little bang and stood up yawning.

"I'm starving. I think dinner downstairs in the restaurant would be a good idea, don't you?"

"It's your party, my dear. Anything you like. Oh, by the way—here's your ring."

They surrendered the dog to Susanne and went down stairs.

Jon had gone with Nigel to the theatre and found him an excellent companion. He had taken great pains to keep her amused all the evening, skimming over the surface of things in a way that was infinitely tacti-

ful. Only when they got to the steps of the great hospital did Nigel allow his tone to become serious for a moment.

"It's been great, Jon—thank you, my dear, for coming. If you really don't belong to—somebody else any more, you might take pity on me sometimes. I'm terribly fond of you, you know."

"That's sweet of you, Nigel. I'm not really good company these days, getting old and disillusioned!"

"I'm not worrying about that. It means a lot to me just to be—friends. Good-night, Jon." He had shaken hands quickly and rushed away as if frightened of saying too much.

Jon went slowly into the hospital, burdened with the memory of another goodbye on these steps. The whole building, shrouded in its mysterious pain-filled night, breathed of her dead dreams. Three years' dreaming and hoping had soaked into these long corridors, into these polished steps.

Grateful as she was for Nigel's love, it was a two-edged sword that night. Reaching at last the haven of her own room, Jon knelt down by her bed and buried her face in her hands. "Oh, Heaven, give me strength to bear it. I thought it would be better if I came back and worked again; but I can't live without him—I can't!"

But that weakness had passed, and Nigel, who seemed to understand that she had suffered and never intruded his own desires, began to lift her out of herself.

When he could meet her for her two hours off-duty he did so. They walked in the park, went to museums and picture-galleries, listened to bands.

Jon never forgot Charles for a moment, but gradually she was able to think of him without bitterness, without a pain that was almost physical. She still longed for news of him that never came; she was still tormented at odd moments with vivid imaginings of his honeymoon; but she was able now to hope sincerely that he was happy. She felt ten years older, and yearned over Charles as a mother will yearn over the memory of a dead child.

On the night that Charles and Deirdre were back in town, Jon had another late pass. Nigel, who should have been working for his Intermediate, asked her to come with him to a film he particularly wanted to see.

"It'll be great—you'll enjoy it. All about the bad old days and swashbuckling pirates and mutiny at sea. A real thriller."

Jon had had a long, trying day and the thought of pirates and mutinies was very welcome. Longing for some fresh air, she stipulated that they should walk to the cinema, and they went through the park.

And Jon, aching for news of Charles, paused within a few hundred yards of where he sat eating a desultory dinner, unaware, and miserable.

AT half-past nine, back in their flat, Charles said he would put a trunk-call through to his mother.

"She'll like to know we're back—all safe and sound!" he told Deirdre, a little shyly.

"Of course, dearest, do. You're lucky—I wish I had a mother to worry about me. I'll take Peter for a run on the roof—join me when you've finished, will you?"

His call came through just then, and Charles only smiled and nodded; his tone trembled with affection as he spoke to his mother. Deirdre went out with the dog, a wistful expression on her face that Charles would have been amazed to see there.

There was an annexe to the block of flats, and the flat roof of this made a pro-

menade for the three flats on the second floor. It was here that Deirdre, familiar with the building, took Peter for his run.

She stood for a while breathing in the sharp night air, thinking more of Charles than of the dog she had come to exercise. The memory of his face as it was a few minutes ago, lit up by the thought of his mother, his boyish excitement of speaking with her, made Deirdre feel more humble than she had ever felt before.

For the first time she began to have her doubts that her way was the best way. Perhaps he was right; perhaps he would have to work out his own career, unaided—if only she could meet him half-way, could slow down the rapid facility of her life to suit his poverty.

Peter, uneasy in this strange place, stared down at the traffic moving far below and strained at his leash. Deirdre realised his restlessness, and laughed:

"Poor old boy—you do want a run, don't you?"

She walked him round and round several times, and each time he was tugging well ahead of her.

After a long day cooped up with Susanne in a stuffy flat the fresh air made his spirits rise with a dash. Deirdre wished that after all she had gone to the Park. She began to run, to give him a little greater freedom.

Peter mistook this for a signal to show what he could do, and began bounding along in great galloping strides, dragging Deirdre after him, breathless and laughing at the end of his lead. She saw the verge of the roof with its tiny foot-high parapet looming in the shadows ahead, and Peter with his long nose flying in the wind making straight for it.

She had seen it too late. Nothing short of a man's grip could have stopped the great dog then—one minute he was flying along, a white racing streak; the next he had disappeared into the black vault of space.

Deirdre, in a mad wild panic, made one frantic effort to free her hand from the looped leash that was twisted firmly round it—and failed. She was dragged down, down, over the tiny parapet, made greasy, slippery with the drizzle.

It was all over in a few seconds, but they seemed like eternity to the girl falling into blackness; to her it seemed that she was falling, falling for aeons down a bottomless well, and even in that ghastly minute she heard, vividly and terribly, a shout of panic from the pavement below and the blare of the dance band playing in the restaurant.

Then mercifully—she lost consciousness.

CHARLES said good-night to his mother and rang off. He felt boyishly happy to have heard her voice again; after the experiences of the past month it was good to know that she at least was the same as ever, the unchanging factor in his upheaved world.

He lit a cigarette, and was just going on to the roof to find Deirdre when Susanne rushed in. Her face was chalk-white, so that her eyes looked huge and staring. She was trembling so much she could hardly speak.

"It—it is madame—an—accident!" she moaned at last.

Charles rushed over to her.

"What is it? What has happened? For Heaven's sake pull yourself together, woman!"

The maid's teeth were chattering, but she forced them apart to try and tell him.

"I went on the roof with a w-wrap—she fell—the dog—"

Charles waited to hear no more. Like a madman he rushed down the stairs, not daring to wait for the lift. His own face was ashen with the fear of what he would find, and though he moved with incredible speed it seemed to him that his legs were weighted with lead, that the marble stairs would never come to an end. He banged out through the swing doors, leaving a trail of astonished people behind him. In the street a crowd had gathered already, and he had to push his way ruthlessly through them, panting.



AT last he saw Deirdre. A policeman was partially supporting the little crumpled figure in his arms, while the crowd formed a dense ring round. A few feet away lay the white, inert body of the Borzoi, still attached to his mistress by the fatal lead, which the policeman was trying to untwist from her fingers. He looked up when Charles came and knelt beside her.

"You a doctor, sir?"

"I'm her husband," Charles, trembling from head to foot, made a brief examination of the crumpled figure. The policeman, sympathetic and appalled, tried to help.

"She's unconscious—"

"Yes, thank Heaven! Have you sent for an ambulance?"

"Be here in a minute, sir. Poor young lady—can't think how she let that dog—"

Charles crouched on the pavement, holding her in his arms as stiffly as he could.

"Better not to move her too much—no point in taking her in there. That ambulance is a long time!" He talked mechanically, trying to control the aching pity that the little unconscious figure aroused.

He was completely oblivious of the staring, gesticulating crowd, with its awed murmurs of sympathy. When he heard the ambulance siren he spoke again to the policeman: "Will you ring up Sir John Lawton at once? Tell him we want him at the Carmichael Nursing Home immediately."

The policeman wrote rapidly in his notebook.

"All right, sir. And if he's not in—"

"He must be in! He's the man who can deal with this!"

Charles spoke crazily, more to himself than to the policeman. The crowd melted to give passage to the stretcher-bearers from the ambulance and stood smitten by terrified silence as they bore their fragile burden away, followed by a tall young man with bowed head.

THREE hours later Charles stood up in the matron's sitting-room as two men came in to give him their verdict. Sir John Lawton he knew personally, and the great specialist's face was grave.

Doctor Symmonds was on the staff of the nursing home, and had assisted the surgeon. Neither of them looked at Charles as he came in. There was an ominous hush in the pretty, gracious room. At last Sir John heaved a great sigh and raised his eyes.

"We've done what we could. I think she will live," he said slowly, carefully. Doctor Symmonds looked distressed and said nothing.

"Thank Heaven for that!" Charles un-

clenched his hands, and looked from one of the men to the other. "You needn't mince matters—just how bad is it? I've a good idea—"

"Fractured pelvis, some abdominal injury. No injury to the head, luckily. She must have fallen on her legs."

Sir John went into more technical details, the doctor nodding his head in agreement at various points. Charles listened dumbly, all too fully aware of the unmentioned implications. When the specialist had concluded, he raised his head.

"It means months of helplessness, and a damnable amount of pain," he said at last.

"Yes. We'll help her over that as much as we can—you may count on that. It's no use talking, but I'm sorry, old man. I'll be here at nine to-morrow—before if they call me. The matron's a sound woman."

Sir John shook Charles' hand very hard, and suddenly left the room. He had met Charles when he was visiting to give a series of lectures. This was the toughest luck—almost on his honeymoon, too. Sir John, who had become inured to tragedies during a long career, had felt more than one pang of sympathy for the crushed little soul upstairs. He went out to his car full of wrath against an unkindly world.

Charles was left, staring with blind eyes at Dr. Symmonds.

"Can—can I see her now?" he asked heavily.

The other man shook his head.

"I'd rather you didn't. She's still pretty well under, and when she comes to I shall give her an injection. No point in letting her feel more than she needs—yet. It'll be a long business, I'm afraid."

"I know. I wish I didn't." He spoke bitterly, too vividly aware of each tiny detail of the pains that Deirdre was to suffer.

As if realising what was in her mind, Dr. Symmonds laid a hand on his shoulder, a firm and friendly grasp.

"No use being too imaginative. Later on she'll need you to help pretend it isn't as bad as it is. It's no comfort, perhaps—yet. But we'll all do everything in our power. Sir John can achieve miracles, and he is a sort of god in this nursing home."

"Yes. That's why I brought her here."

He went over to the mantelpiece and wrote on a small block there.

"Here's my telephone number—you won't fail to call me—?"

"You may rely on that."

They shook hands in the sad, perfunctory manner of men who understand each other, and Charles, as he let himself out of the quiet house, added a brief "Thank you," to the older man.

He walked back to the flat in a world that had suddenly become completely black, cruel, meaningless. Over and over again he saw Deirdre's face, gay, excited as a child's over their new home.

A few hours before—? A lifetime ago—he felt sick and weak, old and ill with the trouble that had come to her. With all his will he wished that futile and aged wish of lovers—that he could be allowed to take the burden of her suffering. He tormented himself with wishing that he had taken the dog out instead of her—or gone with her—anything but the complacent phone-call to his mother while she was being hurried to terrible injury—alone.

He let himself into the flat that had never been, and now could never be a home.

He did his best to offer some consolation to the cowed and broken Susanne.

The rest of the night he spent pacing up and down, up and down in the bedroom that was strange to him. He could not weep, he could not pray. He could only walk, crushed to the very earth by his impotency, by the vast injustice of things that a cruel fate could visit on mankind.

THAT winter became a nightmare to Charles. He never forgot the first time he saw Deirdre, and to the end of his life the memory of her lying there so small, and motionless—as if arrested in tragic wonder—made him unutterably sad. He was only allowed in for a few minutes, and she did not turn her head when the nurse opened the door.

Charles went straight over to her and kissed her forehead. Then at last she did raise her eyes and look at him. The eyes were full of dull tragedy, listless, hopeless. There had been nothing in her life to prepare her for this accident that had come like a living death upon the full tide of her youth; there was something infinitely pathetic, almost childlike, in that first numb resignation. But it was a bad sign physiologically; the doctors would want her to fight.

"My darling. My poor little darling." Charles knelt down beside the bed so that his head was near hers and she could talk if she wished without effort. She smiled very faintly in acknowledgement of his pity, but the smile was rapidly replaced by a grimace of pain.

"It's awful. I wish they'd killed me and done with it!" she whispered at last.

"No, you don't, my dear. The Monts aren't like that. In—in a while—it'll be over and you'll forget all this. That's the merciful part of pain—one cannot remember."

The afternoon sunlight, very pale, peeped in at the high windows. It was quiet here, the roar of the traffic far below was muffled. It was a pretty room, distempered in pale primrose with gold curtains and very lovely walnut furniture; but it had that neatness of an impersonal room, there were no odds-and-ends, no knickknacks.

"I'll bring you some flowers to-morrow. I thought you might hate them—to-day."

"Yes. What happened—to Peter?"

"Peter is dead."

Charles spoke simply. It was better to have the truth over. Deirdre seemed to have known it anyway.

"Yes," she said again, "lucky Peter!" She sighed, a tiny weary sigh which Charles could not answer. Cheery platitudes were no use; even love could do very little to banish the dark shadows yet.

The nurse put her head round the door to sign to Charles that his time was up, and disappeared again. Like everyone else in the nursing home, she was sorry for them.

He got up at once, and the movement seemed to rouse in Deirdre's a more active fear. Her fingers clung to his convulsively.

"Charles—tell me the truth—will I ever—walk again?" she whispered desperately.

He was infinitely relieved. He had feared that her first question would take another form. He pressed the fingers he held and smiled at her.

"Of course you will! I can promise you that. Sir John is a wonder-worker, and he'll have you up sooner than anybody. It'll mean going very slow for a few months—and sticking the pain. It won't last forever, darling, and they'll give you sleeping draughts when they can."

She listened to him carefully, and her absolute trust in him smote him to the heart. It was impossible then to remember her wilfulness, the fact that he had ever been angry with her.

She watched him as far as her eyes could see him without turning her head, and when she heard the door close gently she closed them again, surrendering herself to the mental numbness that was more dangerous than physical pain.

Sympathy was offered to Charles profusely by everyone he and Deirdre knew, and a great many strangers sent flowers and letters and little notes of would-be comfort.

The newspapers had splashed the tragedy in sentimental headlines, had dug out photographs of Deirdre as she had been presented at Court the previous year; of Deirdre at race meetings, yachting, riding in the Row.

At a time of the year when the setting in of wintry weather was the main subject of news, the tragedy came as a god-send to the news editors. They made the most of it. All England knew that the millionaire's daughter had had a terrible accident which might cripple her for life. The incident of the late walk with the Borzoi—her father's parting surprise—on the slippery roof was described in detail, magnified and made vivid by the imaginative newswriters.

CCAREY MONT flew from the States as soon as he got Charles' cable; he was allowed to see Deirdre a week after the accident, and arrived at the nursing home with a huge bouquet of roses and a tremendous bustle of sympathy and horror. He adored Deirdre—but it seemed impossible that this thing had happened to a Mont. They had always seemed the adored of the gods.

Deirdre, still lying unnaturally immobile, managed to pluck up enough spirit to try and reassure him; Carey, hugely embarrassed by his love and pity, was effusively cheerful and left her quite exhausted after ten minutes.

Deirdre wanted Charles with her whenever she was fully conscious, and Sir John had given orders that she was to be indulged at all costs. There was little left in her life that had any power to rouse her from her lethargy.

He sat by the hour holding her hand in silence; she did not want to talk, but it comforted her to have him there. She never told him or anyone else of the fathomless sea of fear that engulfed her when he was not there—though he guessed a little.

Deirdre seemed to hunger for his love more than ever before. He hated himself for knowing the truth, for in his pity he now longed to recapture his first illusions.

He thought of himself very little during those first weeks, putting his whole strength into the task of heartening Deirdre for her battle back to life—and it seemed that bit by bit, terribly slowly, he was succeeding. He aged visibly in that time; the laughing boyish Charles of the early summer had gone forever. He might recapture happiness, but it would be a grave and tempered thing.

His mother wrote, sweetly and warmly. She did not come to London, knowing he would send for her when he needed her.

Jon was in the nurse's sitting-room when she heard the news. Kitty and two other nurses came in with the morning papers, full of the accident. Her heart contracted

as she listened to their chattering comments, but she waited quietly until they had gone out, pretending to bury herself in a lecture-book.

Alone with the crumpled papers, she had snatched them and read the garbled, hateful account of the accident; the front page was splashed with a huge photograph of Deirdre in her Court dress, and a horrible photograph of Charles as he left for the nursing-home.

Obviously he had not seen the photographer, who had probably waited hours to catch him unawares; pain had etched deep lines on his face, and Jon could hardly recognise him.

The independence she had built up with such care crumbled like a pack of cards. Bitterness died, and never returned. One could not be petty over an adversary suffering so terribly—in its place Jon felt a vast surging pity for them both.

She longed to go and find Charles, to hold him close, to comfort him—but even that, she thought sadly, was outside her province now. All the years that had gone before could not break down the barrier raised by his marriage. Jon was, utterly and for ever, outside his life—powerless to influence it, powerless to help in any way.

She could at least write to him, she thought. She must write to him—but even that was not easy. It was very hard to convey sympathy, without either sounding banal or telling him too much. The final humiliation at least had been spared her—Charles might guess, but he could not know, how much she loved him.

At last the letter was written. Jon put: "My dear Charles,—Everyone will be offering you heartfelt sympathy, and there is little I can add. Words are, after all, rather useless things. But I want you to know that if there is ever anything, however large or small, that I can do to help Deirdre and yourself, in this trouble, I shall love doing it—JON."

It was, she felt ineffective. But it was the best she could produce after four attempts, and she posted it with a funny little strangled feeling that in a few hours Charles' familiar hands would be ripping open the envelope.

Strangely enough, Nigel never mentioned the affair. Jon thought that he had not noticed the connection with Barringham; actually Jon's own face on the day the newspapers ran the story told him all he needed to know.

It seemed to him, too, that fate was enjoying the double twist that had entered all their lives. But he was not going to talk about it with Jon; he wanted her to forget.

DEIRDRE was young and healthy; admittedly pampered, she had at least not indulged in too many cocktails, too many late nights, and too much tobacco—she had always had too much respect for her health and looks. It stood her in good stead now, and slowly, gradually, she pulled herself up the hill of life again, aided by her father, by Sir John's skill, most of all by Charles' unflinching kindness and patience.

He needed the patience as her recovery became more sure. All convalescents are trying, torn between their returning strength and their enforced inaction; in Deirdre's

case both the necessity of resting her legs and the strength of her own will were against her acquiring patience.

When she realised that she was not to be a hopeless cripple, that in fact it was a matter of months only until she would be able to resume part at least of her normal life, she became obsessed by the desire to hasten the process of healing, more impatient of any pain and weakness than she had been at the first. It was a natural reaction, and a good sign; Charles, recognising that, never allowed her moods and tempers to upset him.

Not allowed to see many friends yet, Deirdre was prey to black boredom when he was not with her; it never struck her that Charles, alternating between the flat and the nursing home, with perhaps a long walk in between, might be lonely and needing the companionship of his kind.

He knew practically no one in London—except Jon. Often his thoughts turned longingly to her, but always he refused to consider getting in touch with her. It would be too dangerous—one word of sympathy from her, and he might be weak enough to show his love.

She knew him too well. He had hoped that by sternly repressing all disloyal longings, his love for Jon might fade; that he might yet come to some way of settling his life amicably with Deirdre.

But the months in their passing only made the truth write itself more deeply in his mind; he had discovered it too late, only to find that it was devastatingly true and durable. Always he would love Jon—and always he would be needed now by Deirdre. It was a bitter tangle, and he could see no gleam of hope for its unravelment. His one ambition was to work—and perhaps to achieve some distinction, even if forgetfulness would not come to him.

Once or twice he broached the subject to Deirdre; always the thought of his being absent for hours at a time, absorbed in his cases, summoned away at all hours, depressed her so much that he dropped the theme.

Months went by, and still he was living on her money, doing nothing—unless the comfort he contrived to give her was a job of sorts. And when even that consolation failed, when her moods and tempers became so uncontrolled that he could no longer realise that he was valuable even in that capacity, he was very bitter. Grateful as he was for Deirdre's recovery, it seemed to him almost blasphemous to question life as she questioned it.

One weakness he did allow himself. He kept Jon's letter in his breast-pocket, although he dared not answer it. When the loneliness of the nights was almost unbearable, he read and re-read it. Then fate gave the game another twist—and he met her.

IT was a bitter cold February day, with a biting east wind that blew and battered at pedestrians, driving most of them indoors. Bits of paper whirled about the nearly empty streets, tradesmen's bicycles blew over, a cold and malignant spirit danced abroad.

Jon was on night duty now, and she was desperately tired. She forced herself to come out and take the routine walk for fresh air before going to bed for the rest of the day, and batted grimly through the deserted

park with her head down against the icy wind.

Intent only on making some progress against the young tornado, she did not look at her rare fellow pedestrians—and almost bumped into Charles coming from Park Lane. He saw her first, and in the first rush of gladness forgot everything but that it was heavenly to see her; he gripped her arms and stopped her headlong progress smilingly.

"The wind's doing enough cutting to-day, Jon—don't you try it on!"

"Charles—darling!" The word slipped out unawares; the color forced by the wind into her cheeks drained away, leaving her ghastly white.

She swayed where she stood, and Charles tightened his grasp. He thought she was going to faint. Almost he had kissed her just now; they stared at each other, hungrily, greedily—until sanity returned and their eyes slowly fell apart.

"MY dear—you're looking like a corpse. How long have you got—long enough to come and have a coffee? You need it."

"Yes, I'd love that," Jon laughed, rather shakily. "I'm on night-duty in the maternity."

"Oh, heavens, that is stiff, isn't it? Come on—we'll make a bolt for the nearest place that looks as though it could brew decent coffee."

He took her arm, though it was unnecessary now since they had their backs to the wind and were practically blown along. But the mere feeling of her was like salvation to Charles; at the sight of her face all his loneliness had risen to the surface, threatened to swamp him. Surely the gods had sent her just then—and would not grudge him this brief interlude in his barren life.

They found a tiny cafe and sat in the furthest corner. It was dark and utterly peaceful after the storm outside, and again they found themselves involuntarily staring at each other.

Jon dropped her eyes first; a lovely flush had returned to her face, and he thought he had never seen her look more beautiful. Her face was older, sadder, but whatever her experiences had been they had brought with them an ethereal quality that added something very lovely to her naturally fine features. Charles, starved of companionship, of interest, of womanhood—above all of Jon for so long—felt that he would go mad if he did not kiss her.

The waitress' coming gave him a chance to collect himself, and when their order was given they had achieved a precarious defence. Jon, playing with a fork, smiled at him in her old frank manner.

"It's good to see you, Charles. You even remember about the coffee."

"Of course. I shall never forget the row we once had about the respective merits of black and white!" He found himself frowning; the silly remark lifted twenty years off his shoulders, though he soon sobered. "I'm sorry I didn't answer your letter. It was very sweet."

"I didn't expect you to. Poor dear, there was nothing you could say. How is—Deirdre?"

Like a soft shadow, reluctant, the name fell between them. Charles had expected it, and tried to be honest.

"She's getting on slowly. Sir John has been a brick; that man's a genius."

"I know—be's magnificent," she agreed.

"He thinks she will be able to leave the nursing home in a week or so. I'm glad—it will give her new interests. It's been horribly dull, lying there all this time."

"Dreadfully. I feel so sorry for her. The ghastly part is that sympathy—all the sympathy in the world—can't heal any quicker or take one lot of the pain away. I know. It's made me sick when I'm nursing sometimes."

"It does help, though. It must—" Charles thought slowly, trying to express a conviction that had suddenly come to him like a warm glow—emanating from Jon. "I don't believe that any emotion—any constructive, helpful emotion—is wasted—ever."

"Perhaps not." Jon dropped the subject as the waitress brought their coffees. She sipped the hot drink appreciatively. "This is marvellous after that blast outside! I mustn't forget myself and stay too long. I've got to pack in a few hours' sleep to-day or matron will be on my tail."

"Of course you have. I'll take you back as soon as you've got that drink inside you. Lucky child—to be necessary and useful! You always were."

The undercurrent of bitterness did not escape Jon. She studied him thoughtfully, severely shocked by the lines that were engraved on his face. (Only last summer—those laughing, singing days.)

"Aren't you working?" she said at last, afraid of probing too deeply.

"I wish I were!" All Charles' bitterness surged out in the cry. He couldn't help it. The relief was enormous. "It's rather difficult, you know. Naturally Deirdre needs a good deal of my time. She will for some months yet. I can't very well start a practice and limit the time I give to it."

"No, of course you can't," Jon said no more on the subject, but many unspoken thoughts passed between them. They were seeing a series of pictures, the slow and arduous, but wildly enthusiastic building up of a career. His career. The appalling waste of it all lay heavy on them both.

Charles sighed, and checked the sigh.

"I shall start—when she is better. I must—I'm twenty-seven. I'm longing to work again."

Jon understood it all now. She looked at him, and did not know there was a world of love in her eyes.

"Of course you are—you couldn't help it. You will—soon. A good man doesn't lose himself, you know."

"You dear!" He was able to smile again. But when they were ready to go he suddenly leant across to her. "You mustn't vanish again, Jon—it's wonderful having you to talk to. I can't worry Deirdre too much."

"The hospital won't vanish—it's pretty solid!" Jon said, and they went out together into the cold wind again. She wondered, afterwards, if either of them had been wise.

CHARLES went to sit with Deirdre at tea-time and thought she looked paler than usual. She answered his greeting by one word, and touched the great bunch of purple lilies he had brought her, wistfully.

"Spring! It doesn't look like it from here!" A slight motion of her head indicated the dull, cloud-filled sky outside.

He went over and drew the curtains and switched on her bed lamp.

"That better?"

"Yes, much. I feel I know that patch of sky all too well!"

"You'll soon be out of here now," Charles tilted his chair back, balancing thoughtfully. "I met Jon in the Park this morning."

Deirdre glanced at him quickly. As far as she could remember it was the first time he had mentioned her name since their marriage. "By arrangement—" she asked, softly.

Charles frowned. "Of course not. It's funny we haven't run into each other before—the hospital is only across the Park, you know." He almost wished he had not mentioned that meeting now.

It was difficult to discuss Jon with Deirdre. He got up and strolled aimlessly about the room. Deirdre's toilet things were on the dressing-table now, there were flowers in every corner.

"I S she back in the hospital, then? I thought she was going to work with her father or something." Evidently Deirdre had no intention of dropping the subject. He fidgeted with some loose petals from a French hothouse rose, uneasily.

"Yes. She was. I suppose she couldn't resist the hospital after all—it does get hold of you, you know. Feeling that you are necessary—that you can do something really useful in the world!"

Charles himself was unaware of the bitterness in his voice.

"You should have married her," a bitterness that matched with his own made him swing round to look at Deirdre in amazement.

"My dear girl—why? Because I realise she's doing something worth while?"

Suddenly, unexpectedly, Deirdre began to cry. Her face, which had always seemed to him unnaturally composed—even when she had been in great pain—was crumpled now like a child's. Slow tears, infinitely bitter, squeezed from her eyes—but she spoke with a fierce anger that belied them. "Because you were a fool to marry me—I can't help you. I don't want to help you. I wanted—something quite different. And now I've just had some—heard something—from Sir John—"

The words were drowned in a sob, and at once Charles was by the bed. He put his arms round her gently afraid of what was coming—afraid for both of them.

"Darling—what did he tell you?"

Deirdre fought for her self-control, and won. The face she turned to him was dry again, infinitely bitter.

"Only—that I can never have any children. Didn't you know that?" she flung out accusingly.

"No." Charles pressed her gently in his arms, as much to hide his own face as hers. His voice was curiously muffled.

"Well—now you know. He broke the glad tidings to me this morning. He wanted to see you, but since you weren't here, I suppose he thought I'd have to know sooner or later."

"My poor darling."

Charles got up and went over to the window. He drew aside the curtain and peered out into the darkening sky, as if seeking an answer to some question there.

Deirdre watched him sombrely.

"Now you know why I say you should have married Jon."

"Oh—for Heaven's sake!" he twisted the heavy curtain in his fingers, and spoke more calmly. "Let's leave Jon out of this, shall we? And don't get morbid, darling. It's not your fault. It's a beastly stroke of bad luck that might have happened to anyone in the world."

"I don't mind so much. At least, I was never so crazy to have a family. But you were—that's the devil of it. I'm beginning to get a bad inferiority complex—I feel as if I'd failed you all round."

Charles came over and held her hand firmly, smiling down at the little figure looking so childishly woeful. However deep this last blow had gone, he realised that he must always contrive to hide it from her.

"You silly child!" he said. "We've got a lot of adjusting to do, that's all. After all, we have not been married so very long, have we? It's rather early days to go getting morbid!"

"I don't mind this—so much if you don't. If you think we can rub along."

"This time next week you'll be home with me all the time—and all sorts of friends will be dropping in. It's always beastly depressing to be cooped up in one room for so long!"

"I shall be gay! Trundling about in that beastly chair-thing for months and months."

"Only a few weeks, my dear. And it's a very special chair—a super-sports-model of a chair! Just to tide you over until you can run about in the car again."

He had gained his hard-won laugh at last. It was gone all too soon, but at least he had started her in a new train of thought.

"I really ought to let you go and find a practice," she said slowly. "I've wasted enough of your time."

"Oh," he spoke cheerfully, knowing well that if he jumped at the opportunity Deirdre would only sink into her morbid introspection, "there's plenty of time to see to that. I want to see you quite well and running about first—then you can come and help me look round. You might even act as my receptionist!"

"That would be fun," she answered unexpectedly. She was always surprising Charles these days. "I'd probably contrive to make a mess even of that—but I'd like to try. It would do me all the good in the world to take your prescription myself—a real job of work!"

The nurse brought in tea, and their talk turned to less personal things.

But Deirdre's keenness over his laughing suggestion had given Charles food for thought, even mitigated a little his vast disappointment at the dreary thought of never having the family that had become almost real in his familiar dreams. If she really would help him in his work—it might be her salvation—and his.

SIR JOHN brought Deirdre away from the nursing home in his own car, and when they reached the flat he helped Charles to lift her into the waiting "special chair," which was the very latest thing in medical restfulness and comfort.

Deirdre, always at her best in a group, managed to joke about it all, and even smiled at a canny reporter who rushed up and asked for a word—just a word—about her recovery.

"You can tell the world I'm just terribly grateful to be alive—and looking forward to the time when I can ride and dance again. It's all thanks to the skill of Sir John Lawton here, and—and the devotion of my husband."

She smiled charmingly at the grateful young man.

In the lift she dabbed at her forehead.

"Phew! You must say I handed you a nice bouquet, Sir John!"

The great man smiled at her whimsically.

"You should have said—oh, things like that don't trouble the Monte!"

They all laughed, and it was a seemingly happy trio that greeted the nervous

Susanne in the flat. Sir John stayed chatting for a few minutes, and then left for an important consultation. His time was valuable.

"You really should have a nurse to look after you for the first week or so—but I think you're in excellent hands!" He smiled at Charles kindly and turned his back to his patient. "You must play the game, you know—no overdoing things for a start. It'll be worth it in the long run."

"I'll be good. What about the sleeping draught? I must have that. I can't sleep yet—normally."

"I'm leaving the bottle of tablets with Charles—he'll give them to you as you need them. Miss Cartwright will be in twice a day to give you massage and rays—and I shall look in each morning. Now I'm off—you'll get into bed at once, won't you? Good-bye."

"I'll see her tucked in at once. Thank you for all you've done—and are doing." Charles shook hands with his senior and walked to the door with him. Out of earshot the specialist handed him a bottle of tablets.

"Try to break her off these gradually. Two every evening at first. I'm afraid she won't be able to do without them entirely for some time yet."

Charles nodded.

"I'll look after her in every possible way, Sir—you can depend on that."

"I know. And—I'm darned sorry about the other business," he said abruptly, and looked the younger man very straight in the eyes. "It's a pity—two healthy young people; but it can't be helped now. When are you going to start up—soon?"

"As soon as I can—yes. Not for a month or two, I'm afraid."

"Um! Let me know when you think of really getting down to things. I'll see if I can hear of anything." He shook Charles' hand again with sudden vigor, and vanished into the lift.

Deirdre was put to bed at once. It seemed strange to him to see her at last in the bed she had never occupied. It came as a little shock to him that henceforth they would sleep in the same room. He came in and sat down on the twin bed with faint embarrassment.

"Comfortable, darling? I hope the spring of that bed is firm enough."

"It's lovely! You don't know how I've longed for a bed with a different feel! Oh, Charles, I'm so glad to be out of that home. They were very kind to me, but one never quite escapes the feeling of being an orphan in a place like that."

She looked round appreciatively. Susanne, entirely happy to have something to do at last, bustled in with her lunch exquisitely arranged on a tray. Deirdre was in her own kingdom again. Charles wondered, a little vaguely, what part he was going to play in it.

BETWEEN February and April Deirdre gradually progressed from lying always flat to sitting up a little, from sitting up to being dressed each day and lifted into her chair. She wheeled herself to the window in the lounge each day and watched the trees in the park assume their delicate mantle of green—first a misty haze, then a dense mass of tiny leaves—at last a regular halo of foliage.

Deirdre sat among them, growing stronger every day in her body, seared with a deeper discontent in her mind.

Charles sat and stared across the park, beautifully green and gay with flowers, with troubled, unseeing eyes.

"Sir John was telling me yesterday of a doctor in Hampstead who wants a young partner. It would be a good opening—" he began.

"Then you must take it."

Deirdre spoke levelly. She dared not think of the days without Charles, the hours she would spend alone. There were many visitors, of course, but not as many as there had been. It embarrassed her friends, in their healthy, unconscious buoyancy, to see her pale and helpless; each visit they paid was briefer, each pause in the light chatter a little more awkward; and when the light-hearted reference to the day when Deirdre would join in the old fun and games gave out, there seemed so little to say.

Charles looked at her with tumult in his heart, hardly daring to hope. He had not grudged her these weary months, but the inactivity had nearly driven him insane.

"Deirdre—do you mean that? Could—could you manage—?"

"Of course, my dear." They had engaged a chauffeur since her return. "Phippis is quite competent to drive me about—he and Suzanne can take me down to the car. One of the blessings of money—one needn't be quite helpless!"

He wished she would not refer to it like that; she often did these days.

"Sir John thinks you'll be able to walk very soon."

"With crutches. Oh, Heavens! Why is this business of putting bones together so slow?"

"Listen, darling—I'm not going to worry about getting work until you are really well. I shouldn't be able to do it properly; anyway—worrying about my star patient!" "Oh—Charles—that's sweet of you. I do feel a selfish beast—but you don't know how much it's helped—having you with me. You—you do love me a bit, don't you?"

"Funny child! Of course I do!" he kissed her, feeling a wretched traitor to her and himself. As if knowing his thoughts, she soon released him. It added to his unhappiness, the suspicion that she knew more of the truth than she allowed to appear.

He was in a cul-de-sac—whatever he did would be disloyal to one or other of the ideals warring so incessantly in his heart. Life had become a complicated and wearisome business lately.

AFTER her meeting with Charles, Jon worked for some weeks in a state of suppressed excitement, wondering, hoping, yet afraid of the day when he would ask her to meet him again—and Nigel, who had been waiting to seize a moment when he could ask her to marry him, saw that something had happened, something which had subtly changed Jon.

He did not put his question; instead, he was her devoted attendant as usual, taking her out whenever she had any free time, forgetting the things he wanted in the pleasure of giving her enjoyment.

But when April came and she had heard nothing from Charles, a great restlessness came to Jon. A child of the earth, the rising sap found its echo in her blood. She longed passionately, wildly, to see Charles again, to hear his voice, to feel his lips on hers whatever it might cost. She told herself she was a fool and worse than a fool. Her flag had always flown the slogan of courage—and honor. He belonged to Deirdre now, and Deirdre needed him—perhaps more than Jon herself.

Jon knew nothing of the shadow that

had come to the other two; she tormented herself with visions of Deirdre getting well, once more her ravishing self with a circle of friends, admirers—and Charles. Charles forever a prisoner, impotent, useless, commonplace.

For when he did not come, Jon thought that his mind had been made up; he would stay in his bondage, even if it meant giving up his career. He knew that she—Jon—would never willingly see him do that—and he was afraid she would try to influence him.

Secretly, just a shade, Jon despised him for that—sometimes a wild anger with him would overwhelm her, when she would forget that all their hopes were over and done with, would see only his weakness wrecking something that should have been wonderful beyond words.

She went out with Nigel because she had come to lean on his friendship not a little. Without it the past seven months would have been dreary indeed—and she was grateful for his unfailing, unselfish help.

By now she realised just how great was his self-control, how self-sacrificing his love. And sometimes she wished, sadly, that she had it in her power to return it, to offer him something more than the husks and ashes in her heart.

One day in Early April when she came off duty she found Nigel waiting in the corridor outside her ward. She knew that something serious must have happened—he had no business there at this hour, and was too considerate of her to risk getting her into trouble by a real breach of the hospital discipline.

His boyish face had lost its usual smile; she realised with a little shock that it was grey and haggard. He looked much older—she wondered with sinking heart what further trouble fate had in store for her.

"Will you come out with me for a few minutes? I'll wait while you get your things—it's all right, I've spoken to Matron. It's—important—Jon."

JON nodded at once. "Of course. Wait for me by the lift." She knew it was impossible for them to talk here, and ran up the two flights to her room. Flinging on a coat over her uniform, and a hat instead of her cap, took an instant. Long before he expected her she had rejoined Nigel. They went straight into the park and sat down on one of the benches.

"Nigel, my dear, what's the matter?" "My father is dead. I got this an hour ago." Without looking at her he passed over a crumpled wire. She read it in silence. "Your father died peacefully in sleep from heart failure. Please come at once. Carew."

She knew that Martha Carew was his father's housekeeper; the bare message struck her as very pitiful. A little awkwardly she put her hand on Nigel's.

"I am sorry, Nigel. It's so—so sudden. Terrible for you. If there is anything I can do—"

Desperately his other hand closed over hers. He turned to her with sudden dreadful intensity.

"There is, Jon. There is. Darling, you know what this means?"

"That you will go home—for good—doesn't it?" Jon found herself flinching away from a vision of the hospital without Nigel's friendliness.

"Yes, I've told them." He nodded in the direction of the hospital. "It's all fixed up. They understand. I'll have to manage the estate— heaps of things. Before I go, I want to know if there's any future for me at all. Will you marry me, Jon? Oh, darling, you must—you must! I can't live without you."

Jon sat very still, staring over the park, unable to bear his distressed scrutiny.

"Nigel—that was sweet of you, my dear. But I—I can't cheat. And you don't know everything."

"I know you were in love with—that other fellow. I know you still love him." He spoke slowly and painfully, with infinite care. "But Jon—darling—you can't waste all your lovely life over a dream. It isn't fair to yourself or to me. I love you so much. I know I can make you happy, and I can't go home until I know whether—one day—some day—you'll be there with me."

SLOWLY, trembling from head to foot, Jon turned and met his eyes at last.

"You are very big, my dearest. I will marry you if you are certain you will be happy, but you're taking a terrible risk!"

"Darling! Darling, darling, Jon!" Wildly, hungrily, he drew her close to him, kissed her under the green fragile beauty of the budding tree over their heads. That first agonising kiss over, he released her and kissed her very, very gently on the forehead. "I promise to do my best to make you happy, Jon—and to make you forget, I'm terribly cut up about Dad, but I know this would have made him so happy. He always wanted me to marry the right sort of woman. It's a rotten shame he will never know you."

They got up and walked back to the hospital. Unwilling to bear the scrutiny of the hall porter, they went round to a side entrance used by the medical staff. Behind the shelter of a provision van Nigel stooped and lifted her left hand. For a moment he held it, and neither of them were very far from tears. Then he kissed it very gently.

"Later on we'll choose a ring together. That will be the happiest occasion of my life. I must go now—there's a train in an hour." He looked up at the vast building above them, and sighed. "Funny to think I'll never have any official right in there again—but I never did belong. Good-bye, my dearest Jon—I'll write as soon as I can. And God bless you for what you've done to-day."

He turned and walked quickly away. Jon dared not look after him. She rushed into the hospital and up to her room, terrified of meeting anyone she knew. When she had reached sanctuary she sank on her knees by her bed and prayed simply and fervently: "Oh, God, grant that I may never let him down."

HENRIETTA BROWNE, the elderly sister of Ambrose ward, was one of the few people at the hospital who could call herself an intimate friend of the matron's.

One night early in May she dropped into matron's sitting-room and found her writing letters. With an easy familiarity, no one else in the building would have dared, Henrietta went in without knocking and plumped herself down in a comfortable armchair.

"The devil of a day!" she said tersely, and lit a cigarette.

Matron put down her pen and sat regarding her friend with a whimsical expression.

"Worse than usual? Why?"

Henrietta blew a smoke-ring and looked at it carefully before replying.

"It's Jon Shepherd," she said at last. "I was glad when you sent her to me —"

"She's a good nurse," the matron interrupted, definitely.

Henrietta looked at her directly with raised eyebrows.

"I know she is. I like her as much as any staff nurse I've ever had. But something's wrong—the girl's cracking up. Any I can't understand it. She's healthy enough. All the reports of her training indicate that she's as strong as a horse—but if ever I saw a breakdown, that girl's going to have one any minute." She heaved a sigh glad to have it off her chest.

"She is leaving us soon." Matron spoke calmly.

"Oh! Surely—you're not—" Henrietta was amazed. Jon had only been back a few months.

"Backing her? Good Heavens, no! I cannot afford to lose any of the few good people we have! She is going to be married next month."

"Oh!" Henrietta said again, and puzzled over that. It was the most surprising item yet. "Then she must have an extraordinary complex about the married state. I've never seen a bride-to-be such a nervous wreck. This morning she dropped a hypodermic she was handing to Dr. Shawe—Jon!"

"I know. I've noticed it," matron nodded slowly. "I've been worried about her ever since she came back. Something must have happened to make her change her plans—something rather drastic and tragic, I imagine. Obviously—a love affair of some kind—"

"Then—why? She isn't the flighty type of girl at all. I can't imagine her going to anybody else on the rebound. Who's the man, by the way?"

"Nigel Power. One of our students."

"Any good?"

Matron shook her head with a smile.

"Not as a doctor. Hopeless. Bit of a puppy still, you know. But I imagine a clean, thoroughly decent sort of lad. Very much in love with the girl—and not ashamed to show it. His father died last month and he went home to settle up affairs. I suppose he and Jon came to some arrangement."

"Oh, Heavens!" Henrietta ejaculated. "What a colossal mistake. She should marry a doctor—she's a born doctor's wife!"

Matron shrugged with a hint of sadness. "I think you're right. But—what can one do?"

"Nothing, I suppose. I only hope she cracks up before this damned silly marriage, when it's not too late!" And with this unusual outburst Henrietta got up and went back to her own quarters, leaving the matron smiling a little humorously at the closed door. Henrietta had surprised her.

H

ENRIETTA was not the only person worried over Jon. When her parents got her brief letter telling them of her engagement, they were troubled. The letter was written to her mother, and Lucien read it over his wife's shoulder. When they had come to the end she looked up at him with distress in her eyes.

"I don't like it," she said simply.

"Nor do I," Lucien sat down heavily. The past winter had been long and dreary, full of doubts for them all, and he had worked hard. "It isn't like Jon at all. She can't have forgotten Charles—so soon. I suspect there's some idiotic chivalrous motive behind this—something she'll probably regret

later on. I must go now, but I'll think it out. We may be able to help. I don't know."

"People who try to help—parents especially—so often put their fingers in the wrong pie! We'll have to leave it to Jon, I suppose, but I wish you'd run up and see her. Make the excuse your congratulations—anything."

Lucien, who was longing to see his daughter anyway, needed no excuse.

"I'll do that. Perhaps I can at least persuade her to come home for a little before she marries this fellow."

He returned from the afternoon spent with Jon with his anxiety only increased. Right at the start he had been appalled by her appearance. It did not need his medical knowledge to realise what her ward-sister had already seen. The girl was on the verge of a breakdown, thin, nervous, keyed up to concert pitch with a brittle sensitive defiance that was new to her.

He had taken her to a quiet little restaurant where they could talk. She came to the point directly, an attack he had not expected.

"Aren't you and Mummy frightfully pleased—that my mooping days are over?"

There was an ironic bitterness in her tone that hurt him deeply.

"No. I don't think we are," he said gently. "At least, we know very little about your Nigel, you know."

Jon's fingers curled round a spoon, uncurled, curled again.

"I've told you everything," she said defensively. "He'll be an ideal husband. I'm lucky to have the chance of marrying him. He's young—good-looking—very rich—very kind—and very much in love with me. What more could any woman want?"

"You've left out something rather important."

Jon stared at him, and he saw the stark fear in her eyes betraying the brusque tone of her voice.

"I know. I don't love him! Of course I don't—what can you expect? Why aren't you glad—glad that I'm not going to waste the whole of my silly life after all; glad that I'm trying to forget? I thought that you—you of all people—should be grateful! Nigel's an angel."

"Is it fair to him?"

The angry flush died out of Jon's face after her outburst. She spoke sullenly as if longing for an end to her father's probing.

"I don't know. Yes, it is. I've told him everything."

Lucien dropped the subject. This last information made him respect the unknown Nigel considerably; there could be no doubting love that was willing to take such a risk, but he was—at happy over the affair. The struggle going on in Jon's mind and heart was plain for all to see, and he carried away with him an uncomfortable feeling that in spite of her bravado, her predominant emotion was—fear.

M

URIEL heard this news with dismay, but she was relieved when Lucien told her Jon had promised to come home for a week when she finally left the hospital; Nigel would fetch her from them, and perhaps stay a few days. They would have a chance of knowing the young man.

"He sounds a dear," her mother said, "but I don't suppose either of them realise what is ahead. I'm afraid of marriage with

such a shadow. The boy must be human; after all, it will grow and grow his jealousy. He cannot realise—yet—how a person like Jon loves. Her love for Charles is a terribly big thing, I'm afraid."

"Curse Charles!" said Lucien irritably.

"Poor Charles!" his wife answered softly. "That reminds me, Lucien—do look in on Elaine if you have time. Polly says she's laid up with a cold, but I don't like the sound of it."

"I'll have a look at her this morning. Poor little woman, she's been pretty fine over this tangle. It seems that once you tie a knot in a human life it grows and grows, eating up all the loose threads around!" With which somewhat rambling remark the doctor started on his round.

When he walked up Elaine's cottage path he heard voices; to his amazement it was Charles who opened the door to him.

I

T was Deirdre's first day using the crutches, and she had begged Charles to go and see his mother.

"I've got to get used to the wretched things. I hate making a fool of myself, even with you! Susanne can help me, if necessary."

Charles had given in, conscious of a longing to see his mother again, yet fearful of how much of the truth she might discover. He had found her in bed with a cold, and looked her over anxiously. Spring was a treacherous time for the middle-aged, but it was only a cold, and the excitement of seeing him soon dispelled even the depression which attends a streaming cold in the head. He sat down on the bed and submitted in turn to her anxious scrutiny.

"You look thin, darling? How is Deirdre?"

"Much better, mother. The cure will be quite complete when she can get about again properly. Naturally being helpless all these months got on her nerves a bit."

"Of course. The poor child must have been wretched. I imagine her life had sheltered her from the necessity of bearing things. Her father must have been frantic."

"He was!" Charles said grimly.

Elaine held his hand tightly, as if afraid he would walk out of her life again in a few minutes.

"I've wanted to see you so badly. Two or three times I nearly came up to town, but I know so little of Deirdre really. I thought it might be a—sort of intrusion. It wasn't as if you were ill."

"Tactful, darling. As a matter of fact, it might have been a bit stiff. Deirdre is very fond of you, you know, but things have been difficult. Her mooring—" he faltered, and wisely Elaine said nothing. He longed suddenly to be honest, to tell her the truth; yet he did not want to distress her unnecessarily. How much did she guess?

As if in answer, Elaine said at last:

"Money is a wretched nuisance, darling. It's a pity you couldn't have got established first."

"It let it let!" Suddenly the torrent of his feelings broke out. "I never thought it could be—like it is. I knew, of course, that they were very rich. But I thought that would be Deirdre's affair, not mine. I imagined I could set up in practice with the bit of money father left me, and—and that she would live that life with me. At least until I could make good."

Elaine played with the corner of a blanket.

"Not so easy, darling. For someone who had always had everything."

"No. I suppose not. In any case, I couldn't have done anything after the—after her accident. But soon she will be perfectly fit—and then I will start. Sir John has a friend in Hampstead who wants a junior partner. I don't know how long he will keep it open for me, but I'm going to try for it." Charles spoke moodily, playing with the counterpane.

"That sounds splendid, darling!" Elaine could not understand all that lay beneath Charles' indifferent tone. It seemed to her that the worst trouble—the long months of inaction—would soon be over. "You'll be able to start a real life together. Hampstead is very nice—even Deirdre will like it there, I'm sure. And it's so healthy—just right for—everyone. And children—"

He turned to her a face grown old and set.

"There will never be any children!" he spoke dully.

"Oh, my poor darling!" Elaine, shocked and horrified, could say no more. There was a hopeless silence in the tiny room. On the mantelpiece an old clock ticked steadily into the quiet, as if reminding them of the passing of the minutes, hours, days—of life itself. Charles listened to it, grasping blindly with his agony, until he could bear it no longer. He swung round suddenly and faced his mother with a desperate, hunted expression.

"That isn't all," he said bluntly.

Elaine put an arm round his shoulders, drawing him to her as she had done when he was a child.

"Charles—what is it?" she asked very low.

"Jon."

"There was a moment's silence. Then: 'Tell me!' his mother breathed, simply.

Charles raised his haggard face and looked at her blindly.

"Can't you see, darling—can't you see what a fool I've been? I love her. I love her with all my heart and soul. I worship the very ground she walks on!"

In the terrible silence that ensued Charles, for the first time in many years, buried his face in his hands and sobbed. The sob of a grown man are terrible to see; to a mother doubly so. There was nothing she could do or say, and she had heard of Jon's engagement.

Charles had recovered by the time Dr. Shepherd knocked at the front door, but Elaine for the first time in her life dreaded to hear his cheery voice in the cottage.

The meeting was embarrassing, but Elaine saved the situation. She managed to get a laugh into her voice as she called out from the bedroom:

"Come in, Lucien. Come in! I'm lying here in bed with nothing wrong but a sniffle, and the gods have spoiled me—sending me Charles on a surprise visit!"

Lucien did as he was told. He looked critically at Elaine and turned smiling to her son.

"I think she's telling the truth, don't you, doctor?"

Charles grimaced at the title.

"I think so, sir," he said gravely.

"Charles has just been telling me he is going to start practising soon—in Hampstead," Elaine rushed on, afraid that the old doctor's keen eyes would see the ravages on her son's face. But he was standing in the shadow behind Lucien's chair.

"Splendid. It's time you got going. Of course, that unfortunate accident. How is Deirdre getting on now? A long and tedious affair—"

For the second time that day, Charles gave a report on his wife's illness, this time more detailed. Lucien nodded understandingly.

"Terrible thing. Over a dog, too—terrible. We were all very sorry—but there was nothing—"

"Nothing. Luckily she could afford every care and—comfort." Charles spoke hesitantly. "I was—glad of that—for her sake."

"Of course. Of course!" Lucien spoke heartily. He was surprised to find that he no longer despised Charles; he was even guiltily conscious that he was glad to see the boy. "All the same—hospital attention is the finest in the world. Good as money can buy," he added briskly.

"Yes," Charles acknowledged that, suppressing a slight amusement at the thought of Deirdre patiently submitting to hospital routine. The mention of the word had recalled Jon.

Her name was in all their minds; almost her tangible presence was in the room. He would have to speak. It would look too odd if he did not. At last, with an effort, the words came slowly from him. "How is—Jon, sir? Have you seen her lately?"

"Not too good—been overworking," Lucien turned round and stared at Charles standing in the shadow. Some of his old anger returned at the sound of her name on the boy's lips. Unknowing the effort it had cost, he spoke briskly, defensively, even a little maliciously. "That'll soon be cured, I hope. She's getting married—medical student in the hospital. They'll live on his place in Norfolk. Jon always picks up in the country air."

Satisfied with his little shot, he turned to Elaine, who kept up a casual conversation with him by sheer effort of will, not daring to look where her son stood frozen into the shadows that seemed to be part of him.

D

DEIRDRE s a w Charles set off early for Barrington quite happily. She had spoken the truth when she told him she would rather be alone for this first experiment of her own legs; but secretly she was very happy, very excited. Chummy it might be, but it was another stage passed—and the next one would mean perfect freedom at last.

When the masseuse had finished her morning treatment and gone, Susanne helped her mistress to dress. The crutches, new, comfortably padded, lay across the end of the bed. The telephone in the lounge rang, and Susanne answered it. In a few minutes she came back—it was Sir John, to say he would look in early to-day as he had an operation at eleven. Deirdre picked up the crutches and smiled at Susanne.

"Here goes! This is how the soldiers must have felt in the war!"

"Would you like me to help you, madam?" she maid asked. In spite of her excitement Deirdre looked pale, pathetically small and helpless. "Sir John was most particular that you should not go farther than your chair in the lounge for the first walk," Susanne added.

"All right. You make me feel like a wicked child, Susanne! Go back to your

old kitchen, and don't return unless you hear a big thump!" Deirdre laughed, and it was the most spontaneous laugh Susanne had heard from her since they had left America.

Used to obeying orders without question, she went away, but she left the door open behind her. Deirdre, smiling rather grimly, knew that she would be listening in the kitchen for every sound.

Slowly, trembling as if she had ague, Deirdre lowered her legs to the ground. Very, very gingerly she placed the crutches in position and stood up. Mortally afraid, yet terribly excited, she began her slow walk across the room and to her amazement she hardly had to lean on the crutches at all. At the door she paused, her breath coming and going in quick gasps of excitement.

S

HE could feel the strength flooding back to her body in spite of the trembling excitement. She felt a wild desire to fling away the stupid crutches—to run and sing. She was whole—she was well. Almost it was as if the past dreadful months had never been.

She collected herself, and very, very carefully put her full weight on her feet. She was light enough; she found she could stand without the crutches, without feeling any pain or strain. Her legs were woolly, that was all.

With infinite care, holding the crutches ready for use in case she stumbled, she walked across the room without using them. It took her nearly ten minutes, and she sank exhausted into her wheelchair by the open french windows. But she had done it! She was nearly well!

This would be news for Charles and Sir John, wonderful news! She would show them from now on how a Mont recovered. She let the crutches slip to the ground with a little clatter, lost in the satisfaction of her achievement.

Susanne came running in, and was relieved to see her sitting there unharmed.

"Oh, madam! Are you all right?" She fussed about the cushions.

"Of course! You silly goose—there was nothing to get so worried about!" Deirdre was tempted to confess her secret to Susanne—she longed to tell everyone. But she knew the maid would probably blurt it out to Sir John as soon as he came, perhaps even to Charles, and she wanted to tell them herself.

Susanne stared at her in amazement. The brief walk had brought a lovely color to the girl's olive skin, and her eyes were shining like stars.

"I'm glad—oh, I'm glad, madam!" she said with unexpected emotion. Deirdre, softer in her new-found happiness, noticed it and was touched. She was going to make some brief apology to the maid for her recent temper, the strain of the last months, but the ringing of the flat bell prevented her. Susanne went to answer it.

She was back in a minute.

"It's the boy from the cleaner's, madam. Shall I give him your yellow coat and the doctor's blue suit?"

"Yes, please," Deirdre came out of her daydream. "Give me the suit first." She knew Charles' careless habit of leaving his pockets full of odds-and-ends, letters, money, anything.

Susanne brought her the suit and stifled a smile at her mistress' sudden domesticity as she ran through the pockets.

Deirdre was surprised to find Charles' pocket-book in the suit. The pocket-book his mother had given him, and the one he always used. She wondered, smiling suddenly to herself, if he had gone to Harringham with any money for his ticket.

"Here you are, Sue. Good thing I had a look—though probably the boy would have found and returned it."

Left alone with the pocket-book on her lap, Deirdre glanced through it curiously affectionately. She felt full of love for Charles at that moment, full of gratitude for his patience and care. She wished he were back so that she could share her mood with him. Idly, she looked into the note-case.

There was a letter in it. A single letter, obviously addressed by a woman. Deirdre's curiosity, which had been idle enough until then, suddenly overcame her scruples. She told herself that Charles would not mind her peeping at the letter; probably it was one of the notes of sympathy he had already shown her. He always showed her his letters.

As she took it out of the envelope she noticed something that had adhered to the back of the envelope. It was a small etching cut from a German medical journal—and as Deirdre looked at it a sudden dark flush spread over her face.

It was a symbolic picture, wonderfully poignantly expressive—a black-and-white silhouette of a doctor in his gown and mask lifting high in his arms a new-born babe. The doctor's mouth was parted in a smile of joy, the child's open for the first yell that announces life. Deirdre stared at it as if it were alive, threatening her, malignant. She could translate the few German words underneath—"The Hope of the World!"

WITH fingers that trembled she thrust it suddenly back into the pocket-book. It pained her unutterably, it shattered at one blow her carefully-built-up house of cards. With a twist of her hand she opened the letter. She read it carefully, re-read it in a sort of numbness. It was Jon's little note of sympathy after her accident. And he had never shown it to her.

The numbness left her; her brain worked swiftly, accurately. She became intensely receptive, alive, sensitive. It was all so very obvious after all.

Jon and Charles. Charles and Jon. It was the most natural thing in the world. As if she had been suddenly removed to some higher plane from which she could see every angle of the subject and all the protagonists, Deirdre not only knew, but fully realised the truth.

Charles loved Jon. He had always loved Jon. It had been a temporary weakness, a madness, his marrying her. Calmly, though her whole hope of life was dying within her, Deirdre faced that. She saw the whole crazy situation too vividly; her own love that had swept him off his feet, her wild hopes of possessing him wholly and for ever.

Looking back on the long struggle between them, she realised that what she had been fighting all along was Charles' possession of himself. Her fierce secret determination against his career—what had that been but her blind desire to keep him for herself at all costs? And it was through that very desire that she had lost him.

There might have been a chance of happiness with Charles if she had realised sooner, had helped him to make his own way rather than tried to force him to follow hers; if she had agreed to his simple plans, shared his life, perhaps borne his children, this terrible accident might never have happened.

It was too late to wish those things now.

She tried to think of the life that lay ahead; next month her home would be shut up. Probably her father would take a trip to Europe, would come and take her about, would insist on her being absorbed once more into that mad whirl of activity they had looked upon as essential life. And all the time she would be hiding from him that things were not well between her and Charles; that she, the last of the Montas, would never give him a grandchild.

She could not face it. The mere idea of forcing her tired spirit to perpetual acting made her rebel. She had been through too much since she first met Charles, the old Deirdre was dead; no amount of parties and friends and the most lavish squandering of money could revive her.

And for the new Deirdre life held out no hope whatsoever. She thought wildly of begging Charles to divorce her, of letting him go to Jon, of mending her own life as best she could. There were, after all, other interests in life besides love. There was work.

But Deirdre herself smiled at that. What work could she set her hand to that the poorest person down there in the park could not do better? It was a bitter thought. All her thoughts except one were bitter. She had one dream left, one flower yet to blossom in the wilderness of her mind.

Charles' happiness. He would never release her. The very fact that he longed for Jon with all his heart and soul would prevent him from doing so. The last seven months had taught Deirdre something of Charles' chivalry.

She sighed at last. A long, relieved sigh as of some swimmer who has reached the shore after an incredible battle. She touched the bell and Susanne came into the room.

"You might bring me my tablets, Sue, will you? I want to give them back to Sir John."

Susanne noticed the change in Deirdre, but she put it down to the reaction after the effort of walking. She brought the tablets, and a few minutes later Sir John hustled in to look at his patient. Susanne, ever-watchful, hovered in the background.

"Good-morning. Done your daily dozen yet?" He came and sat down beside her, taking her smile as greeting. He waved a hand at the park. "Lovely—all that—isn't it? Makes you glad to be alive! Every winter I think I'll get out of this country before the next. I never do. Too fond of seeing the spring come in, I suppose!"

"They could not spare you!" Deirdre said soberly. She held up the half-full bottle of tablets. "I was going to give you these. I've slept much better lately. But after the walk to-day I think I'll hang on to them for a bit longer. It was—rather painful."

Sir John looked at her keenly.

"You didn't walk, did you—alone?"

"A bit. Only a step or two."

"Then you are a very wicked person indeed. I gave express orders—where's Charles, by the way?"

"With his mother. I sent him off for the day. I wanted to make a fool of myself alone!"

"It looks as though you've done it!" the old man answered grimly. He stood up and shook his great shoulders like an impatient dog. "Got to go now—important operation at eleven. For Heaven's sake take care of yourself and don't go trying

any more tricks. I'll have a good look at you to-morrow. Good-bye—and cheer up!"

She shook hands with him, smilingly accepting his rebuke. When the door closed behind him she rang for Susanne.

"Give me my writing things from the bedroom, will you?" And when they were laid on her knees she gave a good imitation of one of her usual moods. She had already hidden the tablets behind her cushion. "Now for Heaven's sake leave me in peace to write letters for half an hour. Sir John's an old fool and you're almost as bad!"

As an afterthought she added, with macabre humor that Susanne was to remember for the rest of her life, "If anyone comes in the next half-hour tell 'em I'm dead! But—bring me a drink first."

BY lunch the atmosphere in the cottage was strained. Dr. Shepherd had gone long since, but now the truth was out it was difficult for Elaine to make conversation with Charles. At two the telephone rang.

"Do answer it for me, darling. I expect it's nothing important."

Charles went readily, glad of the excuse. When he heard Sir John's voice he started, full of fears. It could only mean one thing—Deirdre had hurt herself somehow trying to walk.

"I'm afraid I've got some bad news—some very bad news for you." The gruff voice, gruffer than usual, came slowly over the wire. Charles could have smashed the instrument in his impatience.

"What is it—what is it, man?" he yelled.

"Your maid rang me up an hour ago. She was nearly off her head—I went round at once. Too late, I'm afraid." There was a short pause, as if the experienced man at the other end could find no words for what he had to say. Finally it came to Charles' aching ears with a curt rush: "Your wife has killed herself. Took nearly half a bottle of sleeping tablets. You'd better come—as soon as you can."

JON was putting the final touches to her ward at half-past seven that evening. For a long time she had been back on day duty in the surgical ward, with Sister Browne, whom she liked. While the sister sat handing over things to the night-sister, Jon went round checking each patient up for the night. All was in order, every bed immaculate, all medicines given out, treatments done, charts entered up. She wondered where on earth her probationer had got to, and went in search of her.

She found the girl leaning against a high stack of enamel basins reading an evening paper left behind by one of the visitors. In her absorption she did not notice her senior's quizzical stare.

"I'd put that away until you go off duty, if I were you. Sister'll have apoplexy if she finds those basins not washed and put away!" Jon spoke kindly, but she was tired and exasperated. When the girl made no move to put the paper away, she snatched it from her and started to fold it up, too angry to speak.

She saw Deirdre's photograph staring at her from the front page.

While the probationer looked on amazedly, she stood stock still and read the half-inch headlines. Important news travels quickly in London. The hysterical

Swaine had talked to another maid, the maid's boy-friend was the hall-porter, and the hall-porter had earned many a tip from journalists for a bit of news about the wealthy patrons of the building. Almost before Charles got back from Sussex the early evening papers were shouting the news of his wife's suicide.

Jon read—transfixed. When she had finished she carefully folded the paper and gave it back to the probationer. "You men—put it away now," she said, and suddenly began to laugh on a high, wild, hysterical note.

Sister Browne rushed in from the ward to find out what the noise was about, and found Jon collapsed over the sink, sobbing and laughing like a maniac, the helpless probationer feebly trying to support her. Henrietta gave one look at Jon and took her by the shoulders. She was a powerful woman, and shook the girl like a rag.

"Stop that noise at once—you're disturbing the whole ward, nurse! Now—you are coming out with me—through the ward—don't make an exhibition of yourself if you can help it!"

Jon stopped at once, but her face was uncomprehending as she turned it to the sister. "That's right, I must go. At once. I'm going to Charles—," she said dully, and fainted.

Henrietta looked grim. "I knew it! I just knew this was going to happen on me!" She turned to the white-faced and dumfounded probationer and barked at her with no great justice: "And you—! If you did your share this wouldn't have happened!" She looked out into the ward as the lights were turned out for the evening. "All right—help me to carry her up to the infirmary. And get through the ward as quickly as you can."

In the infirmary Jon was handed over to the care of an old wizened sister called Matthews. Between them they undressed her and put her to bed. When the probationer had gone Matthews looked at Henrietta shrewdly. "Breakdown—eh?"

"Yes. Now don't start scolding. I haven't overworked the girl. It's some trouble of her own—you'll have your hands full, if I'm any judge."

She was right. For more than forty-eight hours after that faint Jon was raving. Again and again she struggled out of bed, trying to dress and go out. The infirmary sister sent for two stalwart probationers to hold her down. They put cot sides to her bed and the house man gave her an injection. For some hours she lay quietly in a coma.

In the early hours of the morning the sister came to look at her. She was lying very still, weeping quietly and with heart-broken intensity. She did not recognise the infirmary sister; she kept on saying, over and over again, "Charles, Charles, my poor darling. My poor darling. I can't come to you, they won't let me. I couldn't help you, anyway. I belong to Nigel now. It's too late, it's too late!" And again, many, many times that piteous cry rang out, "It's too late, my darling, it's too late!"

The night sister thought she was delirious, but could not be sure. Her temperature and pulse had become nearly normal. But she did not recognise her father when he crept in and sat holding her hand.

It was Lucien who sent for Nigel, and Elaine who wrote and told Charles that Jon was ill. It was a week before anyone but Lucien was allowed to see her, and pure chance that the two men should eventually come on the same day.

Lucien had had a long talk with the matron, a conference to which they had invited sister Browne. Between them the missing parts of the puzzle had been put together, and the matron asked them to leave the rest to her.

When Nigel and Charles came on the same day, it was by her arrangement that Nigel saw her first. Matron herself had a few words with the boy before he was allowed in the infirmary.

He came in quietly, almost afraid to look at Jon. She was normal again, but horribly listless. As the matron had told Nigel, she was just ripe for a long illness, if not worse; just at that low ebb when the slightest wind might turn the tide.

And Nigel, for all his fooling, had been a student long enough to recognise danger when he saw it. Lethargy, lack of hope, lack of the will to live, are the physician's greatest enemies, worse, perhaps, than the most pernicious of physical diseases.

"HULLO, young Jon!" he came and took her hand. "You do nice things, I must say, when I'm not here to look after you!"

"I'm no good to anyone. Not even to me. I'm a—sort of curse," Jon replied slowly. "I've just realised that. I bring something—terrible—to everyone."

Nigel resisted an overwhelming impulse to sweep her up, ill as she was, into his arms, to kiss away those unwholesome thoughts. It was not his job to heal.

"You are talking rubbish! I rather thought you'd be up and about—helping someone else who is in trouble," he said tentatively.

Jon looked at him.

"Someone—else?"

"Charles. Naturally." Nigel stared hard at the plane tree outside the window. He was finding his own particular task extraordinarily difficult. "I only came really to tell you—that you needn't be worried about me. I—I mean that promise you know."

Jon raised herself on one elbow and stared at him. She laughed tremulously.

"Nigel—you saint! Are you trying to be all self-sacrificing and send me to Charles? But—my dear man—he doesn't want me!"

At last Nigel looked at her.

"I haven't heard that. One can make a mistake, you know—as we did when we thought of getting married. I've done a lot of thinking lately, and realised it won't work. No good unless you—unless you really loved me, you know."

"Oh!" Jon fell back on her pillow wearily and stared at the ceiling. "And I've been bolstering myself up with an absurd idea—that I was still—that I could still be useful to somebody."

"So you can. He's waiting to see you now. Good-bye, my darling."

Nigel suddenly held her close and kissed her with a burning intensity that left her breathless. He had gone before she could call him back.

It was half-an-hour before they allowed Charles to come in. The longest half-hour that Jon had ever spent in her life. Almost she got up and ran through the hospital looking for him; the hope that Nigel had given her was unbearably tantalising.

Her eyes were shut when he came, her hand clenched under the bedclothes. She heard him come in, felt him standing by her. She dared not open her eyes, afraid of what she might see. When she did open them she could see very little, for his arms were round her and her face hidden against his chest. "Jon, I've just seen Nigel," he

said. She could feel the thumping of his heart.

"Did—what he told you—mean so much? I thought—I thought—oh, Charles!"

"I know—it's terrible, darling. It's all been my fault—even that poor child. But it is over now. She did it so that—we could be happy. Will you ever forgive me?"

Jon slipped her arms under his coat, drawing him closer.

"There's no question of forgiveness. We've all done such very stupid things. Enough—I think—to make us very wise and careful for the rest of our lives."

Some time later the infirmary sister looked in and went away again. She searched for and found Henrietta.

"I've cured your nervous breakdown case," she said triumphantly.

Henrietta looked at her.

"You?" she said disgustedly. "My dear old thing, with two lovesick men doctoring her any nervous case would recover—that's what's wrong with most of 'em!"

Later still, Charles took two letters out of his pocket. One of them had been stuck together with stamp-paper.

"I want you to read these—I think Deirdre would have wished it." He handed her the first. "That one she left. It was read in the coroner's court—it satisfied them."

Jon read it. There were only a few lines, and it was addressed to Charles. It ran:

"Charles, my dear—don't think me too cowardly for what I am going to do. I'm sick of all this pain—it will be so long before I am really fit again. I've had all I can bear. Please be happy—and don't worry about me. They'll bring in a verdict of 'unsound mind' of course, but I know what I am doing. My love to you—and to Dad.—Deirdre."

She looked up at Charles with swimming eyes.

"Wasn't that—true?"

He shook his head and handed her the second letter.

"I found that torn in tiny shreds in the wastepaper basket. I have not shown it to anyone else. I don't think she would have wanted me to."

It was even shorter than the other. Obviously Deirdre had written it first, then thought of the consequences and told instead her magnificent lie.

"My Darling—Isn't there something in the Bible about the barren tree being cut down and cast into the fire? I think the Bible is right. Don't let this make your life miserable. I'm doing it to try and give you happiness. Marry Jon—Deirdre."

The name had been signed with a little flourish. Jon stared at it with eyes blurred by tears, and thought of the newspaper headlines that had splashed the tragedy abroad. Pity—a vast, staggering pity—and immeasurable admiration filled her now that she knew the whole truth. She clung blindly to Charles, sobbing unashamedly.

"Is—Isn't it funny that they who've been so big about everything should have nothing. While we—while we—"

"Our job—," Charles bent and kissed her head and his words sounded like a vow, "our job is to try and take the happiness they've given us. They didn't worry about our not deserving it, but we'll try to deserve it for the rest of our lives."

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

It's An Old Story

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART



NOW, had Billy Grant really died there would be no story. The story is to relate how he nearly died; and how, approaching that bourne to which no traveller may take with him anything but his sins—and this with Billy Grant meant considerable luggage—he cast about for some way to prevent the Harvey Grants from getting possession of his worldly goods.

Probably it would never have happened at all had not young Grant, having hit on a scheme, clung to it with a tenacity that might better have been devoted to saving his soul, and had he not said to the Nurse, who was at that moment shaking a thermometer, "Come on—be a sport! It's only a matter of hours." Not that he said it aloud—he whispered it, and fought for the breath to do even that. The Nurse, having shaken down the thermometer, walked to the table and recorded a temperature of one hundred and six degrees through a most unprofessional mist of tears. Then in the symptom column she wrote: "Delirious."

But Billy Grant was not delirious. A fever of a hundred and four or thereabout may fuse one's mind in a sort of fiery crucible, but when it gets to a hundred and six all the foreign thoughts, like seeing green monkeys on the footboard and wondering why the doctor is walking on his hands—all these things melt away, and one sees one's past, as when drowning, and remembers to hate one's relations, and is curious about what is coming when one goes over.

So Billy Grant lay on his bed in the contagious ward of the hospital, and remembered to hate the Harvey Grants and to try to devise a way to keep them out of his property.

Of course, he could have made a death-bed will leaving his money to some cat's home or other, but the Harvey Grants would fight it on the grounds of insanity and they might win. And if the plan contained a single loophole for the Harvey Grants to sneak through, that plan was not good enough for Billy.

Perhaps he would have given up in despair and been forced to rest content with a threat to haunt the Harvey Grants and otherwise mar the enjoyment of their good fortune, had not the Nurse at that moment put the thermometer under his arm.

Now, it was a five-minute temperature, during which time it was customary for a nurse to kneel beside the bed, or even to sit very lightly on the edge, holding the patient's arm close to his side and counting his respirations while pretending to be thinking of something else. It was during

these five minutes that the idea came into Billy Grant's mind and, having come, remained. The nurse got up, rustling starchily, and Billy caught her eye.

"Every engine," he said with difficulty, "labors—in a low-gear. No wonder I'm—heated up!"

The Nurse, who was young, put her hand on his forehead.

"Try to sleep," she said.

"Time for—that—later," said Billy Grant. "I'll—I'll be a—long time—dead I—I wonder whether you'd—do me a—favor."

"I'll do anything in the world you want."

She tried to smile down at him, but only succeeded in making her chin quiver, which would never do—being unprofessional and likely to get to the ear of matron; so, being obliged to do something, she took his pulse by the throbbing in his neck.

"One, two, three, four, five, six—"

"Then—marry me," gasped Billy Grant. "Only for an—hour or—two, you know. You—promised. Come on—be a sport!"

It was then that the nurse walked to the table and recorded "Delirious" in the symptom column. And, though she was a B.Sc. and had taken a something or other in mathematics, she spelled it just then with two r's.

Billy Grant was not in love with the nurse. She was a part of his illness, like the narrow brass bed and the yellow painted walls, and the thermometer under his arm, and the medicines. There were even times—when his fever subsided for a degree or two, after a cold sponge, and the muddled condition of mind returned—when she seemed to have more heads than even a nurse requires. So sentiment did not enter into the matter at all; it was revenge.

"You—promised," he said again; but the nurse only smiled indulgently and rearranged the bottles on the stand in neat rows.

Jenks, the orderly, carried her supper to the isolation ward at six o'clock—cold ham, potato salad, egg custard, and tea. Also, he brought her an evening paper. But the nurse was not hungry. She went into the bathroom, washed her eyes with cold water, put on a clean collar, against the impending visit of the house surgeon, and then stood at the window looking across at the hospital and feeling very lonely and responsible. It was not a great hospital, but it loomed large and terrible that night. The ambulance came out into the courtyard, and one of the younger doctors came out to it, carrying a surgical bag. He looked over at her, and waved his hand. "Big train smash!" he called cheerfully. "Got 'em coming in droves." He crawled into the ambulance, where the driver, trained to many doctors, gave him time to light a cigarette; then out into the dusk, with the bell ringing maddly.

Billy Grant, who had lapsed into a doze, opened his eyes.

"What—about it?" he asked. "You're not—married already—are you?"

"Please try to rest. Perhaps if I get your beef juice—"

"Oh, dash—the beef juice!" whispered Billy Grant, and shut his eyes again—but not to sleep.

The situation was unusual; for here was young Grant, far enough from anyone who knew he was one of the Grants—and, as such, entitled to all the nurses and doctors that money could procure—shut away in the isolation ward of a hospital, and not even putting up a good fight! Even the nurse felt this, and when the house surgeon came across the courtyard that night she met him on the doorstep and told him.

"He doesn't care whether he gets well or not," she said dispiritedly. "All he seems to think about is to die and to leave everything he owns so that his relatives won't get it. It's horrible!"

The house surgeon, who had finished up a hard day with a hospital supper of steak and fried potatoes, sat down on the doorstep and fished out a digestive tablet from his surgical bag.

"It's very sad, little girl," he said, over the pill. He had known the nurse for some time, having, in fact, brought her—according to report at the time—in a predecessor of the very bag at his feet, and he had the fatherly manner that belongs by right to the man who has first thumped one between the shoulder blades to make one breathe, and who had remarked on this occasion to someone beyond the door: "A girl, and fat as butter!"

THE nurse tiptoed in, and found Billy Grant apparently asleep. Actually he had closed his eyes, hoping to lure one of the only monkeys within clutching distance. So the nurse came out again, with the symptom record.

Now the nurse should, by all the ethics of hospital practice, have walked behind the house surgeon, listening reverently to what he said, not speaking until she was spoken to, and carrying in one hand an order blank on which said august personage would presently inscribe certain cabalistic characters, to be deciphered later by the dispenser with a strong light and much blasphemy, and in the other hand a clean towel.

Now that is what the nurse should have done; instead of which, in the darkened passageway, being very tired and exhausted and under a hideous strain, she suddenly slipped her arm through the house surgeon's and, putting her head on his shoulder, began to cry softly.

"What's this?" demanded the house surgeon sternly and, putting his arm around her; "Don't you know that nurses are not

supposed to weep over the house surgeon?" And getting no answer but a choke: "We can't have you used up like this; I'll make them relieve you. When did you sleep?"

"I don't want to be relieved," said the nurse, very muffled. "No-nobody else would know what he wanted. I just—I just can't bear to see him—to see him—"

The house surgeon picked up the clean towel, which belonged on the nurse's left arm, and dried her eyes for her; then he sighed.

"None of us likes to see it, girl," he said. "I'm an old man, and I've never got used to it. What do they send you to eat?"

"The food's all right," she said rather cheerfully. "I'm not hungry—that's all. How long do you think—"

The house surgeon, who was putting an antiseptic gauze cap over his white hair, ran a safety pin into his scalp at that moment, and did not reply at once. Then, "Perhaps—until morning," he said.

He held out his arms for the long, white, sterilized coat, and a moment later, with his face clean-washed of emotion, and looking like a benevolent Turk, he entered the sick room. The nurse was just behind him, with an order book in one hand and a clean towel over her arm.

Billy Grant, from his bed, gave the turban a high sign of greeting.

"Allah—is—great!" he gasped cheerfully. "Well, doctor—I guess it's all—over bar—the shouting."

SOME time after midnight Billy Grant woke from a stupor. He was quite rational; in fact, he thought he would get out of bed. But his feet would not move. This was absurd! One's feet must move if one wills them to! However, he could not stir either of them. Otherwise he was beautifully comfortable.

Pain, as was the stir he made, the nurse heard him. She was sitting in the dark by the window.

"Why don't you put on something comfortable?" demanded Billy Grant querulously. He was so comfortable himself and she was so stiffly starched, so relentless of collar and cap.

"I am comfortable."

"Where's that negligee thing you've been wearing at night?" The nurse rather flushed at this. "Why don't you lie down on the cot and take a nap? I don't need anything."

"Not—not to-night."

He understood, of course, but he refused to be depressed. He was too comfortable. He was breathing easily and his voice, though weak, was clear.

"Would you mind sitting beside me? Or are you tired? But of course you are. Perhaps in a night or so you'll be over there again, sleeping in a nice pink gown in a nice, fresh bed, with no querulous devil—"

"Please!" This very low.

"Will you put your hand over mine? Thanks. It's—company, you know." He was apologetic; under her hand his own burned fire. "I—I spoke to the doctor about that while you were out of the room."

"About what?"

"About your marrying me."

"What did he say?" She humored him.

"He said he was willing if you were. You're not going to move—are you?"

"No. But you must not talk."

"It's like this. I've got a little property—not much; a little." He was nervously eager about this. If she knew it amounted to anything she would refuse, and the Har-

vey Grants— "And when I—you know—I want to leave it where it will do some good. That little brother of yours—it would send him to a good school, or help to."

Once, weeks ago, before he became so ill, she had told him of the brother. This in itself was wrong and against the ethics of the profession. One does not speak of oneself or one's family.

"If you won't try to sleep, shall I read to you?"

"Read what?"

"I thought—the Bible, if you wouldn't mind."

"Certainly," he agreed. "I suppose that's the conventional thing; and if it makes you feel any better—Will you think over what I've been saying?"

"I'll think about it," she said, soothing him like a fretful child, and brought her Bible.

The nurse had taken off her cap and put it on a stand. The autumn night was warm, and the light touch of the linen had pressed her hair in damp, fine curves over her forehead. There were purple hollows of anxiety and sleeplessness under her eyes.

Now Billy Grant, lying there listening to something out of Isaiah, should have been repenting his hard-living, hard-drinking young life; should have been forgiving the Harvey Grants—which story does not belong here.

What he actually did while the nurse read was to try to move his legs, and failing this, to plan a way to achieve the final revenge of a not particularly forgiving life.

At a little before three o'clock the nurse telephoned across for a doctor, who came over in a bathrobe over his pyjamas and shot a hypodermic into Billy Grant's left arm. Billy Grant hardly noticed. He was seeing Mrs. Harvey Grant when his surprise was sprung on her. The doctor summoned the nurse into the hall with a jerk of his head.

"About all in!" he said. "Heart's gone—too much drink probably. I'd stay, but there's nothing to do."

"Would oxygen—"

"Oh, you can try it if you like. It's like blowing up a leaking tyre; but if you'll feel better, do it." He yawned and tied the cord of his bathrobe round him more securely. "I should think you'll be glad to get back," he observed, looking round the dingy hall. "This place always gives me a chill. Well, let me know if you want me. Good-night."

The nurse stood in the hallway until the echo of his slippers on the asphalt had died away. Then she turned to Billy Grant.

"Well?" demanded Billy Grant. "How long have I? Until morning?"

"If you would only not talk and excite yourself."

"Hell!" said Billy Grant, we regret to record. "I've got to do all the talking I'm going to do here and now. I beg your pardon—I didn't intend to swear."

"Oh, that's all right!" said the nurse vaguely. This was like no deathbed she had ever seen, and it was disconcerting.

"Shall I read again?"

"No, thank you."

At half-past three Billy Grant, having matured his plans, remarked that if it would make the nurse any happier he'd see a minister. His voice was weaker again and broken.

"Not"—he said, struggling—"not that I think—he'll pass me. But—if you say so—I'll take a chance."

All of which was diabolical cunning; for when, as the result of a telephone conversation, the minister came, an unworshipful man

who counted the world, a car, a vested choir, and a fairly rich living well lost for the sake of a dozen derelicts in a slum mission house, Billy Grant, sent the nurse out to prepare a drink of lemonade he could no longer swallow and proceeded to cajole the man of God. This he did by urging the need of the nurse's small brother for an education and by forgetting to mention either the Harvey Grants or the extent of his property.

From four o'clock until five Billy Grant coaxed the nurse with what voice he had. The idea had become an obsession; and minute by minute, panting breath by panting breath, the resolution wore away. He was not delirious; he was as sane as she was, and terribly set. And this thing he wanted was so easy to grant; meant so little to her and, for some strange reason, so much to him. Perhaps, if she did it, he would think a little of what the minister was saying.

Dawn had broken when, utterly worn out with the struggle and finding his pulse a negligible quantity, in response to his pleading eyes the nurse, kneeling and holding a thermometer under her patient's arm with one hand, reached the other one over the bed and was married in a dozen words and a soiled white apron.

Satisfied now that he had fooled the Harvey Grants out of their very shoe buttons, Billy Grant was asleep—asleep with the thermometer under his arm and with his chest rising and falling peacefully.

The minister looked across at the nurse, who was still holding the thermometer in place. She had buried her face in the white counterpane.

"You are a good woman, nurse," he said softly. "The boy is happier, and you are none the worse. Shall I keep the paper for you?"

But the nurse, worn out with the long night, slept where she knelt. The minister, who had come across the street in a shabby smoking-coat and no collar, creaked round the bed and threw the edge of the blanket over her shoulders.

Then, turning his coat collar up over his unshaved neck, he departed for the mission across the street, where one of his derelicts, in his shirt sleeves, was sweeping the pavement. There, mindful of the fact that he had come from the isolation ward, the minister brushed his shabby smoking-coat with a whisk broom to remove the germs!

BILLY GRANT of course, did not die. This was perhaps because only the good die young. And Billy Grant's creed had been the honor of a gentleman rather than the Mosaic Law. There was, therefore, no particular violence done to his code when his last thoughts—or what appeared to be his last thoughts—were revenge instead of salvation.

The fact was, Billy Grant had a real reason for hating the Harvey Grants. When a fellow like that has all that money and a hereditary thirst, he is bound to drink. The Harvey Grants did not understand this and made themselves obnoxious by calling him "Poor Billy!" and not having wine when he came to dinner. That, however, was not his reason for hating them.

Billy Grant fell in love. To give the devil his due, he promptly set about reforming himself. He took about half as many whisky-and-sodas as he had been in the habit of doing, and cut out champagne altogether. He took up golf to fill in the time, too, but gave it up when he found it made him thirstier than ever. And then,

with things so shaping up that he could rise in the morning without having a drink to get up on, the Harvey Grants thought it best to warn the girl's family before it was too late.

"He is a nice boy in some ways," Mrs. Harvey Grant had said on the occasion of the warning; "but, like all drinking men, he is a broken reed, eccentric and irresponsible. No daughter of mine would marry him. I'd rather bury her. And if you want facts, Harvey will give them to you."

So the girl had sent back her ring and a cold little letter, and Billy Grant had got roaring drunk at a club that night and presented the ring to a taxi-driver—all of which is exceedingly sordid, but rather human after all.

The nurse, having had no sleep for forty-eight hours, slept for quite thirty minutes. She awakened at the end of that time and started up with a horrible fear that the thing she was waiting for had come. But Billy Grant was still alive, sleeping naturally and the thermometer, having been in place forty minutes, registered a hundred and three.

At eight o'clock the young doctor, hurrying over in a fresh white coat, with a laudable desire to make the rounds before the house surgeon began to drop in, found Billy Grant very still and with his eyes closed, and the nurse standing beside the bed, pale and tremulous.

"Why didn't you let me know?" he demanded, aggrieved. "I ought to have been called. I told you—"

"He isn't dead," said the nurse breathlessly. "He—I think he is better."

Whereon she stumbled out of the room into her own little room across the hall, locking the door behind her, and leaving the doctor to hunt the symptom record for himself—a thing not to be lightly overlooked; though of course doctors are not house surgeons.

The doctor looked over the record and whistled.

"My gosh!" he said under his breath. "Pulse very weak." "Pulse almost obliterated." "Very talkative." "Breathing hard at four a.m. Cannot swallow." And then: "Sleeping calmly from five o'clock." "Pulse stronger." "Temperature one hundred and three." By gosh, that last prescription of mine was a hit!

So now began a curious drama of convalescence in the little isolation ward across the courtyard. Not for a minute did the two people most concerned forget their strange relationship; not for worlds would either have allowed the other to know that he or she remembered. Now and then the nurse caught Billy Grant's eyes fixed on her as she moved about the room with a curious, wistful expression in them. And sometimes, waking from a doze, he would find her in her chair by the window, with her book dropped into her lap and a frightened look in her eyes, staring at him.

He gained strength rapidly, and the day came when, with the orderly's assistance, he was lifted to a chair. There was one brief moment in which he stood tottering on his feet. In that instant he had realised what a little thing she was, after all, and what a cruel advantage he had used for his own purpose.

When he was settled in the chair and the orderly had gone, she brought an extra pillow to put behind him, and he dared the first personality of their new relationship.

"What a little girl you are, after all!" he said. "Lying there in the bed shaking at your frown, you were so formidable."

"I am not small," she said, straightening herself. She had always hoped that her cap gave her height. "It is you who are so tall. You—you are a giant!"

"A wicked giant, seeking whom I may devour, and carrying off lovely girls for dinner under pretence of marriage—!" He stopped his nonsense abruptly, having got so far, and both of them colored. "Speaking of dinner," he said hastily, "isn't it time for some buttermilk?"

She was quite calm when she came back—cool, even smiling, but Billy Grant had not had the safety valve of action. As she placed the glass on the table at his elbow he reached out and took her hand.

"Can you ever forgive me?" he asked. Not an original speech; the usual question of the marauding male, a query after the fact and too late for anything but forgiveness.

"Forgive you? For not dying?"

She was pale; but no more subterfuge now, no more turning aside from dangerous subjects. The matter was up before the house.

"For marrying you!" said Billy Grant, and upset the buttermilk. It took a little time to wipe up the floor and to put a clean cover on the stand, and after that to bring a fresh glass and place it on the table. But these were merely preliminaries while each side got its forces in line.

"Do you hate me very much?" opened Billy Grant. This was, to change the figure, a blow below the belt. "Why should I hate you?" countered the other side.

"I should think you would. I forced the thing on you."

"I need not have done it."

"But being you and always thinking about making someone else happy and comfortable—"

"Oh, if only they don't find it out over there!" she burst out. "If they do and I have to leave, with Jim—"

Here, realising that she was going to cry and not caring to screw up her face before anyone, she put her arms on the stand and buried her face in them. Her stiff cap almost touched Billy Grant's arm.

Billy Grant had a shocked second.

"Jim?"

"My little brother," from the table. Billy Grant drew a long breath of relief. For a moment he had thought—

"I wonder—whether I dare to say something to you." Silence from the table and presumably consent. "Isn't he—don't you think that—I might be allowed to help Jim? It would help me to like myself again. Just now I'm not very popular with myself."

"Won't you tell me why you did it?" she said, suddenly sitting up, her arms still out before her on the table. "Why did you coax so? You said it was because of a little property you had, but—that wasn't it—was it?"

"No."

"Or because you cared a snap for me?"

This was affirmation, not question.

"No, not that, though I—"

She gave a hopeless little gesture of despair.

"Then—why? Why?"

"For one of the meanest reasons I know—to get even with some people who had treated me badly."

The thing was easier now. His flat denial of any sentimental reason had helped to make it so.

"A girl that you cared about?"

"Partly that. The girl was a poor thing. She didn't care enough to be hurt by anything I did. But the people who made the trouble—"

Now a curious thing happened. Billy Grant found at this moment that he no longer hated the Harvey Grants.

"I should like," said Billy Grant presently, "to tell you a little—if it will not bore you—about myself and the things I have done that I shouldn't, and about the girl. And, of course, you know, I'm—I'm not going to hold you to—the thing I forced you into. There are ways to settle that."

Before she would listen, however, she must take his temperature and give him his medicine, and see that he drank his buttermilk last, so as not to chill his mouth for the thermometer. The tired lines had gone from under her eyes and she was very lovely that day.

"After all," he remarked round the thermometer, "the thing is not irrevocable. I can fix it up so that—"

"Keep your lips closed on the thermometer!" she said sternly, and snapped her watch shut.

The pulse and so on having been recorded, and "Very hungry" put down under Symptoms, she came back to her chair by the window, facing him. She sat down primly and smoothed her white apron in her lap.

"Now!" she said.

"I am to go on?"

"Yes, please."

"If you are going to change the pillows or the screen, or give me any other diabolical mess to swallow," he said, somewhat peevishly, "will you get it over now, so we can have five unprofessional minutes?" "Certainly," she said; and bringing an extra blanket, she spread it, to his disgust, over his knees.

This time, when she sat down, one of her hands lay on the table near him, and he reached over and covered it with his.

"Please!" he begged. "For company! And it will help me to tell you some of the things I have to tell!"

She left it there, after an uneasy stirring. So, sitting there, looking out into the dusty courtyard with its bandaged figures in wheeled chairs, its cripples sunning on a bench—their crutches beside them—their waterless fountain and its dingy birds, he told her about the girl and the Harvey Grants, and even about the taxi-driver and the ring.

So Billy Grant laid the good and the bad of his life before her, knowing that he was burying it with her. When he finished, her hand on the table turned and was clasping his. He bent over and kissed her fingers softly.

After that she read to him, and their talk, if any, was impersonal. When the orderly had put him back to bed he lay watching her moving about, rejoicing in her quiet strength, her repose. How well she was taking it all! If only—but there was no hope of that.

At nine o'clock that night the isolation ward was ready for the night. The lights in the sickroom were out. In the hall a night-light burned low. Billy Grant was not asleep. He tried counting the lighted windows of the hospital, and grew only more wakeful.

The nurse was sleeping now in her own room across the corridor, with the doors open between. The slightest movement and she was up, tiptoeing in, with her hair in a long plait down her back, and her wide sleeves falling away loosely from her white, young arms. So, aching with inaction, Billy Grant lay still until the silence across indicated that she was sleeping.

Then he got up. This is a matter of difficulty when one is still very weak, and is achieved by rising first into a sitting position.

ture by pulling oneself up by the bars of the bed, and then by slipping first one leg then the other, over the side. Properly done, even the weakest thus find themselves in a position that by the aid of a chair back may become, however shaky, a standing one.

He got to his feet better than he expected, but not well enough to relinquish the chair. He had made no sound. That was good. He would tell her in the morning and rally her on her powers as a sleeper. He took a step—if only his knees—

He had advanced into line with the doorway and stood looking through the open door of the room across.

The nurse was on her knees beside the bed, crying. Her whole young body was shaken with silent sobs; her arms stretched across the bed, her fingers clutching the counterpane.

Billy Grant stumbled back to his bed and fell in with a sort of groan. Almost instantly, she was at the door, peering into the darkness.

"I thought I heard—are you worse?" she asked anxiously.

"I'm all right," he said, hating himself: "just not sleeping. How about you?"

"Not asleep yet, but—resting," she replied. She stood in the doorway dimly outlined, with her long plait over her shoulder and her voice still a little strained from crying in the darkness. Billy Grant half stretched out his arms, then dropped them, ashamed.

"Would you like another blanket?"

"If there is one here."

She came in a moment later with the blanket and spread it over the bed. He lay very still while she patted and smoothed it into place. He was musing up his courage to ask for something—a curious state of mind for Billy Grant, who had always taken what he wanted without asking.

"I wish you would kiss me—just once!" he said wistfully. And then, seeing her draw back he took an unfair advantage. "I think that's the reason I'm not sleeping."

"Don't be absurd!"

"Is it so absurd—under the circumstances?"

"You can sleep quite well if you only try."

SHE went out into the hall again, her chin well up. Then she hesitated, turned and came swiftly back into the room.

"If I do," she said rather breathlessly, "will you go to sleep? And will you promise to hold your arms up over your head?"

"But my arms—"

"Over your head!"

He obeyed at that, and the next moment she had bent over him in the darkness; and quickly, lightly, deliciously, she kissed—the tip of his nose!

She was quite cheerful the next day and entirely composed. Neither of them referred to the episode of the night before but Billy Grant thought of little else. Early in the morning he asked her to bring him a hand mirror and, surveying his face tortured and disfigured by the orderlies' shaving, suffered an acute wound in his vanity. He was glad it had been dark or she probably would not have—He borrowed a razor from the doctor and proceeded to enjoy himself.

Propped up in his chair, he rioted in lather, sliced a piece out of his right ear, and shaved the back of his neck by touch, in lieu of better treatment. This done, and the ragged and unkempt hair over his ears having been trimmed in scallions, due to the work being done with curved surgical scissors, he was his own man again.

That afternoon, however, he was nervous and restless. The nurse was troubled. He avoided the subject that had so obsessed him the day before, was absent and irritable, could not eat, and sat in his chair by the window, nervously clasping and unclasping his hands.

The nurse was puzzled, but the house surgeon, making rounds that day, enlightened her.

"He has pulled through—God and you alone know how," he said. "But as soon as he begins to get his strength he's going to yell for drink again. When a man has been soaking up alcohol for years—Draught this hospital cooking! Have you got any essence of pepain?"

The nurse brought the pepain and a medicine glass and the house surgeon swallowed and grimaced.

"You were saying," said the nurse timidly—for the stress being over he was the house surgeon again and she was only a nurse and not even entitled to a sister's privileges such as returning occasional badinage.

"Every atom of him is going to crave it. He's wanting it now. He has been used to it for years." The nurse was white to the lips, but steady. "He is not to have it?"

"Not a drop while he is here. When he gets out it is his own affair again, but while he's here—by-the-way, you'll have to watch the orderlies. He'll bribe him."

"I don't think so, doctor. He is a gentleman."

"Pooh! Of course he is. I dare say he's a gentleman when he's drunk, too; but he's a drinker—an habitual drinker."

The nurse went back into the room and found Billy Grant sitting in a chair, with the book he had been reading on the floor and his face buried in his hands.

"I'm awfully sorry!" he said, not looking up. "I heard what he said. He's right, you know."

"I'm sorry. And I'm afraid this is a place where I cannot help."

She put her hand on his head, and he brought it down and held it between his.

"Two or three times," he said, "when things were very bad with me, you let me hold your hand, and we got past somehow—didn't we?"

She closed her eyes, remembering the dawn when, to soothe a dying man, she had put her hand in his. Billy Grant thought of it, too.

"Now you know what you've married," he said bitterly. The bitterness was at himself, of course. "If—if you'll sit tight I have a fighting chance to make a man of myself; and after it's over we'll fix this thing for you so you will forget it ever happened. And I—Don't take your hand away. Please!"

"I was feeling for my handkerchief," she explained.

"Have I made you cry again?"

"Again?"

"I saw you last night in your room. I didn't intend to; but I was trying to stand, and—"

She was very dignified at this, with her eyes still wet, and tried unsuccessfully to take her hand away.

"If you are going to get up when it is forbidden I shall ask to be relieved."

"You wouldn't do that!"

"Let go of my hand."

"You wouldn't do that!"

"Please! The matron is coming."

He freed her hand then and she wiped her eyes, remembering the "perfect, silent, reliable, fearless, emotionless machine."

The matron came to the door of the ward, but did not enter. The reason for this was twofold: first, she had confidence in the nurse; second, she was afraid of contagion—this latter, of course, quite sub rosa, in view of the above quotation.

The matron was a tall woman in white, and was so starchy that she rattled like a newspaper when she walked.

"Good morning," she said briskly. "Have you sent over the soiled clothes?" Matrons are always bothering about soiled clothes, and what becomes of all the nail-brushes, and how can they use so many bandages.

"Yes, Miss Smith."

"Meals come over promptly?"

"Yes, Miss Smith."

"Getting any sleep?"

"Oh, yes, plenty—now."

MISS SMITH peered into the hallway, which seemed tidy, looked at the nurse with approval, and then from the doorstep into the patient's room, where Billy Grant sat. At the sight of him her eyebrows rose.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed. "I thought he was older than that!"

"Twenty-nine," said the nurse, "twenty-nine last July."

"H'm!" commented the matron. "You evidently know! I had no idea you were taking care of a boy. It won't do. I'll send over Miss Hart."

The nurse tried to visualise Billy Grant in his times of stress clutching at Miss Hart's hand, and failed.

"Jenks is here, of course," she said, Jenks being the orderly.

The idea of Jenks as a chaperon, however, did not appeal to the matron.

"I am astonished beyond measure," she said. "Miss Hart will relieve you at two o'clock. Take your antiseptic bath and you may have the afternoon to yourself. Report in L Ward in the morning."

Miss Smith rattled back across the courtyard and the nurse stood watching her; then turned slowly and went in to tell Billy Grant.

Now the stories about what followed differ. They agree on one point: that Billy Grant had a heart-to-heart talk with the substitute at two o'clock that afternoon and told her politely but firmly that he would have none of her. Here the divergence begins. Some say he got the superintendent over the house telephone and said he had intended to make a large gift to the hospital, but if his comfort was so little considered as to change nurses just when he got used to one, he would have to alter his plans. Another and more likely story, because it sounds more like Billy Grant, is that at five o'clock a florist's boy delivered to Miss Smith a box of orchids such as never had been seen before in the hospital, and a card inside which said: "Please, dear Miss Smith, take back the Hart that thou gavest."

Whatever really happened—and only Billy Grant and the lady in question ever really knew—that night at eight o'clock, with Billy Grant sitting glumly in his room and Miss Hart studying typhoid fever in the hall, the nurse came back again to the ward with her soft hair flying from its afternoon washing and her eyes shining. And things went on as before—not quite as before; for with the nurse question settled the craving got in its work again, and the next week was a bad one. There were good days, when he taught her his own complicated hand of auction bridge, followed by terrible nights when he walked the floor for hours and she sat by, unable to help. Then at dawn he would send her to bed remorsefully and take up the fight alone. And there were quiet nights when both slept and when he would waken to the craving again and fight all day.

"I'm afraid I'm about killing her," he said to the house surgeon one day: "but

It's my chance to make a man of myself—now or never."

The house-surgeon was no fool and he had heard about the orchids.

"Fight it out, boy!" he said. "Pretty soon you'll cease to be a menace to the public health, and you'd better get it over before you are free again."

So, after a time, it grew a little easier. Between the two of them, since her return there had been much of good fellowship, nothing of sentiment. He wanted her near, but he did not put a hand on her. In the strain of those few days the strange, grey dawn seemed to have faded into its own mist. Only once, when she had brought his breakfast tray and was arranging the dishes for him he reached over and touched a plain hand ring she wore. She colored.

"My mother's," she said, "her wedding ring."

Their eyes met across the tray, but he only said, after a moment: "Eggs like a rock, of course! Couldn't we get 'em raw and boil them over here?"

It was that morning also, that he suggested a thing which had been in his mind for some time.

"Wouldn't it be possible," he asked, "to bring your tray in here and to eat together? It would be more sociable."

She smiled.

"It isn't permitted."

"Do you think—would another box of orchids—"

She shook her head as she poured out his coffee. "I should probably be expelled."

He was greatly aggrieved.

"That's all foolishness," he said. "How is that any worse—any more unconventional—than your bringing me your extra blanket on a cold night? Oh, I heard you last night!"

"Then why didn't you leave it on?"

"And let you freeze?"

"I was quite warm. As it was, it lay in the hallway all night and did no one any good."

Having got thus far from wedding rings, he did not try to get back. He ate alone, and after breakfast, while she took her half-hour of exercise outside the window, he sat inside reading—only apparently reading, however.

Once she went quite as far as the gate and stood looking out.

"Jenks!" called Billy Grant.

Jenks has not entered into the story much. He was a little man, rather fat, who occupied a tiny room in the ward, carried meals and soiled clothes, had sat on Billy Grant's chest once or twice during a delirium, and kept a bottle locked in the dish closet.

"Yes, sir," said Jenks, coming behind a strong odor of spiritus frumenti.

"Jenks," said Billy Grant with an eye on the figure at the gate, "is that bottle of yours empty?"

"What bottle?"

"The one in the closet."

Jenks eyed Billy Grant, and Billy eyed Jenks—a look of man to man, brother to brother.

"Note quite, sir—a nip or two."

"At," suggested Billy Grant, "say—twenty-five bob a nip?"

Jenks smiled.

"About that," he said. "Filled?"

Billy Grant debated. The nurse was turning at the gate.

"No," he said. "As it is, Jenks. Bring it here."

Jenks brought the bottle and a glass,

but the glass was motioned away. Billy Grant took the bottle in his hands and looked at it with a curious expression. Then he went over and put it in the upper bureau drawer, under a pile of handkerchiefs. Jenks watched him, bewildered.

"Just a little experiment, Jenks," said Billy Grant.

Jenks understood then and stopped smiling.

"I wouldn't, Mr. Grant," he said. "It will only make you lose confidence in yourself when it doesn't work out."

"But it's going to work out," said Billy Grant. "Would you mind turning on the cold water?"

Now the next twenty-four hours puzzled the nurse. When Billy Grant's eyes were not on her with an unfathomable expression in them they were fixed on something in the neighborhood of the dresser, and at these times they had a curious, fixed look not unmarked with triumph. She tried a new arrangement of combs and brushes and tilted the mirror at a different angle, without effect.

THAT day Billy Grant took only one cold plunge. As the hours wore on he grew more cheerful; the look of triumph was unmistakable. He stared less at the dresser and more at the nurse. At last it grew unendurable. She stopped in front of him and looked down at him severely. She could only be severe when he was sitting—when he was standing she had to look so far up at him, even when she stood on her tiptoes.

"What is wrong with me?" she demanded. "You look so queer! Is my cap crooked?"

"It is a wonderful cap."

"Is my face dirty?"

"It is a won— No, certainly not."

"Then would you mind not staring so? You—upset me."

"I shall have to shut my eyes," he replied meekly, and worried her into a state of frenzy by sitting for fifty minutes with his head back and his eyes shut.

So—the evening and the morning were another day, and the bottle lay undisturbed under the handkerchiefs, and the cold-water tap ceased running, and Billy Grant assumed the air of triumph permanently.

That morning when the breakfast trays came he walked over into the nurse's room and picked hers up, table and all, carrying it across the hall. In his own room he arranged the two trays side by side, and two chairs opposite each other. When the nurse, who had been putting breadcrumbs on the window-sill, turned round, Billy Grant was waiting to draw out one of the chairs, and there was something in his face she had not seen there before.

"Shall we breakfast?" he said.

"I told you yesterday—"

"Think a minute," he said softly. "Is there any reason why we should not breakfast together?" She pressed her hands close together, but she did not speak. "Unless—you do not wish to."

"You remember you promised, as soon as you got away, to—settle—"

"So I will if you say the word."

"And—to forget all about it."

"That," said Billy Grant solemnly, "I shall never do so long as I live. Do you say the word?"

"What else can I do?"

"Then there is somebody else?"

"Oh, no!"

He took a step towards her, but still he did not touch her.

"If there is no one else," he said, "and if I tell you that you have made me

a man again—"

"Gracious! Your eggs will be cold," she made a motion towards the egg-cup, but Billy Grant caught her hand.

"Damn the eggs," he said. "Why don't you look at me?"

Something sweet and luminous and most unprofessional shone in the little nurse's eyes, and the line of her pulse on a chart would have looked like an earthquake warning.

"I—I have to look up so far!" she said, but really she was looking down when she said it.

"Oh, my dear—my dear!" exclaimed Billy Grant. "It is I who must look up at you!" And with that he dropped on his knees and kissed the starched hem of her apron.

The nurse felt very absurd and a little frightened.

"If only," she said, backing off—"if only you wouldn't be such a silly! Jenks is coming!"

But Jenks was not coming. Billy Grant rose to his full height and looked down at her—a new Billy Grant, the one who had got drunk at a club and given a ring to a taxi-driver having died that grey morning some weeks before.

"I love you—love you—love you!" he said, and took her in his arms.

Now the matron was interviewing an applicant; and, as the matron took a constitutional each morning in the courtyard and believed in losing no time, she was holding the interview as she walked.

"I think I would make a good nurse," said the applicant, a trifle breathless, the matron being a brisk walker. "I am so sympathetic."

The matron stopped and raised a reproving forefinger.

"Too much sympathy is a handicap," she orated. "The perfect nurse is a silent, reliable, fearless, emotionless machine—this little building here is the isolation ward."

"An emotionless machine," repeated the applicant. "I see—an e—"

The words died on her lips. She was looking past a crowd of birds on the window-sill to where, just inside, Billy Grant and the nurse in a very crushed cap were breakfasting together. And as she looked Billy Grant bent over across the tray.

"I adore you!" he said distinctly and, lifting the nurse's hands, kissed first one and then the other.

"It is hard work," said Miss Smith—having made a note that the boys in the children's ward must be restrained from lowering a cardboard box on a string from a window—"hard work without sentiment. It is not a romantic occupation."

She waved an admonitory hand towards the window and the box went up swiftly. The applicant looked again towards the isolation ward, where Billy Grant, having kissed the nurse's hands, had buried his face in her two palms.

The mild October sun shone down on the courtyard with its bandaged figures in wheel-chairs, its cripples sunning on a bench, their crutches beside them, its waterless fountain and dingy birds.

The applicant thrilled to it all—joy and suffering, birth and death, misery and hope, life and love. Love!

The matron turned to her grimly, but her eyes were soft.

"Well," she said, waving her hand vaguely. "what is the answer?"

"I think," said the applicant shyly, "I should like to come."

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no resemblance to any living person.)

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 104-114 Castlereagh St., Sydney.